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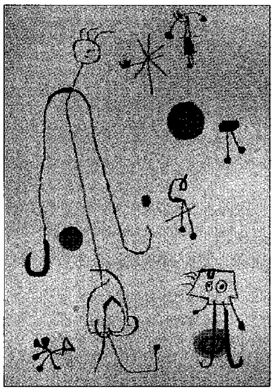
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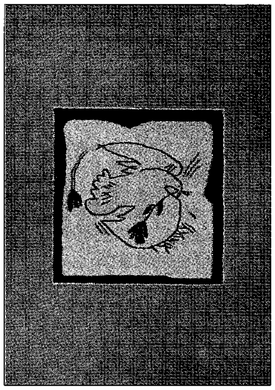
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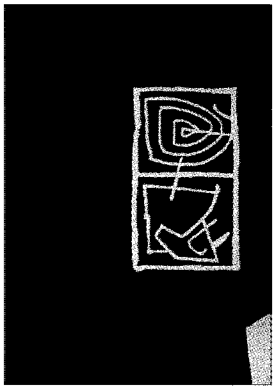
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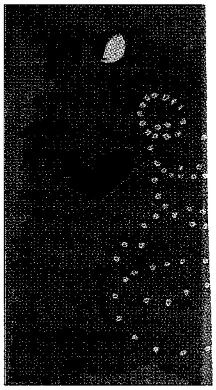
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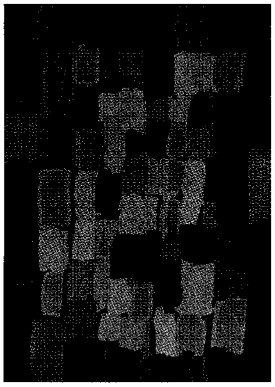
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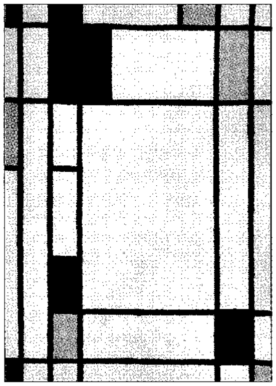
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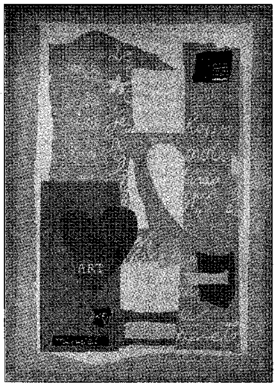
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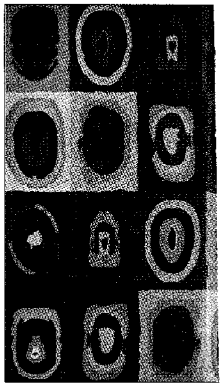
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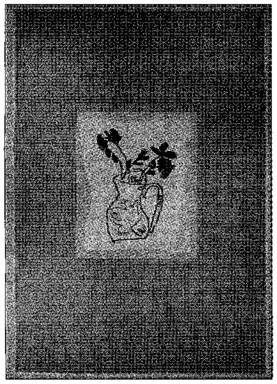
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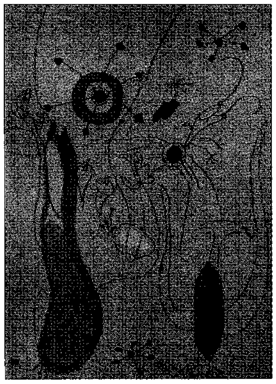
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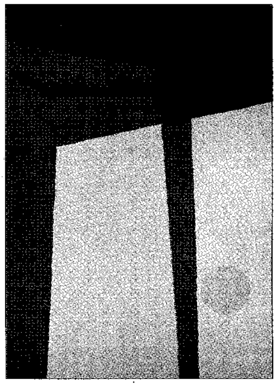
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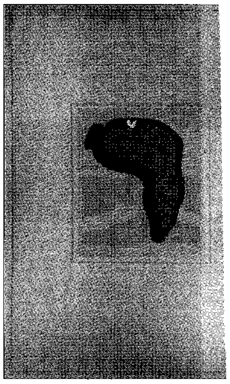
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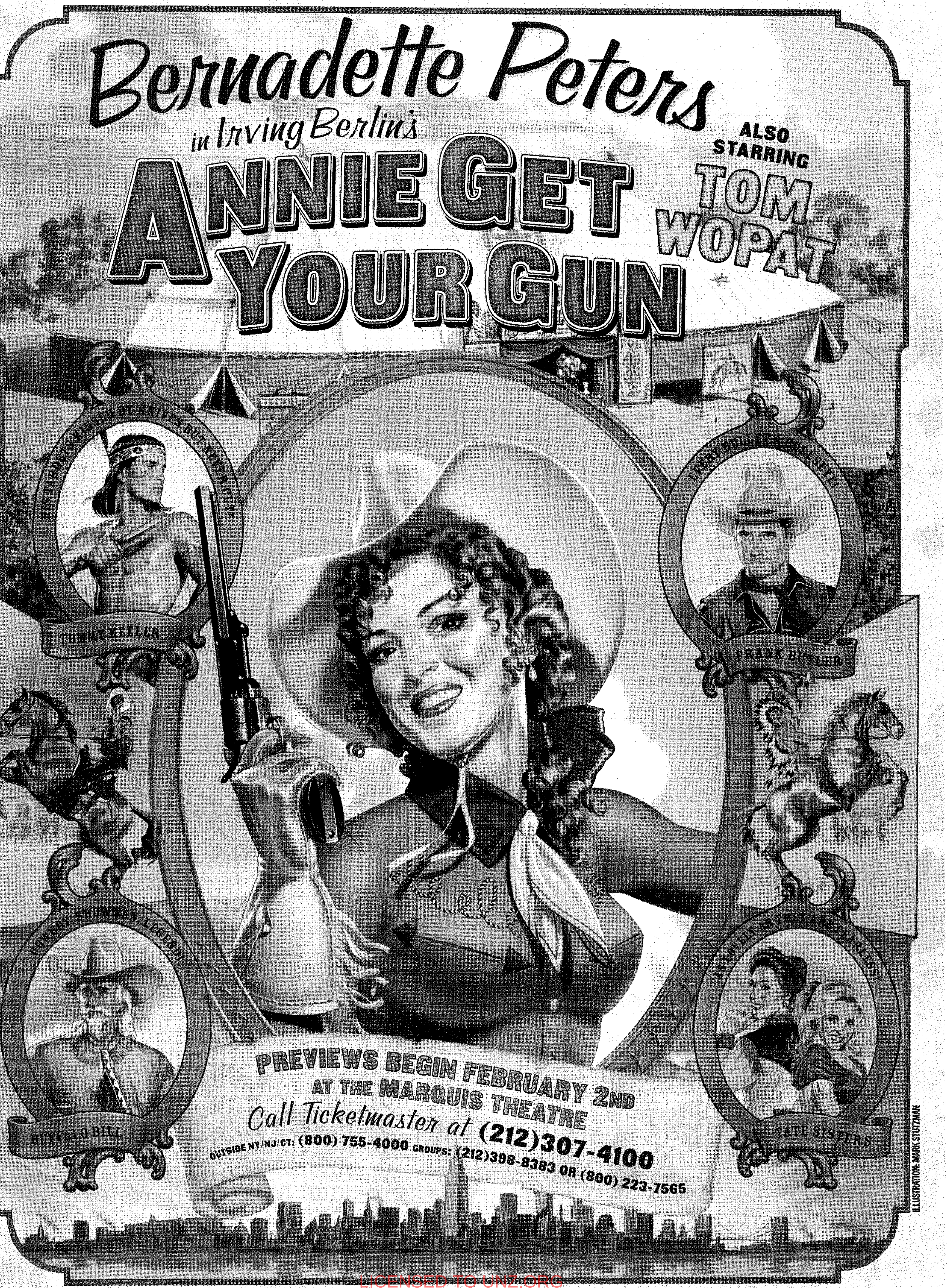
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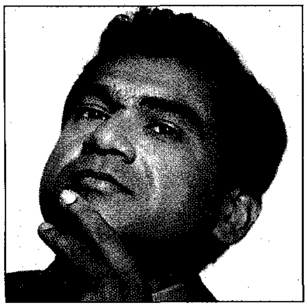
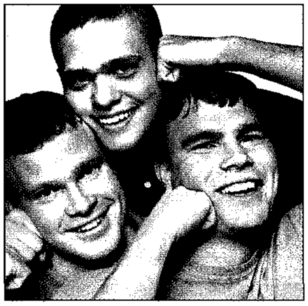
"Whenever there's a profit, or a loss of 5 percent, we bail out. You lose two grand and you make four, that's fine with us. We're not married to any stocks."

JOE PARK, PAGE 23





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Nineteen ninety-eight was the year playing the market became an extreme sport. Alex Williams names ten players who triumphed under pressure—from day traders to hedge-fund managers—and passes along their money-making tips for 1999. The Motley Fool demystifies the high-wire act that is short-selling. And Peggy Edersheim Kalb takes us back to the battered Pacific Rim for a shopping trip.

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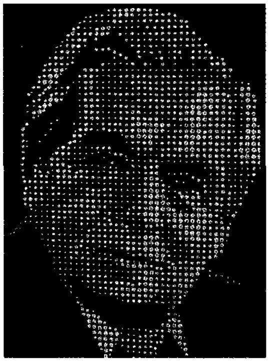

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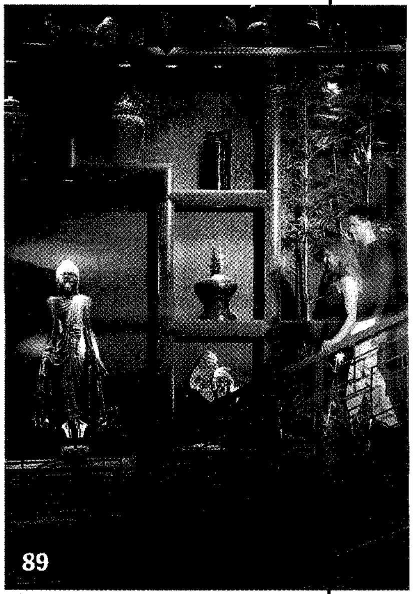

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JAN. 18, 1999—VOL. 32, NO. 2. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York,* Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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Photographs: clockwise from right, Robert Wright; Alain Benainous/Gamma Liaison; Len Irish (4).

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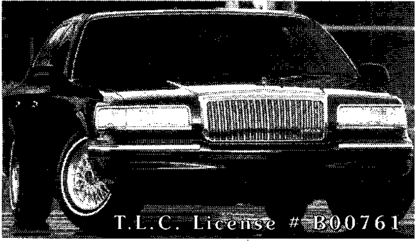

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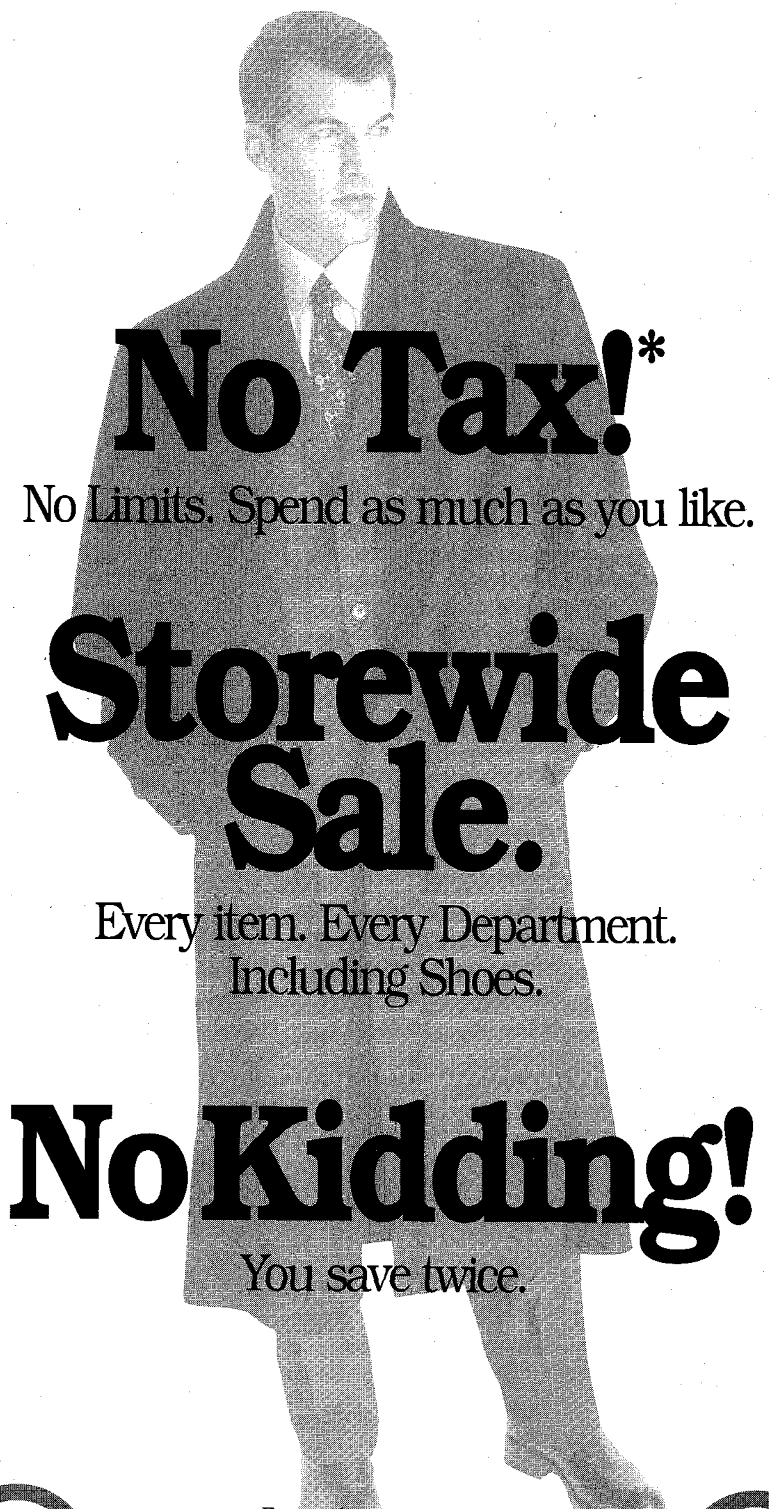

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LETTERS JANUARY 18, 1999

Hard News

Geraldo Rivera's makeover as a serious journalist gets mixed reviews; Calder in Columbus Circle?; in today's sexual climate, even e-mail needs monitoring.

TO APPLAUD GERALDO RIVERA'S "EXcellent journalism" on the dangers of silicone implants is ridiculous ["Geraldo's Revenge," by David Brock, December 14]. His excellent journalism failed on the first criterion of journalism: It was totally false, disproved by every responsible study on breast implants.

Rivera's irresponsibility has caused ten years of hysteria and financial destruction for a cutting-edge technology company, his victim, Dow Corning. Unfortunately, Dow Corning lacks Rivera's "balls." Dow Corning should sue Rivera, Richard Kessler, and the FDA for reckless infliction of damages, and throw in the legion of parasitical trial attorneys, for all the harm done to Dow Corning, its owners, and the general public, who have wrongfully been deprived of beneficial services by their false science.

I last watched Rivera when he opened Al Capone's vault. It is fitting that Capone, despite the murders, rackets, prostitution, was caught on income taxes. So Bill Clinton, despite his real offenses on China, the travel office, the FBI files, and Webster Hubbell, has been caught thanks to Monica Lewinsky! Geraldo Rivera should appreciate the irony.

Al Volpe
WOODSIDE, N.Y.

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YOUR ARTICLE ON GERALDO RIVERA WAS exactly right. It should also have mentioned that Geraldo had at least five or six African-Americans on his program during the O.J. trial and that he went in person to an African-American meeting to defend himself against charges that he and the white press were profiting by exploiting the racially charged trial. It was a brutal confrontation, but he comported himself well under impossible circumstances. He is the real thing!

Mary Wilinsky
CONCORD, MASS.

REGARDING RIVERA: WHO CARES? SIMPLY another article by a sympathizer in a liberal magazine about a liberal who defends the liberal (sometimes disguised, for advantage) president of the United States who has lied to us and under oath.

Ron Hoffman
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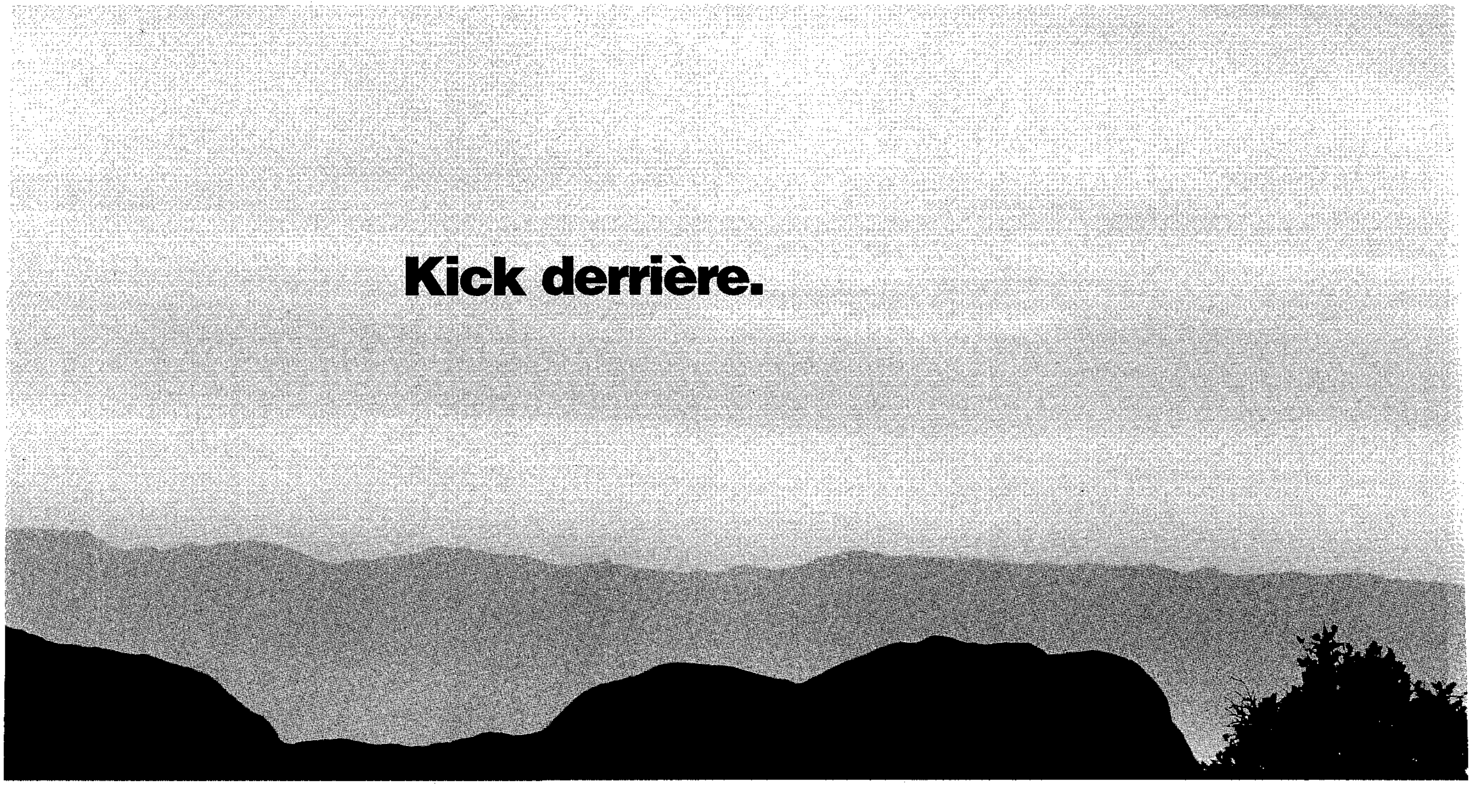

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IF GERALDO RIVERA IS A "VOICE OF REASON," then our nation is in worse trouble than I thought. How can anyone say he reports the news when all he does is show his personal over-the-top bias? If you want *real* reporting from *both* sides, then watch the Fox News Channel.

M. Fitzsimmons
LEBANON, N.H.

Site Specific

JOHN GOLDMAN SHOULD KNOW THAT THE "laughable" square-off between Donald Trump and the Dahesh Museum over 2 Columbus Circle is a lot more interesting now that the Alexander and Louise Calder Foundation is also a serious bidder for the property ["Gotham: Artbreak Hotel," December 21–28]. The Calder Foundation is charged with the largest collection of Calder works in the world and plans to use the building to open a Calder museum. The overwhelming success of the recent Calder retrospective at the National Gallery of Art is convincing evidence that the museum would be enthusiastically received.

Alexander S. C. Rower
Director, The Alexander & Louise Calder Foundation
MANHATTAN

Master Plan

THE "INTELLIGENCER" REPORT ON THE Yankee Village plan for the Bronx Terminal Market misses the mark when it reports David Buntzman's claim that our Yankee Village plan borrows from his earlier proposal ["Ferrer's Market Share," December 21–28]. The Buntzman "Galleria of the Americas" proposal for a Hispanic-oriented shopping center is not even in the same ballpark as my plan. Yankee Village reflects the 1993 Bronx Center plan, which recommended a Yankee Hall of Fame and sports-themed retail and pedestrian walkways, and identified the potential for retail activity on the Bronx Terminal Market site. Buntzman's proposal borrowed from a 1990 "New Directions for the Bronx" proposal for a *different* site, prepared by the Regional Plan Association and an array of participants from the Bronx in conjunction with my office.

Fernando Ferrer
Borough President
THE BRONX

Clean E-Mail

YOUR DECEMBER 21–28 "GOTHAM" ARTICLE "The Screen Police" [by Robert Kolker], regarding Michael Bloomberg's efforts to filter employee missives, was a misguided attack on an innocent party. In today's sensitized workplace, employers need to take proactive and, as you imply by the tone of your article, radical steps to fend off the sexual-harassment Storm Troopers. Considering that employees have successfully sued for such heinous acts as having to suffer through a co-worker's retelling of a *Seinfeld* episode's plot and having to look at a co-worker's desktop photo of a bathing-suit-clad spouse, Bloomberg's precautions seem warranted. Though you may find his "concerned Big Brother" attitude somewhat extreme, he, too, may end up paying for some supposed slight that one of his employees will claim to suffer.

Mark G. Brennan
MANHATTAN

Corrections In the December 21–28 "Smart City," we incorrectly identified At Your Service as New Age Butler. New Age Butler is one of several services that At Your Service provides.

Gael Greene's January 4 "Where to Eat Now" listed Campo's address as 89 Greenwich Street. It is on Greenwich Avenue. ▬

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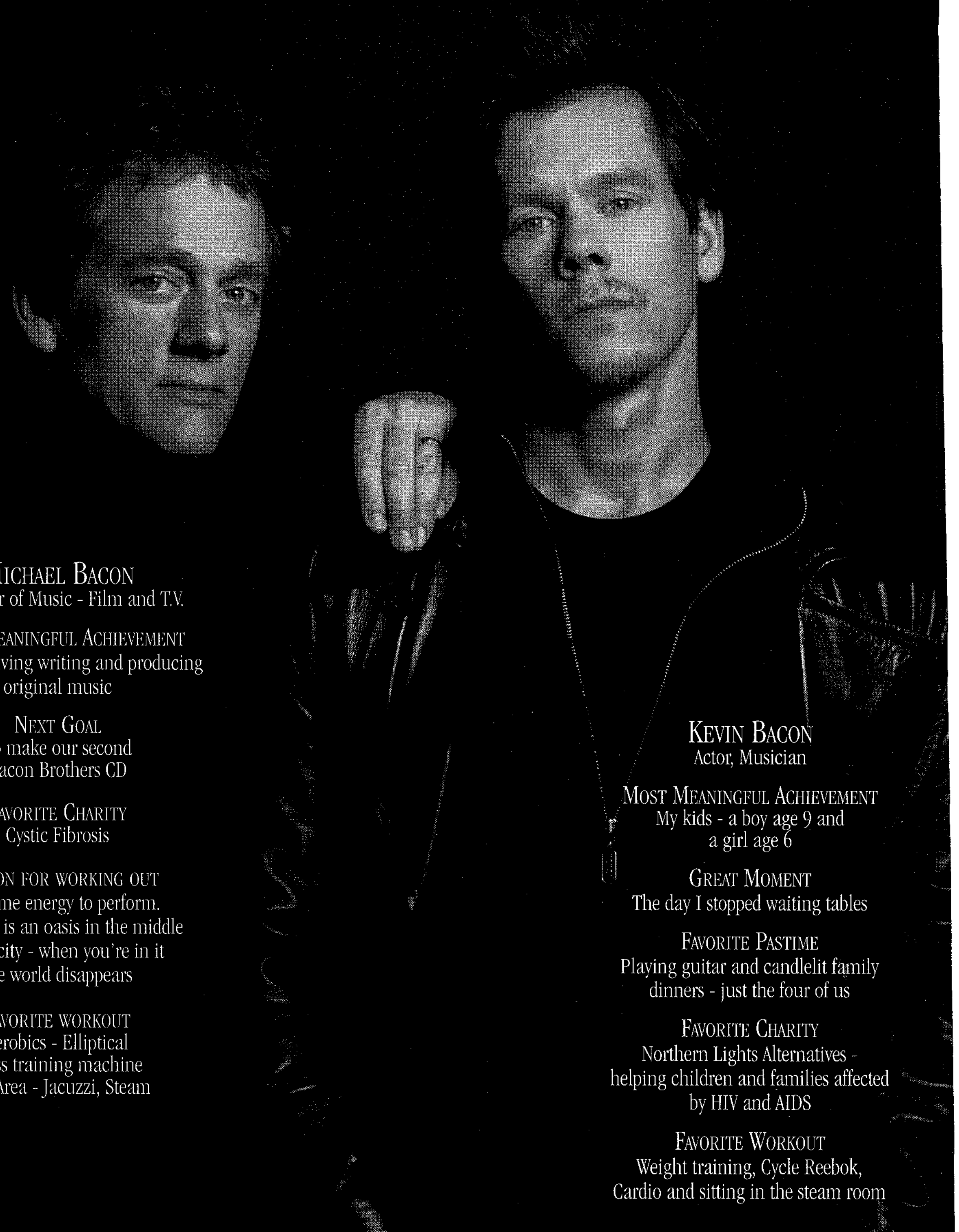

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Earning a living writing and producing original music

NEXT GOAL
To make our second Bacon Brothers CD

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Spa Area - Jacuzzi, Steam

KEVIN BACON
Actor, Musician

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My kids - a boy age 9 and a girl age 6

GREAT MOMENT
The day I stopped waiting tables

FAVORITE PASTIME
Playing guitar and candlelit family dinners - just the four of us

FAVORITE CHARITY
Northern Lights Alternatives - helping children and families affected by HIV and AIDS

FAVORITE WORKOUT
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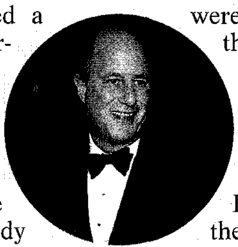
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

AN ITALIAN COUP DE VILLA FOR NYU

Another illegitimate child may be causing problems for **Bill Clinton** this spring. Clinton is scheduled to take part in a New York University conference with British prime minister **Tony Blair** in a few months at the Italian villa bequeathed to the university by the late Sir Harold Acton. But the gift, one of the largest ever made to a university, is the subject of a protracted court case in Florence brought by **Liani Beaci**, who claims to be Sir Harold's illegitimate half-sister. After four years of legal wrangling, she just won the right to bring her lawsuit in the Italian court system, and NYU did not appeal that verdict. "How can an academic institution, which teaches law to its students, for four years battle and deny to my mother, who is 83 years old, the right to her paternity?" asks Beaci's daughter. But a university source argues that even if Beaci proves she's the biological daughter of Sir Harold's father, Arthur, she would at best be entitled to just a fraction of the estate, since most of the riches came from Sir Harold's mother. "I have a son who is starting at the university of law. I don't know if he will see the end of this story," says the university's lawyer in Florence, **Andrea Scavetta**. "I'm 50; I will not see the end of the story for sure." A spokeswoman for the conference says plans for the Clinton-Blair summit are not yet finalized.

PERELMAN DATE NOT DEFLOWERED



Even New York's most eligible bachelors need to give a girl some notice when asking her out for New Year's Eve. Upper East Side sources say that just before he left for St. Barts, **Ron Perelman** rushed a dozen roses to the home of a thirtysomething woman in the fashion business. Attached to the stems were a note and tickets to join him on the once-hip island and then at his home in Palm Beach. Unfortunately, the woman explained, she was already busy for the holidays. "She was just playing hard-to-get," surmises one of the Upper East Siders. "You can't just jump at that sort of invitation." "No," says another. "She met someone else she's really excited about." A source close to Perelman concedes that the mogul did invite her to Palm Beach but not to St. Barts, and insists there were no flowers involved. Not so, say those who know the fashionista—she was cool only on the surface and actually took a Polaroid of the blooms. When reached for comment, the would-be date confirmed the invitation to St. Barts but denied the part about the flowers and photo. Bottom line: Perelman went solo, enjoying his trip with pals **Penny Marshall** and **Martha Stewart**, who had been asked along well in advance. Wonder if *they* got flowers.

MISCOMMUNICATION AT GRACIE MANSION

Now that **Bruce Teitelbaum**'s gone, insiders at City Hall are appreciating exactly how much he did as **Rudy Giuliani**'s chief of staff. According to one longtime Republican Party apparatchik, Gracie Mansion turned into a battlefield after the mayor announced that Teitelbaum's duties would be split between communications director **Cristyne Lategano** and deputy chief of staff **Anthony Carbonetti**. Lategano was called the "co-mayor" by an unnamed source in the New York *Times*—a reference that did not sit well with the mayor's wife, **Donna Hanover**. The Republican Party insider confirms that report, insisting that "Donna went *ballistic.* She's been a silent, loyal team player, and he keeps throwing Lategano in her face." Even the just-promoted Carbonetti was said to be furious that Lategano would be running the show. "He might want to go to the PAC with Bruce

Donna Hanover: Mad about Rudy

THE NOT-SO-ROCKIN' NEW MCCARTNEY VIDEO

As long as Chloe's head designer, Beatle offspring **Stella McCartney**, is busy trying to shame her fellow designers about cruelty to animals, she might want to focus on her own parent company, the Vendome Luxury Group. McCartney teamed up with PETA to make and circulate a graphic video of a fur ranch in which caged, starving foxes are driven to cannibalism and animals are electrocuted for their skins in extreme close-up. While Vendome does not own any businesses that produce fur items, some of the companies under its umbrella, such as Cartier, Dunhill, Montblanc, and Sulka, as well as Chloe, *do* produce leather goods and items made with such rare skins as alligator, and the Vendome-owned Purdey's even does a brisk business in handmade hunting rifles. A Chloe representative maintains that the company supports McCartney and is anti-fur, but a spokesperson for Vendome paused, then issued a terse "no comment." As for the video, many in the fashion world do not look kindly on the shocking techniques of PETA supporters, such as dumping a dead raccoon on **Anna Wintour**'s lunch plate and throwing bloody money on stunned spectators at a fur-coat show, and while several designers confirmed receiving the tape, the responses were cool. **Nicole Miller** said she hadn't watched it, and a spokesperson for **Calvin Klein** said, enigmatically, "We won't be proceeding with it."

Photographs: clockwise from top, Rick Maiman/Sygma; Gregory Pace/Sygma; James Peltekian/Sygma.

rather than work under Lategano at City Hall," the source continues. Lategano is taking over the mayor's correspondence and special events—except those at Gracie Mansion, which will be under Carbonetti's domain, according to yet another insider with ties to City Hall. Lategano and Carbonetti managed to finish each other's sentences when they called jointly to deny the story. Carbonetti pointed out that he hasn't even been in his office since the announcement, because he's had tendon surgery. Hanover's spokeswoman did not return calls.

CIPRIANIS SHARPEN KNIVES

The Cipriani brothers allow no one to take the family name in vain. When Tino's.com, a new midtown restaurant, recently published ads referring to "our chef **Mario Deruda** (formerly of H. Cipriani)," **Giuseppe Cipriani** called the restaurant to express his disapproval in no uncertain terms. "He said, '*Ti rompo la testa*'—'I break your head,' " according to owner **Tino Scarpa**. "It was an Italian threat, not a real threat. But who is he to tell me what I can say about my chef? If it wasn't for his father's name, he would probably be a busboy at one of my tables." A Cipriani spokesperson at first maintained that Deruda never even worked for the famed father and son: "This happens all the time, especially in Italy. People claim to have worked for the Ciprianis." Says Scarpa, "Mario worked there about five years ago as a sous-chef for over a year and a half. Let Cipriani sue me, and I will produce my chef's tax returns from that year." Cipriani will concede only that Deruda "might have been a dishwasher or something," and insists that he did not threaten Scarpa: "I called to let him know he would be hearing from my lawyer."

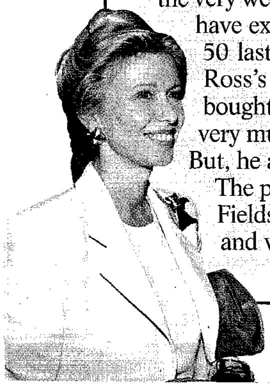
NEVIS EVEN HAS HAUTE DRIFTWOOD

Holiday guests at the Four Seasons Resort on Nevis enjoyed plenty of fishing—for their fashionable resortwear. A single afternoon's eight inches of rain flooded the island, its golf courses, and a number of ground-floor rooms at the hotel, where high-paying guests had hoped to enjoy a peaceful season. Park Avenue dermatologist **Patricia Wexler** found her things adrift in six inches of water. "Floating Blahniks," she reports. "Like little boats on the canal. It was quite a sight." The hotel moved Wexler's family upstairs and gave guests the sodden night gratis. At least it's still in fashion to go barefoot on the beach.

FEUD DISPLAY ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE

The gourmet stores Citarella and Fairway have escalated their foodie fight on Broadway between 74th and 75th Streets. The war began years ago when Citarella Fish Market started offering meat, and then prepared foods, fresh pastas, deli items, and more. Fairway parried with its own prepared-food section and, eventually, a fish market, with slashed prices on salmon and the like. Now Citarella has launched its own produce section, which previously consisted of just a few common cooking ingredients like lemons and potatoes. "This is the final insult," says an amazed local, pointing to an overflowing array of fruits and vegetables on display just a few yards away from Fairway's teeming stands. But no, claims a Citarella spokesperson, "it just seemed like a natural extension of what we do already. We have produce on the East Side." Owner **Joe Gurrera** hints at another motive, noting that Fairway upped the ante by "putting fish and meat in first." Fairway's owner, **Howie Glickberg**, doesn't feel threatened, claiming, "It's a joke." Gurrera sniffs that Citarella serves "a different kind of customer," adding, "There is McDonald's, and then there is Daniel."

COURTNEY SALE ROSS: HOW SWEDE IT IS



The Ross School, the experimental East Hampton school founded by Steve Ross's widow, **Courtney Sale Ross**, has a history of bringing in high-profile consultants. **Deepak Chopra**, **Andrew Weil**, and **Dr. Robert Thurman** have all added their two cents' worth to the school's curriculum, but even they didn't attract as much talk as the school's new consultant from Sweden, **Anders Holst**. The handsome businessman is dating the very wealthy widow, whose Time Warner stock options have exploded in value this past year. Ross just turned 50 last spring, and Holst is around 40, according to Ross's friends, who also report that she recently bought an apartment in Stockholm. "They seem to be very much in love," confirms Ross's lawyer, **Bert Fields**. But, he adds, "they have no immediate plans to marry." The place in Stockholm is just for visits, according to Fields. "She's totally committed to the Ross School and would never leave the U.S," he says.

NEW YORKER DROPS; CAROLYN SHOPS

AD-ING UP THE LOSSES: Less really is more at Condé Nast these days. *The New Yorker* lost 177 ad pages last year, but the corporate side of the magazine is couching the loss in silver-lining terms. Not only did the weekly face cataclysmic personnel changes—switching publishers from **Tom Florio** to **David Carey** in June and losing editor **Tina Brown** a month later for **David Remnick**—but it also officially joins the Condé Nast stable at the beginning of this year, meaning that the old *New Yorker* policy of discounting ads off the rate card has to end. So new publisher Carey pruned discounted ads and bargain advertorials throughout the second half of 1998, explains a source in the business department. Carey concurs. "We're focusing only on the pages that are the most profitable for us," he says, adding that pages were up in December and early January. **DON'T LABEL HER:** While street vendors scramble to affix the coveted Prada label onto cheapo look-alikes, some who can easily afford the genuine article aren't at all interested in advertising it. **Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy**, in the height of minimalist chic, recently put employees of Prada in SoHo to work snipping all the little red tags sewn onto the ski gear she was buying. "She's a basic kind of girl," says a salesperson who witnessed the purging of the approximately three-inch-long stripes. "Not big into labels." If Bessette-Kennedy—who could not be reached for comment—takes this modesty to extremes, perhaps we'll next see clerks taking chisels to the Louis Vuitton luggage.

Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy: Red-tag sale

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

Photographs: top, John Matthew Smith/Gamma Liaison; bottom, Alex Berliner/Gamma Liaison.

JOHN TRAVOLTA

GOOD MORNING AMERICA, JOEL SIEGEL:

"I LOVED 'A CIVIL ACTION' – A GREAT BOOK HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A GREAT MOVIE!"

NEWSWEEK, DAVID ANSEN:

"AN ENGROSSING THRILLER AND A RIVETING DRAMA!"

TIME MAGAZINE, RICHARD SCHICKEL:

"A SMART, TOUGH, RICHLY-ACTED AND CURIOUSLY MOVING FILM."

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANET MASLIN:

"A GRIPPING FILM. A VERY STRONG JOHN TRAVOLTA IS AT HIS BEST. ROBERT DUVALL IS OUTSTANDING."

SISKEL & EBERT:

"TWO THUMBS UP!"

USA TODAY, LARRY KING:

"A WONDERFUL AND IMPORTANT MOVIE THAT RANKS AMONG THE BEST LEGAL THRILLERS EVER!"

CNN, MARTIN GROVE:

"THE BEST FILM OF THE YEAR!"

GOLDEN GLOBE NOMINATION
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR
ROBERT DUVALL

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A CIVIL ACTION

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Production Designer DAVID GROPMAN Director of Photography CONRAD L. HALL, A.S.C. Executive Producers STEVEN ZAILLIAN DAVID WISNIEVITZ Based on the book by JONATHAN HARR Screenplay by STEVEN ZAILLIAN
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In a separate, concurrent session, prominent social worker and couples counselor **Linda Salzer, LCSW,** will offer insights into *the adoption process* and practical advice on *how to make adoption work.*

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Thursday, January 21 at 6:00 p.m.
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This program is open to the public. Admission is free for RESOLVE members, $10 for non-members. Because space is limited, advance registration is required. To register, please call Berry Communications at 212 279-2060.

RESOLVE NYC is a nonprofit organization for individuals with infertility.

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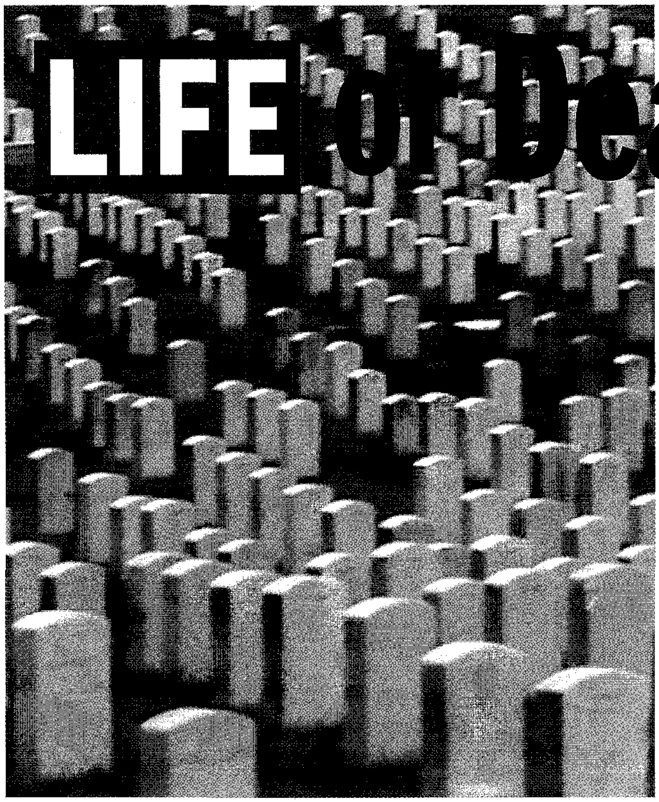
LIFE or Death



Is Time Inc.'s ex-flagship about to sink?

If there was one thing *Life* magazine could always count on, it was religion on the cover. But when managing editor Isolde Motley tried her hand with it in December, she gave it a peculiar spin. Instead of a photograph of, say, a heavenly beam of light, Motley's creative director, Paul Ritter, concocted a human composite for the "When You Think of God What Do You See" issue. The staff couldn't believe what they were shown. "Evidently, God's a skinhead," says one editor. "I thought it was Mr. Clean," says another. The publisher himself is said to have begged Motley not to run it. Motley relented, and went with an all-type cover—a stunning move for a magazine whose bread and butter has always been its photography. By the end of the year, Ritter was out.

Although *Life* has a huge readership, no editor has been able to infuse it with a purpose since it was resurrected as a monthly back in 1978, six years after the original weekly version went dormant. Efforts to shape it into a more writerly magazine, or to simplify it with pared-down stories, failed to give it a clear voice. "It's a general-interest magazine in a non-general-interest time," says an observer. Even attempts at amped-up celebrity coverage—which is propelling Time Inc.'s runaway hit *InStyle*—missed the mark with *Life's* audience.

The current experiment, overseen by Motley and, until recently, Ritter, to give *Life* a younger, trendier look has been the most dramatic change—and the most disastrous. The edgy design has consistently clashed with the more mundane subject matter, like when Ritter had the printer drain the color out of October's cover shot of John Glenn. One former colleague dismisses the corpselike image of Glenn as "heroin-chic style."

While *Life* returns a modest profit ($7 million in 1997, compared with *People*'s estimated $300 million), it's mostly from ancillary projects like special issues and books. And industry watchers are now betting that

(continued on page 14)

SUBPLOT

That Sinking Feeling

It was just this time last year that a burst water main unleashed an urban flash flood—and a three-story pillar of flame—on the Flatiron district. Oddly, it was the mayor who found the silver lining: "It's actually a remarkable thing," Giuliani told reporters while gazing into the 30-foot crater, "to get to see what it looks like underneath a crowded New York City street."

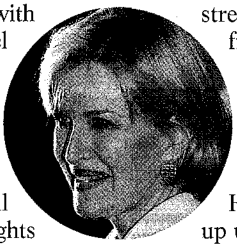
● A newly forming sinkhole (about six inches below grade so far) at 21st and Fifth suggests that New Yorkers may soon get a second look. "It's inevitable." agrees Sam Schwartz, a.k.a. Gridlock Sam. When, because of sudden temperature changes, water accumulates and then freezes below the street, it erodes the soil surrounding water and gas mains. "Eventually the pipes become bridges," says Schwartz. "A point of impact that should have been spread out across the soil is now held at two points. So they crack."

● In the Flatiron environs, this has happened four times since 1990. "Our block is like a war zone," says Dave Duggal of Duggal Color Projects on 20th Street. "It shakes your confidence in the terra firma."

MICHAEL STEELE

CAMEO

Angel of the Morning



You had it all: a salary in the mid-to-high-seven figures; exclusives with Saddam Hussein and Michael Jackson; even a hotshot director husband who could keep a randy Sam Donaldson at bay. But then, one cold day in January, you drew the short straw. For the next few months, your alarm clock will blare before 4 A.M.; those studio lights will smack your pancake makeup at seven sharp; and somehow, you'll have to muster the strength to chat up Charlie Gibson in front of millions of middle Americans. As *Good Morning America*'s savior/temporary co-host, you're taking a bullet for the team. But you don't mind: At dawn, Connie and Barbara aren't hogging the dressing room. Hell, Hugh Downs doesn't even wake up until 3 P.M.—just in time for his nap. At ABC, the morning belongs to you.

Photographs: top, Earl Young/Archive Photos; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

LIFE *continued from page 13*

the once-legendary institution will collapse for a second time. "The theory is that if we're lucky, we'll survive 1999," says one staff member. "That way, they'll fold it with the year 2000 and we'll go out clean."

For the past few years, the top job at *Life* has been a revolving door. When Time Inc. brass hired Motley, who had successfully launched *Martha Stewart Living* and *This Old House,* she promptly fired a third of the staff. Then she brought in Ritter, the former creative director of *Colors*, who instantly showed contempt for the big, clear photography that was *Life*'s trademark. Editors, meanwhile, were forbidden to critique his layouts.

Life's current circulation hovers around 1.5 million (the minimum promised to advertisers), while newsstand sales, which averaged 330,000 in the second half of 1997, are believed to have dipped below 110,000 on some recent issues. Nevertheless, people outside the magazine still salivate at the potential. "The magazine should be repositioned to go against *Rolling Stone*," says graphic designer Tibor Kalman, a fan of Ritter's who once fancied *Life*'s top job for himself. "If their readers are pushing 60, they might be able to make money but they will not be an important magazine."

Life's main problem may be that it hardly registers among Time Inc.'s priorities. For years, *Life*'s top posts have been used to groom prospects for other positions in the company. Motley, though, refuses to concede any problems. "We have shifted emphasis to subscriptions and seen results," she assures. "We're overdelivering at this stage."

Staff members, who believe that Motley was given until this spring, expect a decision soon. Meanwhile, Norman Pearlstine, Time Inc.'s editor-in-chief, insists, "There is a future for *Life* magazine. This last issue was the strongest one Isolde's done yet." Those who remember *Life* with great affection have their fingers crossed. As one longtime contributor says, "It's like cheering on a punch-drunk boxer."

SARAH BERNARD

SITE LINES

New York, Unblocked

As the wrecking ball cracks open the urban landscape, look quick or you'll miss the views.

Photographs by Kristine Larsen

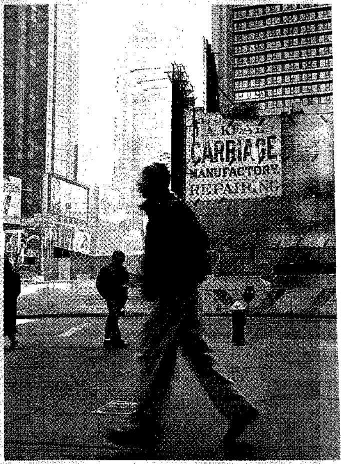
HERE IN MANHATTAN, WITH truncated horizons and a short supply of perspective, the holes left in the urban fabric by the current building boom can create unanticipated panoramas. Like a meteor shower or a solar eclipse, these vistas are short-lived phenomena. You've got to catch them quickly, before someone goes and ruins the view by putting up yet another skyscraper.

For instance, the building that was once home to the Rialto movie theater and, more recently, *The Joe Franklin Show*, has vanished from Broadway and 42nd Street. Soon the Reuters tower will rise in its stead. But right now, a view has opened up. Looking uptown from the south side of 42nd Street, you can actually get a clear look at the New York *Times* building on 43rd Street. It appears like a refugee from an Ivy League campus, its quaint copper-clad pitched roof topped by a charming Romanesque tower.

Nearby, at 47th and Broadway, an old building was just razed to make way for the Planet Hollywood Hotel, which is, says the construction fence signage, COMING FOR THE MILLENNIUM. Meanwhile, an ancient advertisement has been revealed; J. A. KEAL'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY REPAIRING is painted in bold black and white on the wall of the building next door.

And best of all, on the east side of Madison between 46th and 47th Streets, where the new Bear Stearns headquarters is going up, an entire block stands empty, providing an unexpected glimpse of the Chrysler Building's spire . . . and also a nice view of the bowling trophy atop the Helmsley building. The Bear Stearns tower, which will rise to a height of 756 feet, is the first to benefit from new rules allowing the transfer of air rights from Grand Central Terminal to the surrounding neighborhood. Perhaps city planners could also throw in a Temporary Plaza Bonus, a token incentive to delay construction a few months so we can all bask in the sunshine and enjoy the wide open spaces.

KARRIE JACOBS

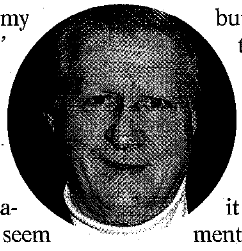


SPORTS

Clinton to Steinbrenner: Stay Put

GUESS WHO ELSE WANTS TO see the Yankees stay in the Bronx. *Bill Clinton*. No, it's not a ploy to get New York even more firmly on his side as the impeachment trial starts. It is, instead, the handiwork of Harlem congressman Charlie Rangel, who met with the president last week and, as the saying goes, ran something by him.

"The president and I were talking about the Yankees," Rangel says. "And he started talking about what a treasure, a national and historic treasure, Yankee Stadium was. And I said, 'Well, Mr. President, Yankee Stadium is located in my empowerment zone.' And the president said, 'Let's talk about it.' "



Rangel won't divulge details, perhaps for the very sound reason that there don't seem to be any yet, but the basic idea, as the congressman puts it, is for the administration to push for empowerment-zone money to preserve the stadium. "It wasn't that [Clinton] had a specific plan," Rangel says, "but rather that the federal government wants to be a part of preserving Yankee Stadium and developing the South Bronx." Rangel has discussed such plans before, but never before with the president of the United States. "Saving Yankee Stadium was his personal opinion," says Rangel. "When I told him it was in my empowerment zone, it became his political opinion as well."

The same day as his conversation with the president, Rangel had dinner with George Steinbrenner and limo king Bill Fugazy. Steinbrenner has been

Photograph by Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos.

BEAR STEARNS

Before the Bear Steams tower rises, the Chrysler Building peeks through to Madison Avenue (right); the Times building (above) gets a moment in the sun; an ancient sign for a carriage manufacturer (left) is uncovered.

cool to this kind of talk before, so why should this time be different? "Well, he's never heard it from the president before," Rangel says. "I hope the president gives him an offer he can't refuse." Whether the embattled Democratic president can persuade the old Nixon fund-raiser is an open question. Says Rangel: "[Steinbrenner]'s excited. He and the president are old friends." It was all news to Yankees spokesman Howard Rubenstein, who refused comment. Meanwhile, there's new hope in the Bronx. We've all heard of the mayors who lost the Dodgers and the Giants and the Jets, but the president who saved the Yankees? MICHAEL TOMASKY

PUBLISHING

City Architectural Bible in Need of Historic Preservation

BARNES & NOBLE HASN'T had it for months. Internet book-search engines turn up nothing. Even the freaking Strand can't scare up copies of the out-of-print third edition of *The AIA Guide to New York City*, the only guidebook that catalogs and critiques as many as 5,000 buildings, block by block.

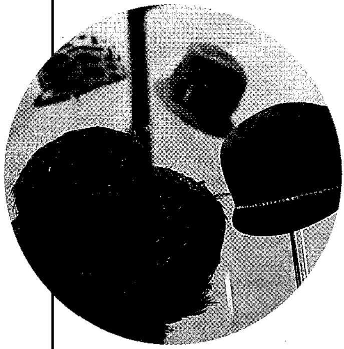
The absence of the stout, 999-page architecture bible—which went out of print early this year—has spurred a minor panic among tour guides and urban-design buffs. Even the American Institute of Architects' New York chapter, which sponsors the guide, only has two office copies left.

First published in 1968, the guidebook by architects Norval White and Elliott Willensky has been updated every ten years. A fourth edition should have been completed by now, but work was slowed by Willensky's death in 1990, as well as the decision by publisher Harcourt Brace to drop the title. White quickly closed a deal with Times Books, but the new publisher has balked at printing more copies of the outdated edition.

So White is scrambling to finish the fourth edition by himself and says he's worked his way through 3,000 of the book's 5,000 entries. But the new guide won't make it into the stores until April 2000. Until then, don't let your copy of the third edition out of your sight. "It's a problem," laments Christopher Gray, the "Streetscapes" columnist for the New York *Times*. "You have to marry into a copy now."

ROBERT KOLKER

GOTHAMSTYLE

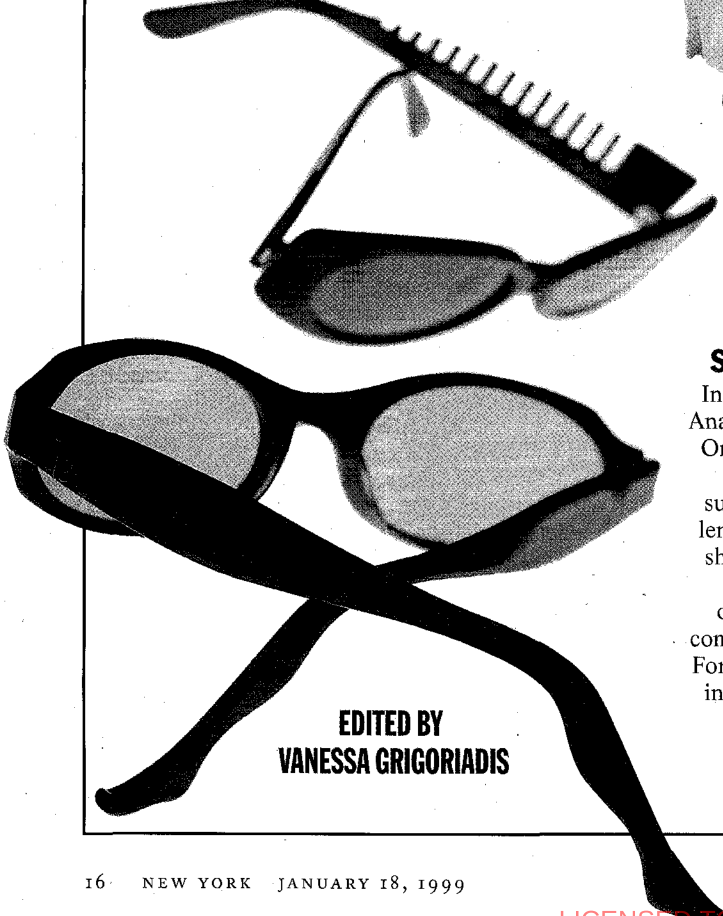


Hat's Entertainment

Serial accessorizers like Lenny Kravitz and Maxwell have long patronized Selima Salaun's four New York boutiques for top-notch eyewear, lingerie, and costume jewelry. Now the Tunisian designer introduces her own line of cowboys, derbys, and gamblers at her Bond Street shop, Bond 07. Boldly colored or ocelot and leopard prints come in felt or straw—"I thought, 'I always wear hats: I want to make hats too,' " says Salaun. Righto. BRETT KELLY

Pope Knows Best

Whenever the pope wants a leather bag in which to carry whatever a pope wants to carry, he commissions it from the world's most expensive leather designer, the 110-year-old Italian company Seeger—as do George Bush and Pierce Brosnan (who had a diaper bag designed for his newborn). A bit of Seeger's "cashmere calfskin" becomes available for the hoi polloi this month, when they introduce a new line of attachés—prices are in the mid-hundreds for a toiletry bag. Cross yourself before reaching for the speed stick. KRISTEN CONNOLLY



She's Got Legs

In celebration of the Anatomically Incorrect One's 40th birthday: a $165 pair of sunglasses with pink lenses and sidepieces shaped like Barbie's legs—or black ones with a handy comb—by Alain Mikli. For sitting by the pool in the dream house. AMY SYNNOTT

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Survival of the Wettest

Unlike local taverns such as Mugs and the Brooklyn Ale House, Williamsburg's newest watering hole, Galapagos, plays lite techno music, doubles as a performance space, and serves sushi on cocktail tables by the . . . pool (don't get too excited; it's only six inches deep). Quite a transformation for the old mayonnaise factory on 6th Street. "This is a mature space to foster conversation," says owner Robert Elmes. "People *do* dip their toes in the pool, but we don't encourage it." CHRISTINE VALHOULIS

Shoot to thrill: Agnes b., Todd Oldham, Isaac Mizrahi, and Tommy Hilfiger.

New York Runaways

Yes, it's weird that the cast of the Miramax teen-scare flick *The Faculty* is dressed exclusively in Tommy Hilfiger. Weirder still is the crop of designers now chasing Isaac Mizrahi–style celluloid dreams. "Directing a movie is the ultimate in fashion design," says Mizrahi, who's reportedly producing a cartoon for DreamWorks, a script for Barry Sonnefeld, and a Broadway version of *Unzipped.* Here are a few other projects in the Seventh Avenue–to–Hollywood pipeline: *House of Style* alum and downtown designer Todd Oldham, currently costuming the L.A. production of *The Rocky Horror Show,* will direct the story of Mickey Cohen's top gangster moll. • Carole Little's production company, St. Tropez, is following up *Anaconda* with a mystery movie and a mob movie. • Gucci's Tom Ford is reportedly looking to get back into acting and has just signed with CAA. • At Cannes, Agnes b. announced the creation of Love Streams, a production company set to make disturbing French films. Weird.

Additional Reporting by Jane Blake

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Atlas Shrugs

Sign of the times: Tweedy Upper West Side literary lion teams up with Wall Street mogul to launch multimedia content "brand." Synergy for the elbow-patch crowd!

IN SIGNATURE BOW TIE AND WITH A few missed patches of whiskers from his morning shave, James Atlas, arguably one of the leading literary critics of his generation, sits behind his desk on a midtown trading floor among a hundred stock brokers and money managers shuffling the memos, reports, and spread sheets of a business life.

"This," he gestures, meaning business, *doing* business, "is much harder than writing."

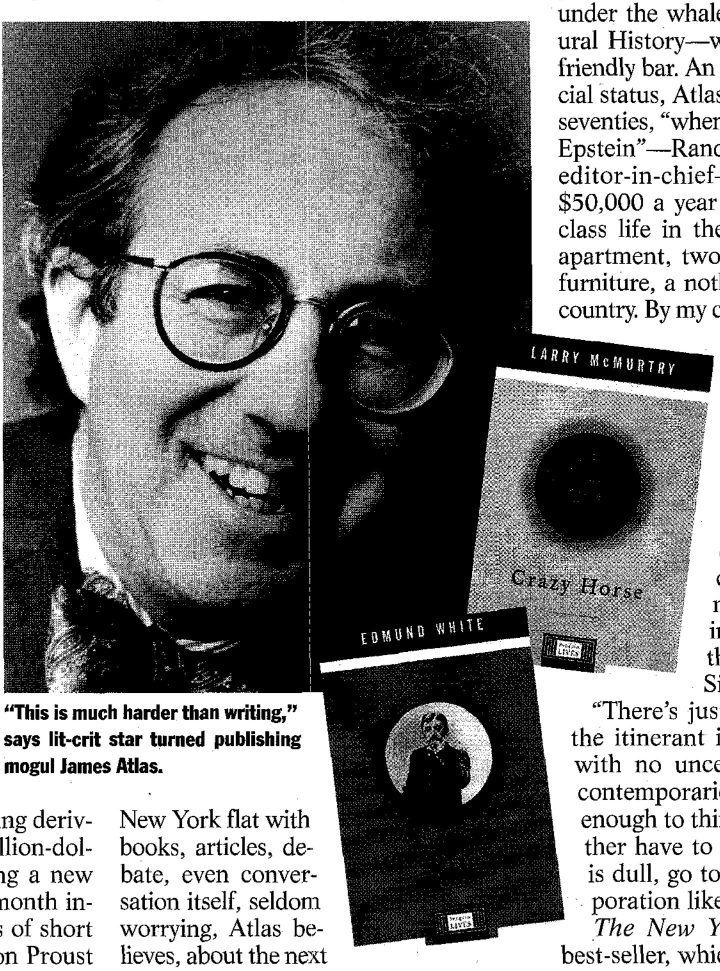
The division between church and state—the temperament for ideas, language, beauty, sensibility versus a head for organization, dealmaking, manufacturing, and marketing—has undoubtedly been crumbling for a long time. But its end seems particularly extreme in the figure of the cranky, old-world-style (if your old world is the fifties) Atlas. Biographer, novelist, present *New Yorker* writer and former *Vanity Fair* columnist and *Times*-magazine editor, Atlas is trying to learn the language of investment bankers—equity, synergy, branding, leverage—as avidly as he once tried to master the vocabulary of literary criticism at Harvard.

"From *Partisan Review* to *Entrepreneur* magazine," says Atlas happily.

The fact that Atlas is not selling derivatives, as he sits among the million-dollar bonus babies, but launching a new publishing company that this month inaugurates a much-touted series of short biographies—Edmund White on Proust and Larry McMurtry on Crazy Horse are the first to be released—only slightly qualifies the joke.

ATLAS'S GENERATION—HE GRADUATED from Harvard in 1971—is surely among the last to expect an indigenous, commerce-free literary life. "Having meals at Horn & Hardart," Atlas sighs. "Surviving by selling review copies of books. Living in a walk-up on Hudson Street."

Philip Rahv, Irving Howe, Alfred Kazin, William Phillips—Atlas (whom I met almost twenty years ago when he invited me to lunch after my first book was published to tell me how obtuse and disorganized he thought it was) nostalgically lists the great intellectual figures who knocked around a New York flat with books, articles, debate, even conversation itself, seldom worrying, Atlas believes, about the next dime. It's a life perhaps most vividly described by Saul Bellow, whose biography Atlas has completed after a decade of work, a way of life that was in full flower after the Second World War and still going strong into the seventies, when Atlas arrived in New York.



"This is much harder than writing," says lit-crit star turned publishing mogul James Atlas.

But with the rise of the financial class in the eighties (and its disproportionate rewards), the conglomoratization of the book business, and powerful new pressures on print media, that life started to crack. "As an intellectual, you were out of business if you couldn't write a blockbuster best-seller," Atlas shrugs.

As West Side neighbors despairing of our literary futures, we would often repair together, each with a child in tow, under the whale at the Museum of Natural History—where there was a child-friendly bar. An inveterate observer of social status, Atlas confided that in the late seventies, "when I got to New York, Jason Epstein"—Random House's legendary editor-in-chief—"told me you needed $50,000 a year to live a solidly middle-class life in the city: Upper West Side apartment, two kids in decent schools, furniture, a nothing-special house in the country. By my calculations, currently you need $350,000 a year to be middle-class in Manhattan."

Now, sitting in his offices on the trading floor, he revises upward: "We need half a million."

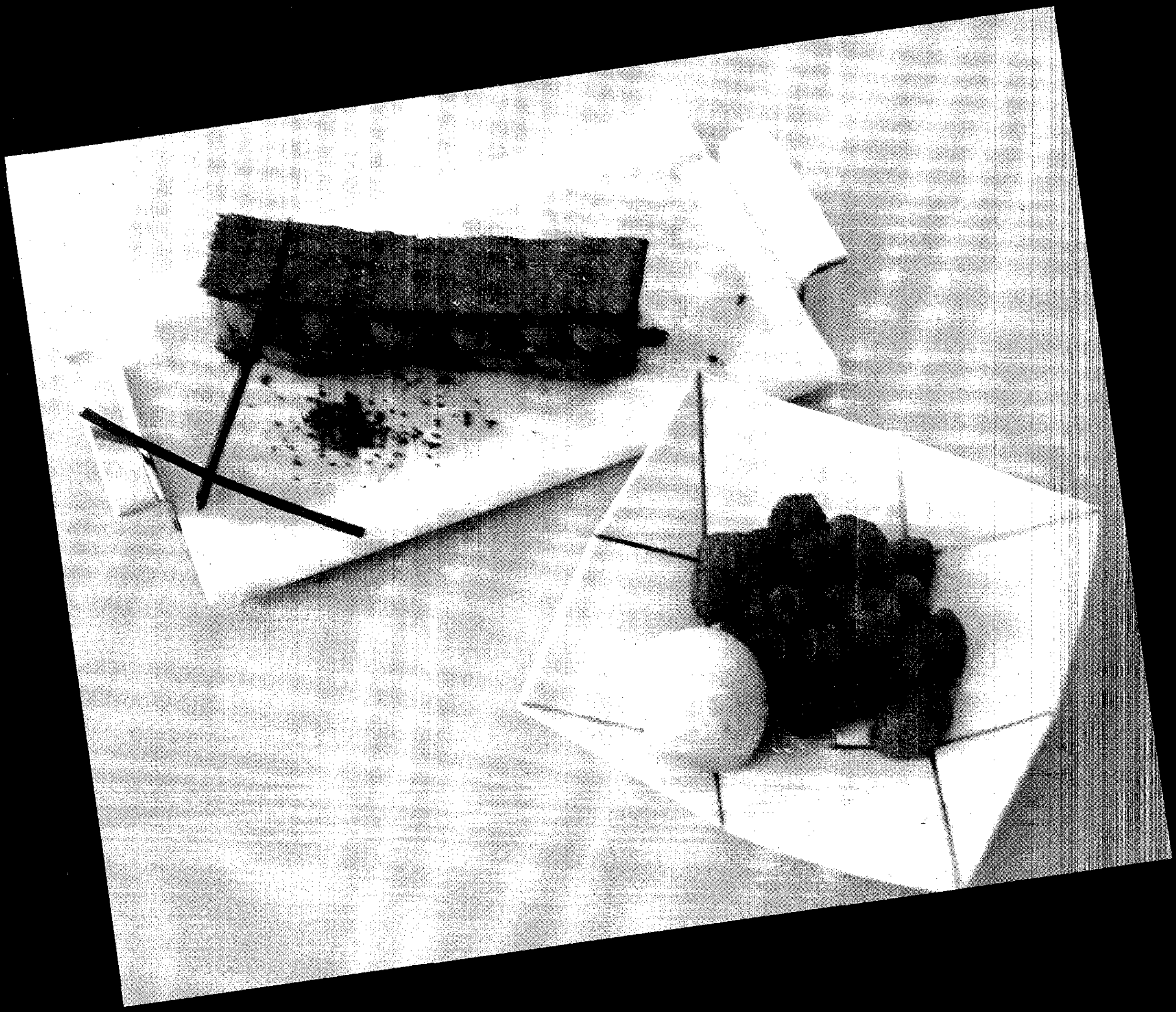
Give or take a hundred thousand, Atlas's calculations are near the mark: You have to be an investment banker to lead the life of an Upper West Side intellectual.

"There's just no economic basis for the itinerant intellectual," Atlas says, with no uncertain annoyance at his contemporaries who might be deluded enough to think otherwise. "So you either have to join the academy, which is dull, go to work for a cultural corporation like the New York *Times* or *The New Yorker,* or produce your best-seller, which is a little like winning the lottery."

Implicit in Atlas's critique is that intellectuals are without the wherewithal and skills to find opportunity in the new economic order.

THEN, ONE DAY, IN THE FINAL STAGES OF writing his 800-page Bellow biography, as Atlas lay on his couch reading Jon-

GIVING HOME COOKING A WHOLE NEW MEANING.



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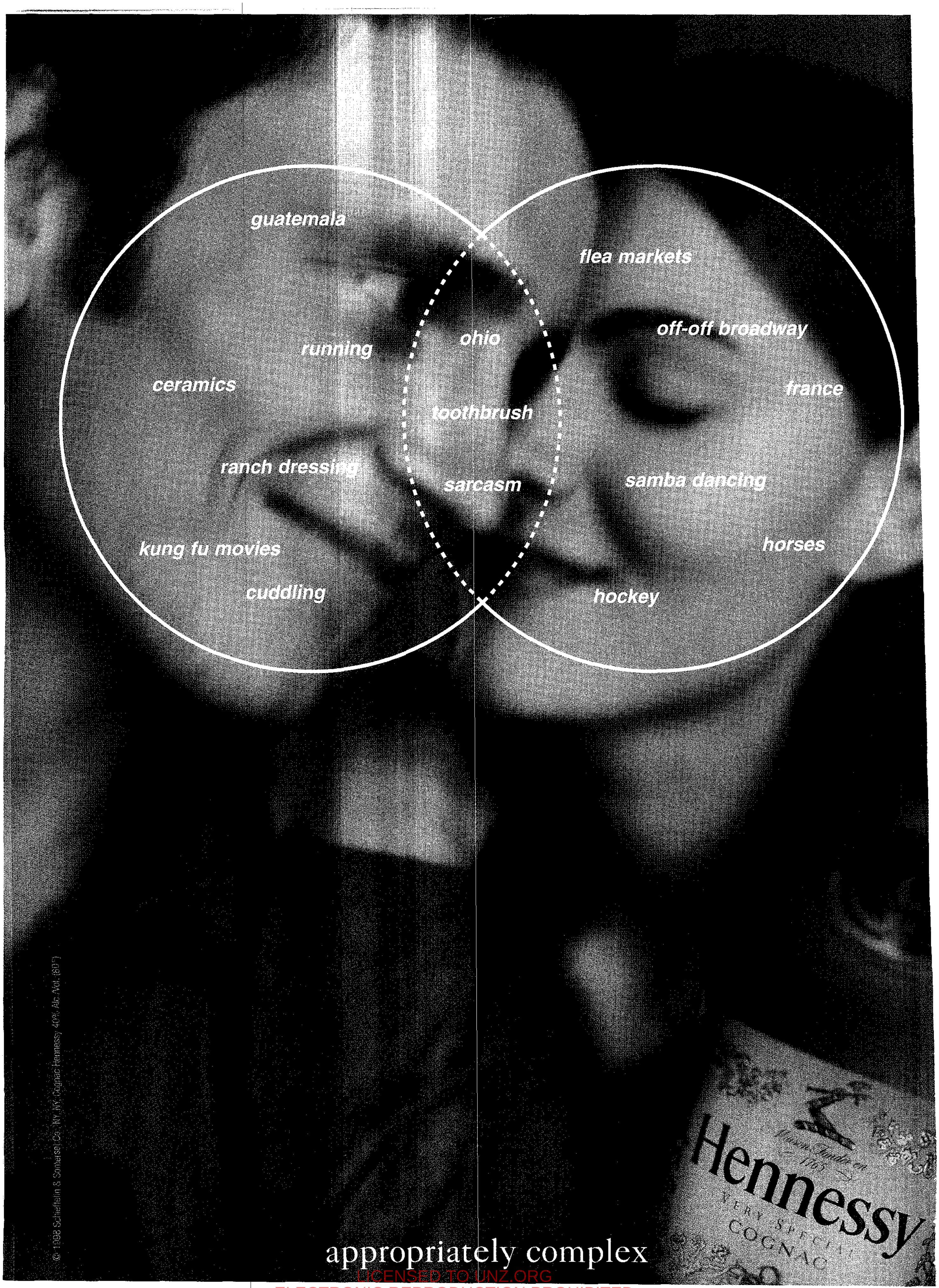
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son's lives of the poets—specifically Jonson's 80-page life of Savage—the Zeitgeist turned and Jim Atlas had a brainstorm.

Not just a brainstorm but a marketing brainstorm—perhaps the first conscious marketing idea of his life:

Short biographies.

Biographies, a reliably popular literary form, Atlas's sudden, intuitive marketing analysis went, are too long. They are too long for readers, and, just as important, they are too long for writers. Even if a brand-name writer is willing to spend seven or eight years on a biography, what publisher can afford that cost, and, perhaps more to the point, what publisher can recover those costs? But biographies the length, say, of a long *New Yorker* article could attract big-selling writers on an economical basis and even attract readers to buy two, three, or four a year.

In short order, Atlas shared his brainstorm with an editor at Viking Penguin, who, following the time-honored publishing-house business script, offered Atlas a small stipend to edit four such books.

Over a New Year's Day lunch, Atlas, an out-loud worrier and constant seeker of advice, complained to the investment banker Ken Lipper—a former deputy mayor whose story about solving the city's deficit crisis in the late eighties Atlas had edited for the *Times Magazine*—that while the Viking Penguin offer was a good opportunity, it still left him in a bind: You just couldn't get ahead as a freelancer.

"Well," Lipper counseled, "don't give away your idea."

Hello!

Lipper, whose firm had $5 billion under management, and who had financed several movies, sent Atlas back to Viking Penguin with a new proposal: What if the concept was an extended series of short biographies—from Saint Augustine to Elvis—and what if outside capital could be brought to the project?

The business relationship between publisher and writer is remarkably stable and remains strangely unquestioned. This is not only because writers are saps but because editors and agents know scant little about the wide world of deal-making themselves. While business today, being the province of great minds as well as great greed, attracts the level of analysis that previously attended God and questions of the meaning of life, that rigor, that relentless parsing of the underlying logic of cost and reward, has largely bypassed the book business.

In terms of imagining new ways for money to be made and money to be saved, book publishers rank up there with the government, even the Russian government.

Still, as Lipper had suspected, the unlikely notion that a writer could bring capital to the table suddenly made Viking Penguin very interested.

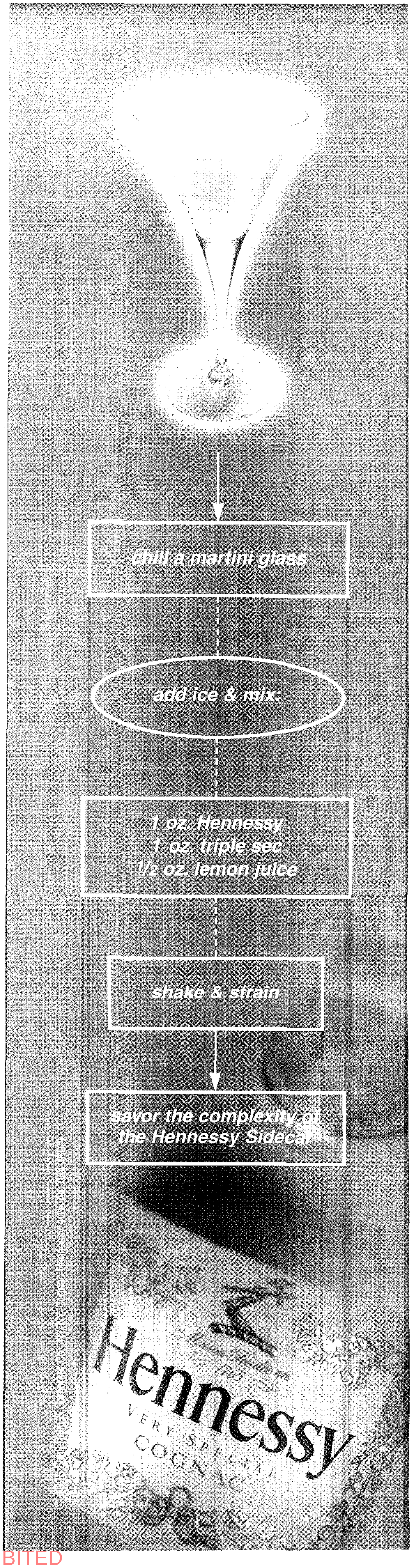
The first stage of Atlas's entrepreneurial education—structuring the venture—had begun. Atlas figured it would take a few weeks to get a deal. It took fifteen months.

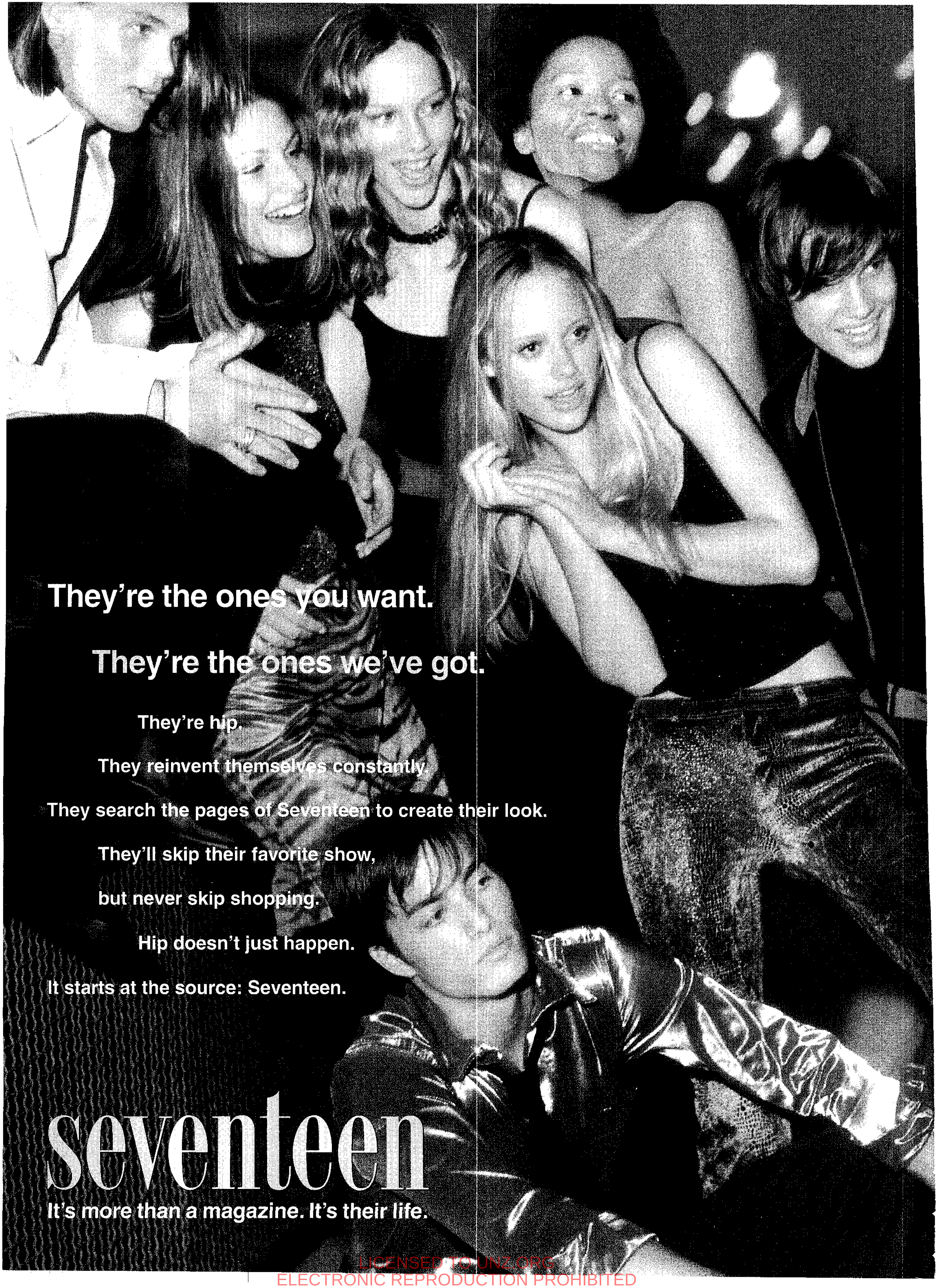
"We just couldn't get it to work, to come together. The pain of this was unspeakable. Writing my Bellow biography was much easier than this," he says, still wringing his hands. "I certainly came to have an appreciation of what kind of stamina is required of the entrepreneur, what kind of obsessive, driven mentality is needed."

In terms of imagining new ways for **money to be made** *and* **money to be saved,** *book publishers rank up there with the government,* **even the Russian government.**

The venture, called Lipper/Viking Penguin, which Atlas would manage and in which he'd be an equity holder, came together with the arrival of Michael Lynton, the Disney-trained wunderkind and movie executive, as CEO of Viking Penguin. The deal most closely resembled the kind of deal a movie studio might have with an independent production company. The series would be created by a dedicated team: Atlas would be the director, Lipper the producer, the writers of the books the stars; Viking Penguin would be the studio, marketing and distributing the books.

The second stage of Atlas's entrepreneurial life, the start-up phase beginning in the spring of 1997, found him at his desk in Lipper's Park Avenue office among the pods of brokers. Part of the next year of activity was a transformation of Atlas himself from crabby editor—at the New York *Times,* editors answer the phone with a what's-in-it-for-me rudeness—to an expansive business personality. He was selling his concept. Motivating his team. Keeping his partners on the same page. Soothing feathers when they got ruffled. *(continued on page 79)*





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SECRETS OF THE STOCK STARS

BY ALEX WILLIAMS PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEN IRISH

IT'S NOT PRECISELY ACCURATE TO SAY THAT NO ONE COULD HAVE PREDICTED WHAT happened on Wall Street in the past twelve months. Many of those who are renowned for their financial acumen—George Soros, Julian Robertson, John Meriwether and his brace of Nobel brainiacs—turned out to be wrong, losing hundreds of millions in some cases. But there were others, neophytes in many cases, who happened to hit upon a great Internet idea, or were just a little bit smarter or nervier than the next person, or just happened to be in the right place at the right time, who became newly minted Wall Street legends. ● On the following pages, you'll find ten success stories, players who either made big Wall Street reputations or expanded them in the past twelve months. Some have names you know: Bob Pittman, for instance, who decamped from Manhattan to the comparative wilderness of Dulles, Virginia, and swallowed his considerable ego to help CEO Steve Case make America Online the Ma Bell of the Internet; or Abby Joseph Cohen of Goldman, Sachs, whose sangfroid in the face of August's global meltdown looked like genius when the Dow turned around and ended the year right where she predicted it would. But Nick Birbas? He was a waiter in a Greek diner on Ninth Avenue, until his stock-market profits made his job dispensable. Or the founders of the Website Raging Bull, who left college last spring and never went back, having sold their company for millions. Past performance, as the prospectuses say, is no guarantee of future success, but, just to be safe, we've included their thoughts on how to stay profitable in the year to come. ● For those who enjoy capitalizing on others' misfortunes (and who, secretly, doesn't?), the editors of the financial Website Motley Fool have supplied a short-selling system that's as risk-free as humanly possible, as well as identifying some likely prospects. ● Finally, on the widely held theory that what went down last year is likely to go up in the months ahead, we've included a guide to—prudently—shopping the Pacific Rim. >>

Best in Business

STAR IPOS

●Anyone sitting in a new eBay-financed Chris-Craft might disagree, but 1998 was actually a bit of an off year for the initial-public-offering market; the number of IPOs hadn't been this low since 1991. Still, some won big. One unproven Internet company, theglobe.com (see page 37), issued its first shares November 11 at $9 each. They zoomed to a high of $97 *that very day.* Online auction house eBay, the brainchild of a 31-year-old San Jose software designer, kicked off September 23 at $18 a share. After spiking an obscene 59 points last Wednesday, the stock is now at $283. And why not? eBay had something that plenty of other Internet-IPO wonders can't actually claim: profits.

When it comes to facing down risk, American eyeballs have been shellacked wide open. MarketWatch.com, CBS's online-financial-news service, is scheduled to launch this week. IPO pros anticipate an opening premium of ten or fifteen points. Allaire Corporation, the Cambridge, Massachusetts, company behind the acclaimed Cold Fusion server platform, is another temptress sallying forth this month.

Still, the issue that has everyone breathing heavy is one that hasn't even filed yet: barnesandnoble.com, the behemoth's online alter ego. Analysts expect this Thoroughbred to break out of the gates early in the second quarter. The brand name alone guarantees big applause—$100 million by some estimates. This could be Amazon.com II, even if sales lag behind Amazon.com I, whose shares, first issued in 1997 at $18, are now worth 50 times that in value.

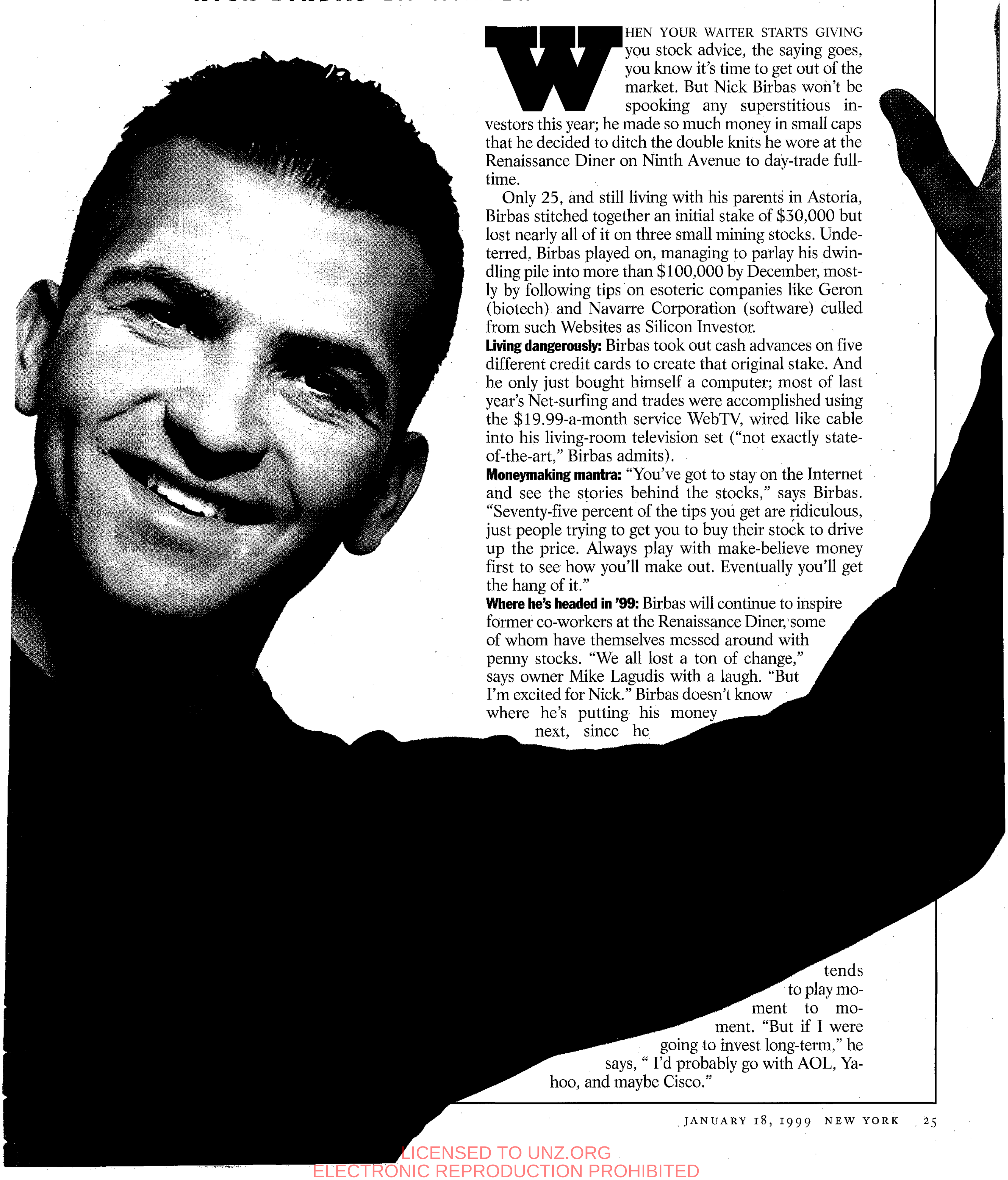
THE CAS

> **“Seventy-five percent of the tips you get are ridiculous. Always play with make-believe money first. Eventually, you'll get the hang of it.”**

Grooming by Rheanne White for Artists.

SLINGER

NICK BIRBAS EX-WAITER



WHEN YOUR WAITER STARTS GIVING you stock advice, the saying goes, you know it's time to get out of the market. But Nick Birbas won't be spooking any superstitious investors this year; he made so much money in small caps that he decided to ditch the double knits he wore at the Renaissance Diner on Ninth Avenue to day-trade full-time.

Only 25, and still living with his parents in Astoria, Birbas stitched together an initial stake of $30,000 but lost nearly all of it on three small mining stocks. Undeterred, Birbas played on, managing to parlay his dwindling pile into more than $100,000 by December, mostly by following tips on esoteric companies like Geron (biotech) and Navarre Corporation (software) culled from such Websites as Silicon Investor.

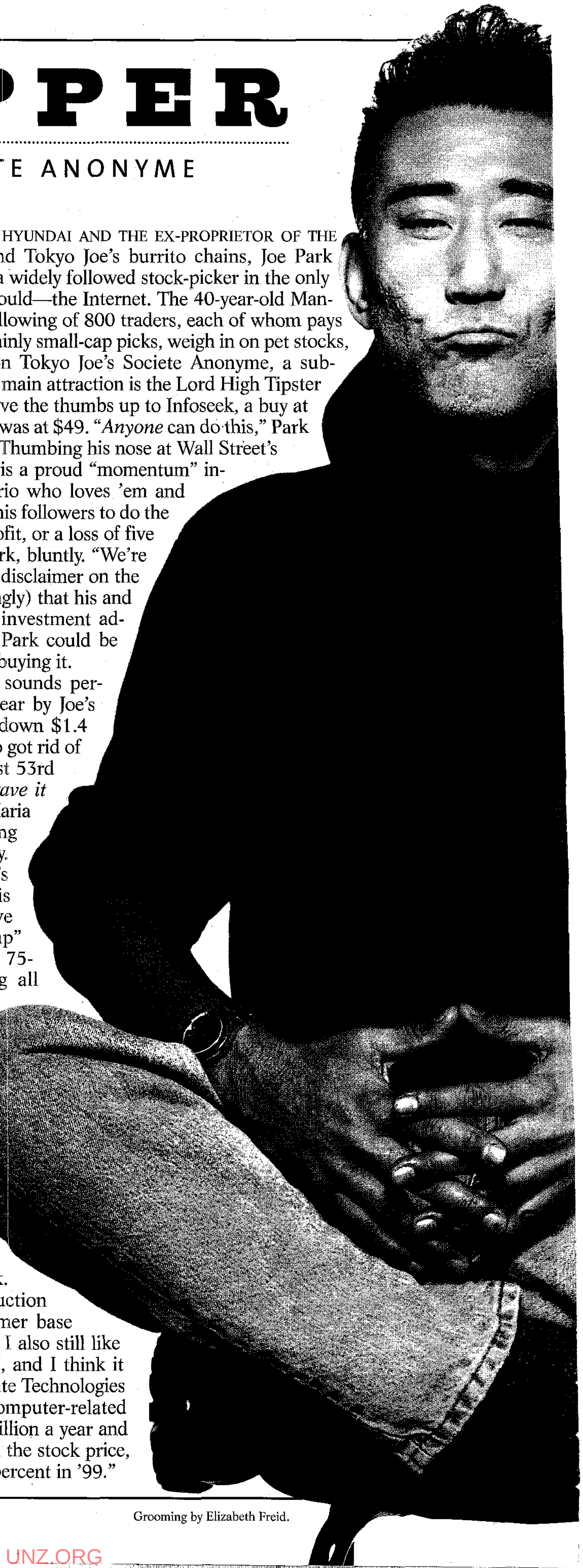
Living dangerously: Birbas took out cash advances on five different credit cards to create that original stake. And he only just bought himself a computer; most of last year's Net-surfing and trades were accomplished using the $19.99-a-month service WebTV, wired like cable into his living-room television set ("not exactly state-of-the-art," Birbas admits).

Moneymaking mantra: "You've got to stay on the Internet and see the stories behind the stocks," says Birbas. "Seventy-five percent of the tips you get are ridiculous, just people trying to get you to buy their stock to drive up the price. Always play with make-believe money first to see how you'll make out. Eventually you'll get the hang of it."

Where he's headed in '99: Birbas will continue to inspire former co-workers at the Renaissance Diner, some of whom have themselves messed around with penny stocks. "We all lost a ton of change," says owner Mike Lagudis with a laugh. "But I'm excited for Nick." Birbas doesn't know where he's putting his money next, since he tends to play moment to moment. "But if I were going to invest long-term," he says, "I'd probably go with AOL, Yahoo, and maybe Cisco."

BIG TIPPER

JOE PARK TOKYO JOE'S SOCIETE ANONYME



A FORMER LAWYER FOR HYUNDAI AND THE EX-PROPRIETOR OF THE California Burrito and Tokyo Joe's burrito chains, Joe Park emerged this year as a widely followed stock-picker in the only place a refried entrepreneur could—the Internet. The 40-year-old Manhattanite has a zealous cult following of 800 traders, each of whom pays $600 a year to scope Park's mainly small-cap picks, weigh in on pet stocks, and natter about rate cuts on Tokyo Joe's Societe Anonyme, a subscribers-only Website. But the main attraction is the Lord High Tipster himself. In December, Park gave the thumbs up to Infoseek, a buy at $33. Within a week, the stock was at $49. "*Anyone* can do this," Park says passionately—and often. Thumbing his nose at Wall Street's buy-and-hold bromides, Park is a proud "momentum" investor, a stock-market Lothario who loves 'em and leaves 'em while encouraging his followers to do the same. "Whenever there's a profit, or a loss of five percent, we bail out," says Park, bluntly. "We're not married to any stocks." A disclaimer on the site states (none too convincingly) that his and the picks of others "are not investment advice." It also points out that Park could be selling his stock as others are buying it.

This circus of speculation sounds perilous to some. But others swear by Joe's juice. Park claims he pulled down $1.4 million last year alone. He also got rid of of his last Tokyo Joe's, on East 53rd Street. He didn't sell it. He *gave it away*—to his longtime cook Maria Guillermo. "I was making enough money," he says, coolly.

Living dangerously: As Park's profile has grown, so has his gaggle of critics, who believe Park is a "pump-and-dump" Barnum. Says one, "Buying a 75-cent stock and then getting all your sheep to run after it a few days later isn't investing." This skeptic claims he's made money *shorting* Park-puffed stocks.

Moneymaking mantra: "People who buy long are suckers," says Park. "That's where the angst comes in."

Where he's headed in '99: "I still like Onsale," says Park. "It's a Net-based discount auction house that has bigger customer base than eBay or uBid combined. I also still like AOL, which I bought at 85¾, and I think it has more room to go. En Pointe Technologies is an online distributor of computer-related stuff. They do almost half a billion a year and the book value is greater than the stock price, which I predict will rise 400 percent in '99."

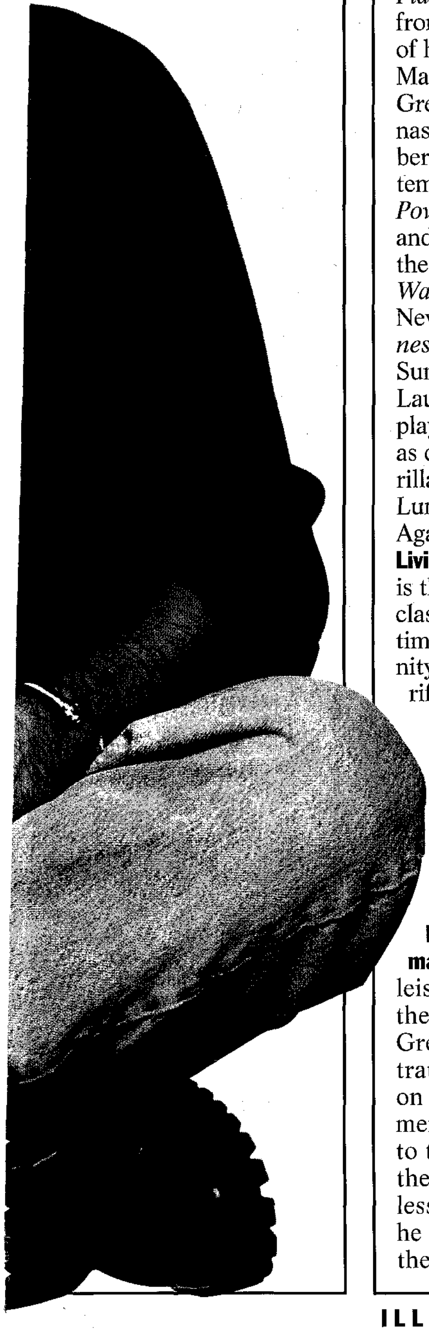
Best in Business

MOUTHWATERING MERGER

● General Electric's great empire-builder 63-year-old Jack Welch is facing mandatory retirement at the end of the year 2000. He just may want to end his two-decade reign with a fitting historic gesture—at least, a fleet of investment bankers around town is hoping that's the case. More than a few have tried to matchmake this colossus with financial-services giant American Express. "Jack Welch is probably the most respected CEO in the history of corporate America, and all the big M&A honchos expect he will want to go out with a bang, i.e., a big *deal*," says one mergers-and-acquisitions specialist. On the Street, a combination of GE and Amex does have that pleasing apple-pie-and-Cheddar tang. GE Capital is one of the largest financial-services companies in the world, but the company lacks a brand image, and American Express *does* have that. One possible upside: A free-lightbulb-for-every-dollar-spent promotion for your Amex card.

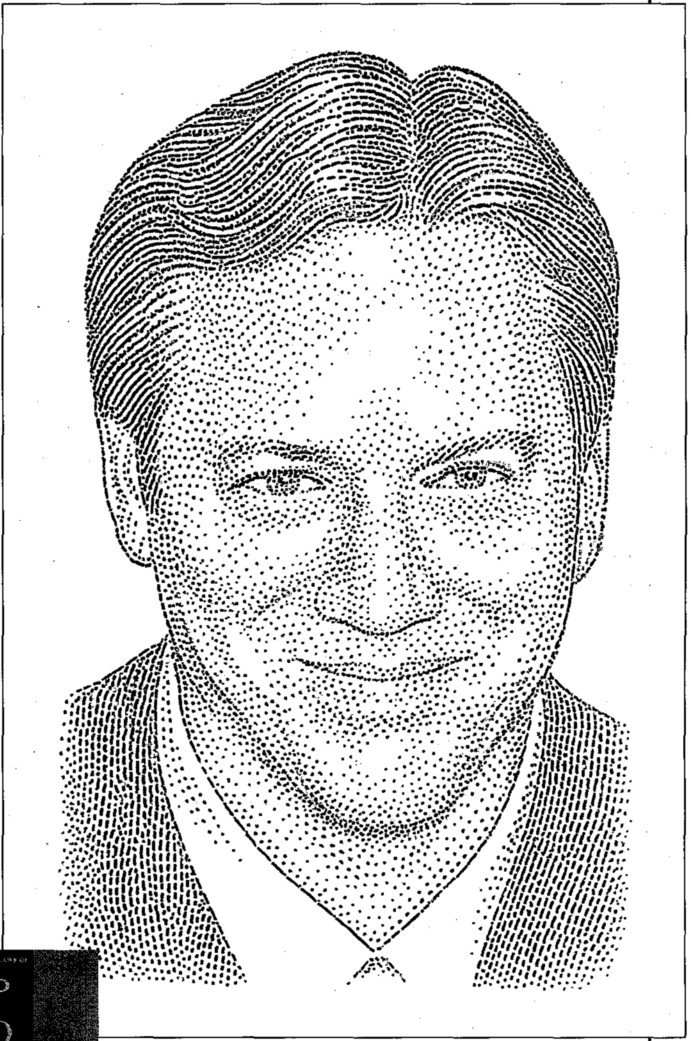
Grooming by Elizabeth Freid.

> **“People who buy long are suckers. That’s where the angst comes in.”**



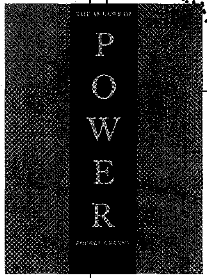
CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SOULLESS

ROBERT GREENE’S 48 LAWS OF POWER



A FORMER *ESQUIRE* grunt and mid-level Hollywood finagler, Robert Greene has written the the most Machiavellian guide to achieving and maintaining power since *The Prince* (or at least *The Player*). Drawing on lessons from the great manipulators of history (Cesare Borgia, Mata Hari, Haile Selassie), Greene gives deliciously nasty counsel to the “Dilbert” set. Released in September, *The 48 Laws of Power* is in its tenth printing and has flexed its pecs on the best-seller lists in the *Wall Street Journal,* the New York *Times,* and *Business Week.* Viacom chief Sumner Redstone and Ron Lauder say they love this playbook for overachievers, as does ex–Hollywood guerrilla Julia “You’ll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again” Phillips.

Living dangerously: *48 Laws* is the sort of cutthroat insta-classic that takes off when times are good and opportunity for world domination is rife. The book was released into the toothless maw of a market collapse, but as the market rebounded, so did our taste for blood.

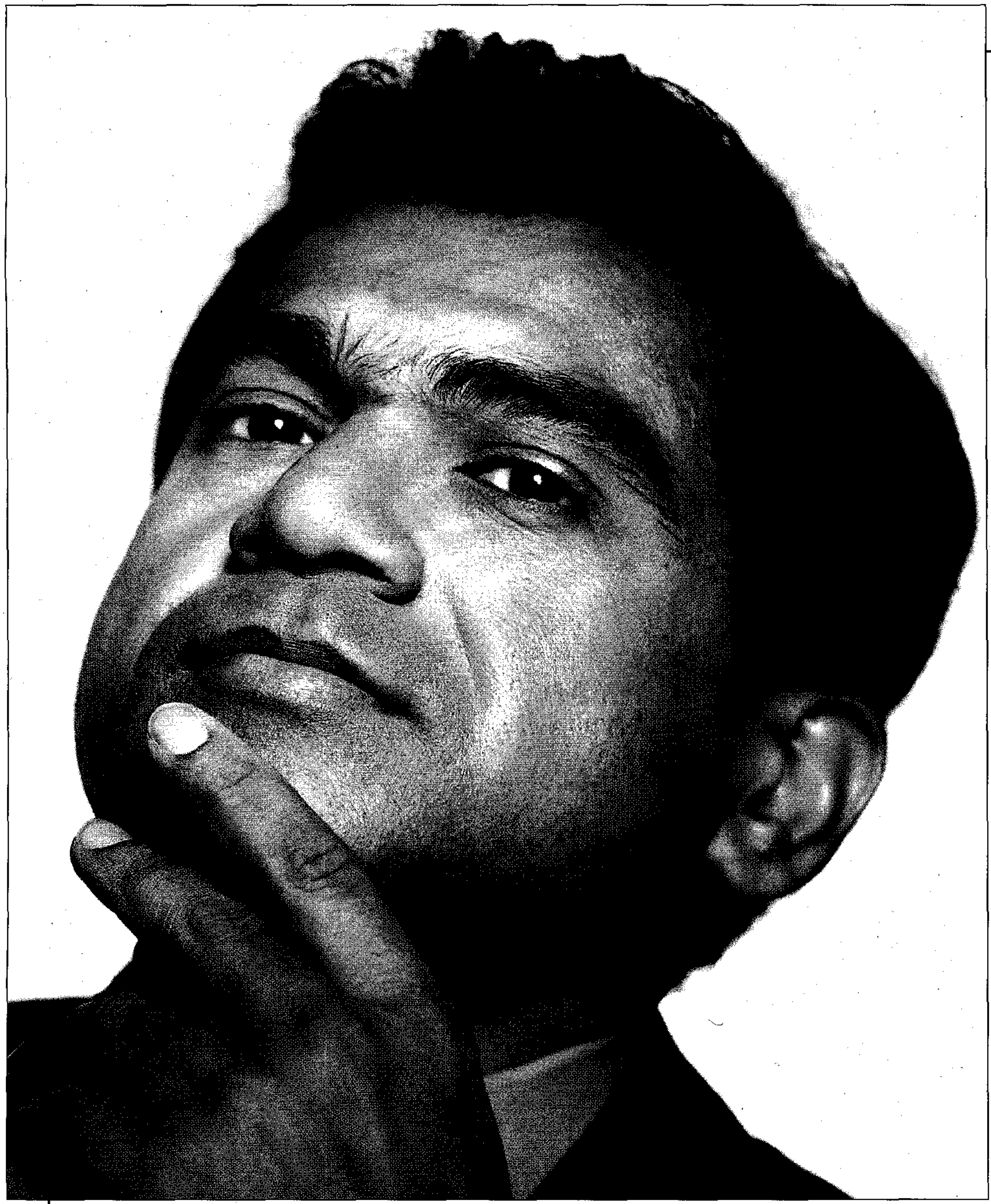


Moneymaking mantra: From his leisurely perch on the best-seller lists, Greene has been concentrating his own energies on the gentler commandments. “I had a tendency to talk too much. So there’s the law ‘Always say less than necessary.’ ” But he acknowledges that it’s the Corleonean head-gaming—“Keep Others in Suspended Terror,” “Use Selective Honesty to Disarm Your Victim”—that is most likely to find favor in business-world trenches. “Laws, like ‘Crush your enemy totally,’ may have less application,” he says. “Unless you’re Bill Gates.”

Where it’s headed in 1999: Not, we hope, into the hands of our enemies.

> **Drawing lessons from the great manipulators of history, Greene gives deliciously nasty counsel to the ‘Dilbert’ set.**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN SPROULS



THE UN-MERIWETHER

RAJIV CHAUDHRI DIGITAL CENTURY CAPITAL

> **“We don’t trade as much as other hedge funds. We buy the best and hold them.”**

MUCH OF SMALL-town America began the year not knowing what a hedge fund was, and ended it—thanks mostly to the Sarin smog that enveloped Long-Term Capital—thinking this debacle was simply another way God was telling Wall Street’s trapeze artists that they were making too much money. But through it all, some of these shadowy money men to the rich were actually hedging in the strictest sense of the word—protecting their clients with shrewd counterbalancing transactions. And some, like former Goldman, Sachs chip analyst Rajiv Chaudhri, were making a killing. In this, its first calendar year of existence, Chaudhri’s Digital Century Capital fund had the best returns of any New York–based fund—a whopping 91 percent through December 31. So let John Meriwether get all the press; the fact that you’ve never heard of Rajiv Chaudhri only tells you how good he is.

Living dangerously: Digital Century is heavily weighted in U.S. technology stocks. As the NASDAQ index—America’s *de facto* tech-stock index—was plummeting from 2028 to 1499 this summer, Chaudhri somehow managed to keep a stiff upper lip, viewing the collapse as one big Labor Day sale. When fall rolled around, his buying binge paid off—big-time.

Moneymaking mantra: “We did not panic,” Chaudhri says now. “We just approached it like the market was giving us a gift, the ability to buy these companies at low prices.”

Where he’s headed in ’99: “We don’t trade as much as other hedge funds,” Chaudhri admits. “We buy the best and hold them.” Right now, Chaudhri likes Citrix Systems (CTXS), a pioneer of software that allows underpowered PCs to run sophisticated networking programs. “This is a market that is growing over 50 percent a year, and Citrix has the highest market share. The stock is in the low nineties, but I think it has the potential to appreciate by 40 to 50 percent this year.” Chaudhri also looks for mighty Intel to rebound: “Excess inventories are gone, the product line in the low end of the microprocessor market is more powerful, and Intel has cut manufacturing costs. This is a stock that will probably appreciate by 25 to 30 percent this year.”

Grooming by Elizabeth Freid.

LOAN STAR

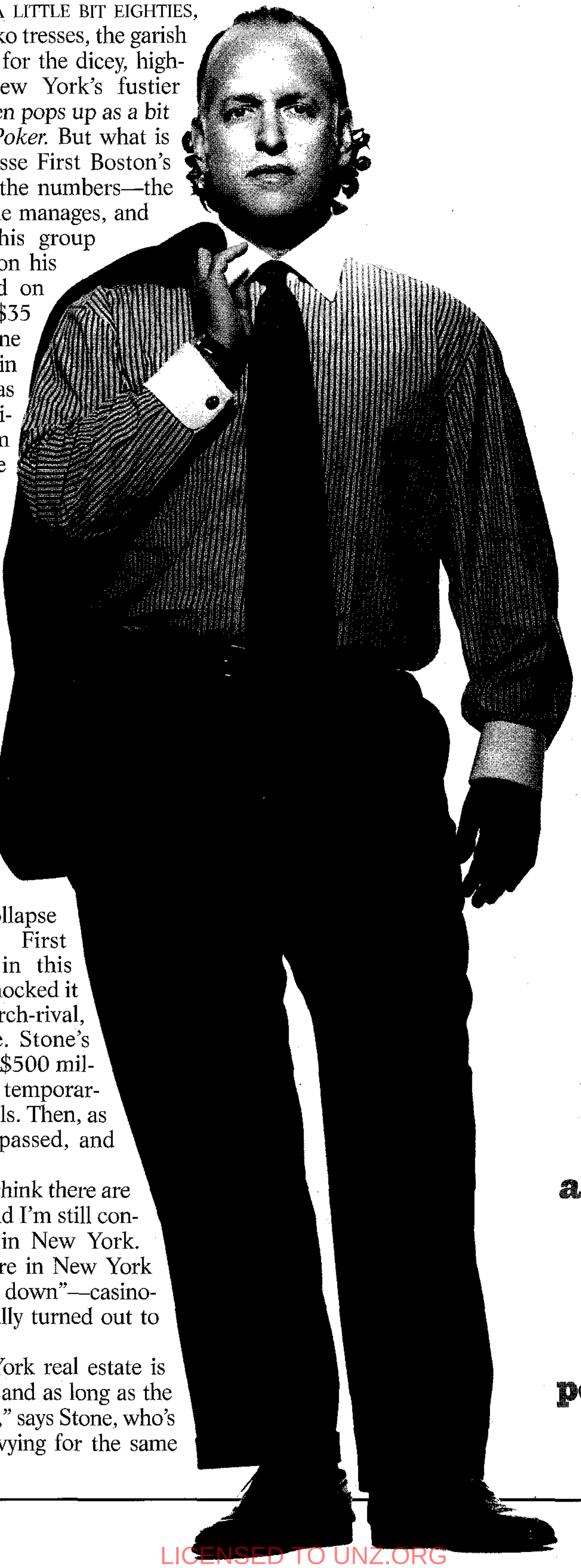
ANDY STONE CREDIT SUISSE FIRST BOSTON

OKAY, SO HE'S MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT EIGHTIES, with the slicked-back Gekko tresses, the garish suspenders, and the taste for the dicey, high-stakes real-estate deals that New York's fustier bankers won't touch. Heck, he even pops up as a bit player in Michael Lewis's *Liar's Poker.* But what is utterly nineties about Credit Suisse First Boston's real-estate chief, Andy Stone, is the numbers—the $7.5 billion real-estate portfolio he manages, and the $550 million in revenues his group turned in last year, not to mention his personal compensation, rumored on the Street to be anywhere from $35 million to $77 million. Stone is one of the most creative deal-makers in town—at Salomon Brothers, he was among the first to bundle up private-home mortgages and sell them as securities. And Stone has done the same with commercial mortgages. Monopoly-style, he and his 100-person team upgraded into hotels this year, financing Ian Schrager's big-money purchase of the Barbizon and the Empire and buying out the Gotham Hospitality Group. Stone also would have us live in the financial district—he's either bought or made loans on some 30 buildings in the area over the past few years, including 55 Wall Street, home to the Cipriani family's swanky new hotel and fabulous party venue.

Living dangerously: Commercial real estate took the same dive as the stock market. The sudden collapse cost Nomura Securities, CS First Boston's primary competition in this area, a reported $1 billion, and knocked it out of that sector—and Stone's arch-rival, Ethan Penner, out of his saddle. Stone's group was said to be as much as $500 million in debt, and CS First Boston temporarily pulled the plug on any new deals. Then, as quickly as it came, the trouble passed, and Stone was back in business.

Moneymaking mantra: "I still don't think there are a lot of vacancies around town, and I'm still convinced that people *want* to be in New York. There's a very positive atmosphere in New York City. And while we didn't double down"—casinoese for "bet the ranch"—"it actually turned out to be a great buying opportunity."

Where he's headed in '99: "New York real estate is heavily influenced by Wall Street, and as long as the stock market does well, I'm bullish," says Stone, who's been known to back all bidders vying for the same property simultaneously.



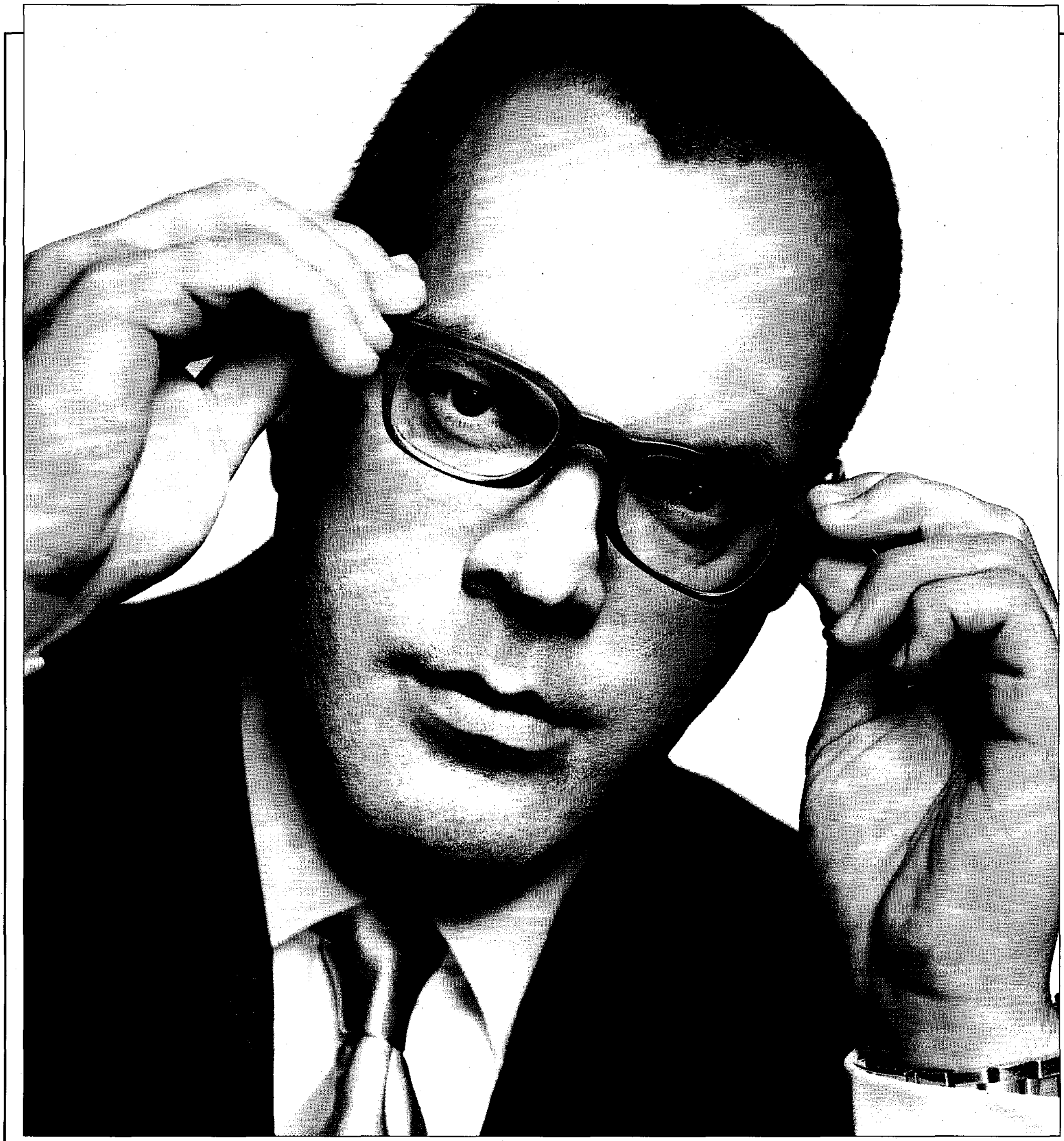
Grooming by Rheanne White for Artists.

Best in Business

FLAUNTING IT

- The *Rolex of the moment,* it seems, is not a Rolex—at least for those too-rich Wall Streeters who just need to *zag* a little inside their chalk-gray pinstripes. The Franck Muller model 2852DSL moon-phase double jumping-hour watch has hands that actually snap forward at each turn of the hour. (It's a feature that was fashionable in the thirties.) A salesperson at the Waldorf-Astoria's Cellini store points out that these watches are so expensive, many of his buyers are guys that run their own companies. Their *bankers, evidently, took notice.* "It's a *very* hot watch right now," says one managing director, who acknowledged that he's been struggling with the temptation to buy one. The watch offers two dials so you can mark the closing bells of markets a half a globe apart, and, more important, the $24,600 price tag assures you that the guy in the next office is a little less likely to show up wearing the same thing.

> **"I still don't think there are a lot of vacancies around town, and I'm still convinced that people *want* to be in New York."**



DEMOLITION MAN

“We’re probably the only short-sellers in America who hope for a continued bull market.”

MANUEL ASENSIO ASENSIO & COMPANY

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL short-sellers tend to duck the press—they can do without the inevitable accusations that they’re running a death pool on condemned companies. But Manuel Asensio actually courts publicity, preferring to think of short-selling as a noble enterprise. Where most short-sellers might issue a simple “strong sell” call and leave it at that, Asensio actually assumes what he calls a “hostile short position,” in effect a declaration of war on what he considers grossly overvalued, or “fraudulent,” stocks; in three years, he’s launched twenty such salvos. Detailed reports on these alleged lemons are published on his Nader-esque Website, asensio.com.

Grooming by Elizabeth Freid.

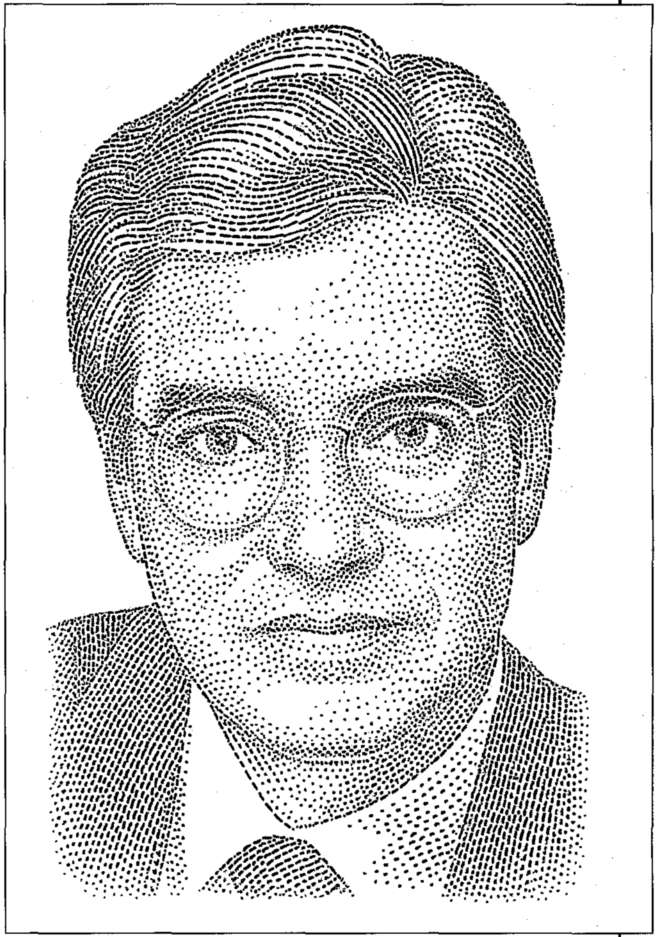
Living dangerously: Those twenty shorted stocks have seen their average share price plummet 83 percent after Asensio sentenced them to a public stoning; accordingly, four of the companies decided to sue him. Hemispherx is the Philadelphia-based maker of a remedy for chronic-fatigue syndrome that Asensio alleges is worthless. The company's stock, which traded at more than $13 on September 9, fell to $5 a share two weeks after Asensio issued his advisory; Hemispherx's $320 million lawsuit charges Asensio with distributing false information and threatens to knock him out of business.

Moneymaking mantra: Asensio retains a team of six analysts to pore through companies' rosy financials looking for thorns. "It's a lot easier for these [companies] to make up a lie than it is for us to disprove it," Asensio snorts.

Where he's heading in 1999: Into the woods fully loaded, but not for bear, as the saying goes. "We're probably the only short-sellers in America who hope for a continued bull market," Asensio says. "Vibrant markets are fertile ground for stock fraud." In 1999, Asensio plans to short the medical-device firm MiniMed, the maker of an insulin pump worn by the most recent Miss America. In December, MiniMed issued a press release indicating that the company is trying to develop a virtual "artificial pancreas." The stock hopped immediately on the news, but Asensio doesn't think MiniMed's up to the task. "This is a highly competitive area," says Asensio, "and Pfizer's coming out with insulin that you can inhale, which could be very bad for MiniMed. Anyway, a pump injecting insulin is not worth 129 times earnings."

SCREEN SAVIOR

BOB PITTMAN AMERICA ONLINE



TWO YEARS AGO, HE was a sputtering eighties comet, running too long on his reputation as the Man Who Built MTV. But that didn't stop America Online's Steve Case from hiring Pittman off Manhattan's A-list social circuit (and away from Century 21 Real Estate, where he was CEO) to head up AOL Networks. In February, Pittman became Case's No. 2.

Early in his tenure, America Online was also starting to look pretty yesterday. Its telephone lines were choked up beyond belief, various attorneys general were squealing "class-action suit," and "AOL sucks" Websites were breeding like spam. The stock was in the trash can, and even *The Simpsons* were beating up on the network provider. But Mississippi-bred Pittman brought old-media cred with him to Dulles, Virginia, along with his noted marketing savvy. It wasn't long before AOL had flamed the competition. Now a Wall Street sweetheart, AOL outpaced all other common stocks by zipping up from $20.6 a share to $155 over the past twelve months, a gain of 585 percent.

Living dangerously: AOL had become too commercial, too expensive, and too creaky to use prowling the Web. Besides, there were Yahoo, Netscape, and a slew of low-cost portals; even *Disney* had lumbered in with its own heavily funded Go.com. But the guy who once took (too much) credit for having thought up MTV quietly fought back. Pittman managed to keep his ego in check and his boss Case in the forefront as he spun artful deals—slashing AOL's delivery costs while inducing e-commerce types to cough up millions for the rights to sell phone service, books, and flowers over AOL.

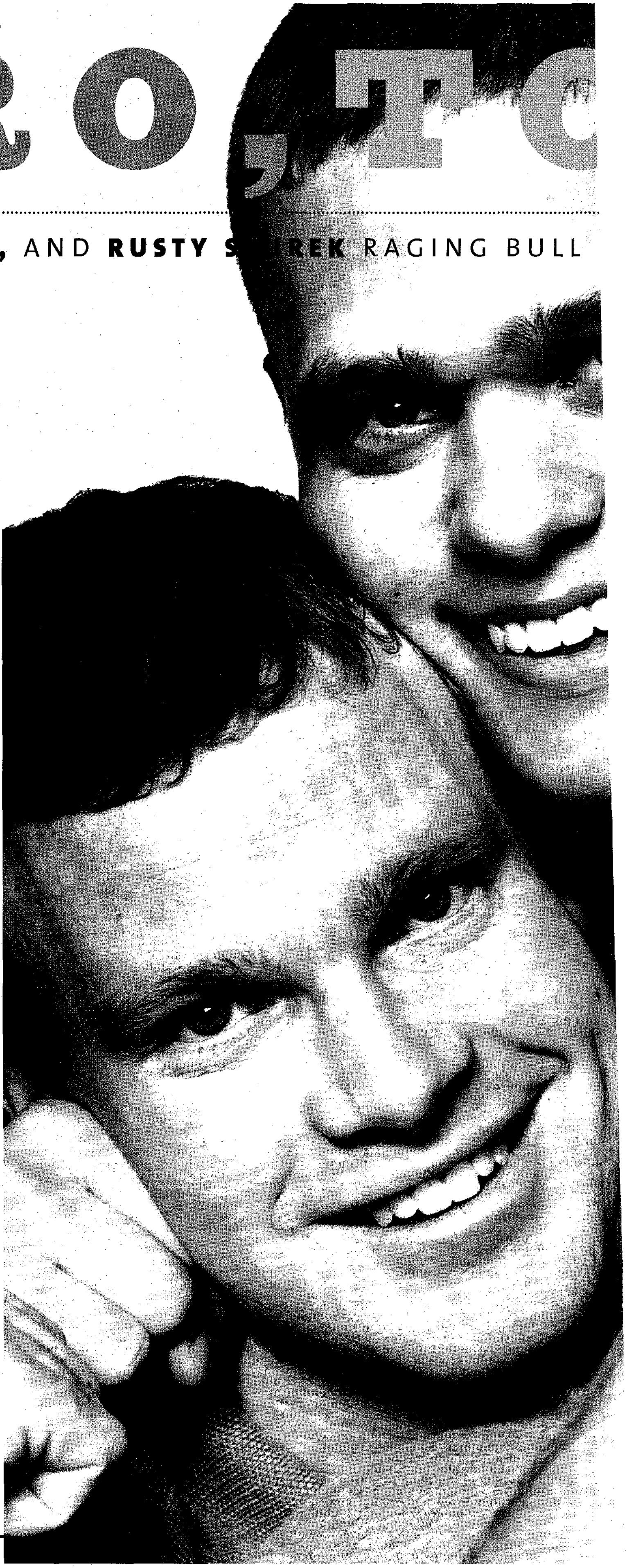
Moneymaking mantra: "Coca-Cola does not win the taste test, and Microsoft is not the best operating system," Pittman is fond of saying. "But in America, *brands* win." And AOL means to eliminate some of the competing brands, by buying Netscape and CompuServe.

Where he's headed in '99: Pittman—cheered on by a reported $549 million worth of AOL stock options—hopes to help transform the gangly adolescent AOL into a venerable Ma Bell for the Web.

Pittman hopes to help transform the gangly adolescent AOL into a venerable Ma Bell for the Web.

TORO, TO

BILL MARTIN, GREG WRIGHT, AND **RUSTY S REK** RAGING BULL



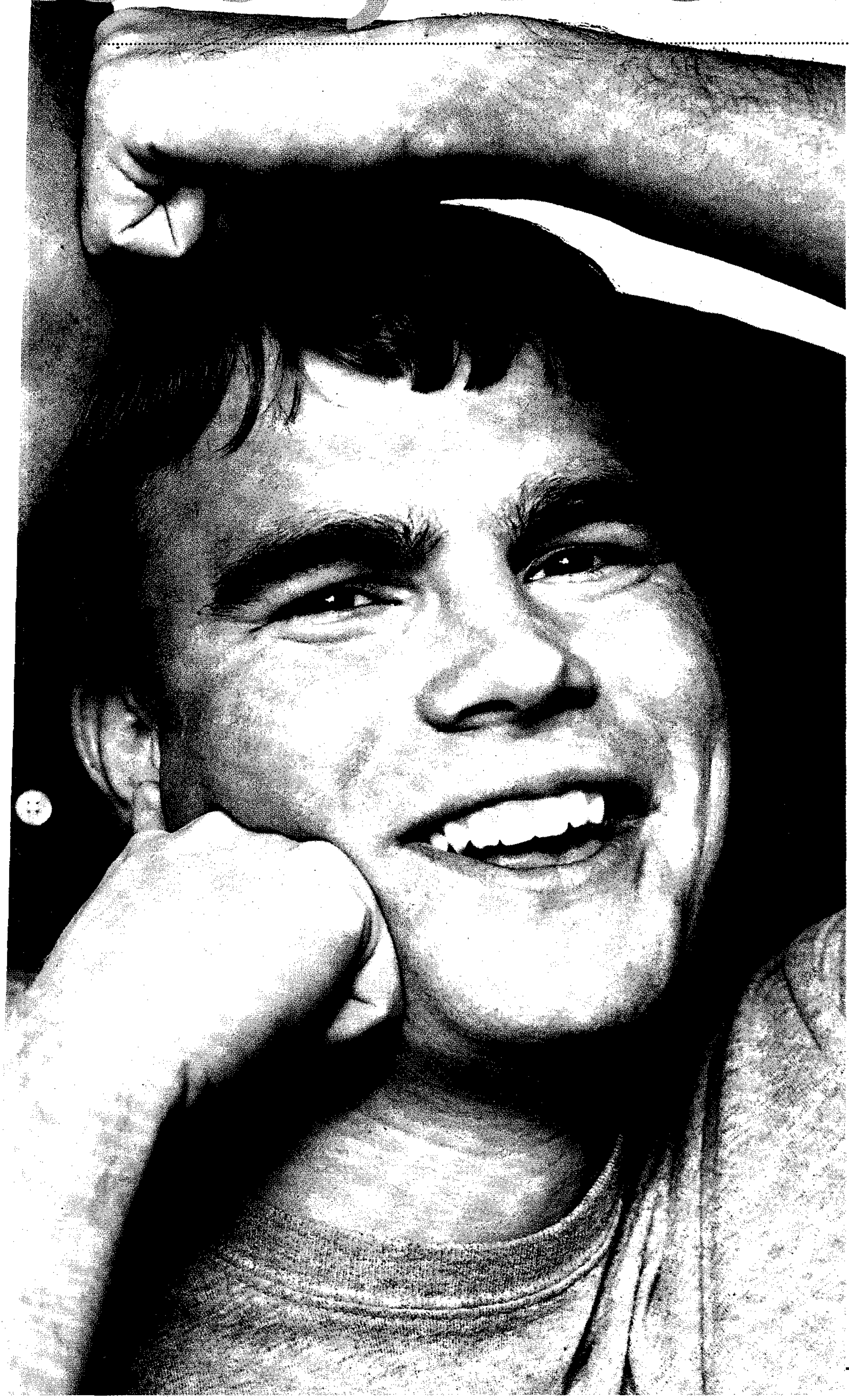
HORATIO (*“I SOLD MY WEBSITE FOR millions!”)* Alger is alive and well, despite all the natter last year about the death of content on the Net. Bill Martin and Greg Wright, a couple of college kids from central Jersey, cobbled together what they intended to be the *Über*–financial-chat site, a plucky and pleasingly intimate answer to online message-board giants Motley Fool and Yahoo called Raging Bull. In addition to offering free e-mail and commentary from a dozen or more freelance columnists, they updated the classic, cluttered bulletin-board format with *but-of-course* innovations like personal home pages for each member that cull together all the latest postings by “Favorite Members.” Even more useful, there’s an IGNORE button with which to idiot-proof your message boards. Find a particular member’s ramblings excruciating, and with a click of a mouse, he’s vapor. You will never, ever again see any posting with his name on it anywhere on the site. It’s customized jackass insurance. But even with all the sunniness of youth, the students couldn’t have predicted how quickly their little quasi science project would take off. Two weeks before they went back to finish up at their respective schools, the Massachusetts financial company CMGI bought 40 percent of the Raging Bull for a figure reported as high as $3 million.

Living dangerously: Here they were, these ludicrously swollen checks in hand, and they couldn’t even legally buy a bottle of Perrier-Jouët to celebrate. “We were actually supposed to start school in September, but we were still negotiating the deal,” recalls Martin. “We couldn’t tell even our friends about it. We just told them we weren’t going back to school, not why. They thought we were nuts.”

Moneymaking mantra: “On the Web, brand is very important,” Martin says, “but overnight a brand can be built if you’re the best. And anyone can do it. We were just four guys in a basement. It’s nutty how things happen on the Net.”

Where they’re headed in ’99: Along with their staff of thirteen and new partner Rusty Szurek into CMGI’s comfy offices in Andover, Massachusetts. “Now,” says Martin, “we have windows and stuff.” While the ever-self-marketing post-teens don’t try to “brand” themselves as stock pickers, the Bull’s beginner’s luck has extended to investing tips. In February, they cobbled together a model portfolio—the Raging and the Bullish—which “just tracks stocks we like, and that members are talking about,” Martin says, “like Apple, Intel, Yahoo, AtHome. It’s mostly just for fun, but we did real well last year. We were up just over 100 percent.”

RO, TORO



> “On the Web, a brand can be built overnight if you’re the best. And anyone can do it.”

Best in Business

WINNING MERGER

● While it doesn’t shake the ground we walk on, as Citicorps-Travelers union did, and it doesn’t arouse the muckraker in us the way “Rockefeller’s Revenge”—Exxon’s reunification with Mobil—did, Daimler’s merger with Chrysler might actually be 1998’s most perfect wedding. The Siamese pairing of co-chairmen Jurgen Schrempp and Robert Eaton repeatedly insist that this deal should also produce some $1.4 billion in savings. But more important, the companies can now provide each other with what they need the most. Mercedes gets a crash course in Yankee cost-cutting as well as access to a broad network of distributors. And Chrysler gets what every upwardly mobile American wants—its Mercedes.

INDEPENDENTS DAY

MARC FRIEDFERTIG AND **GEORGE WEST** BROADWAY TRADING

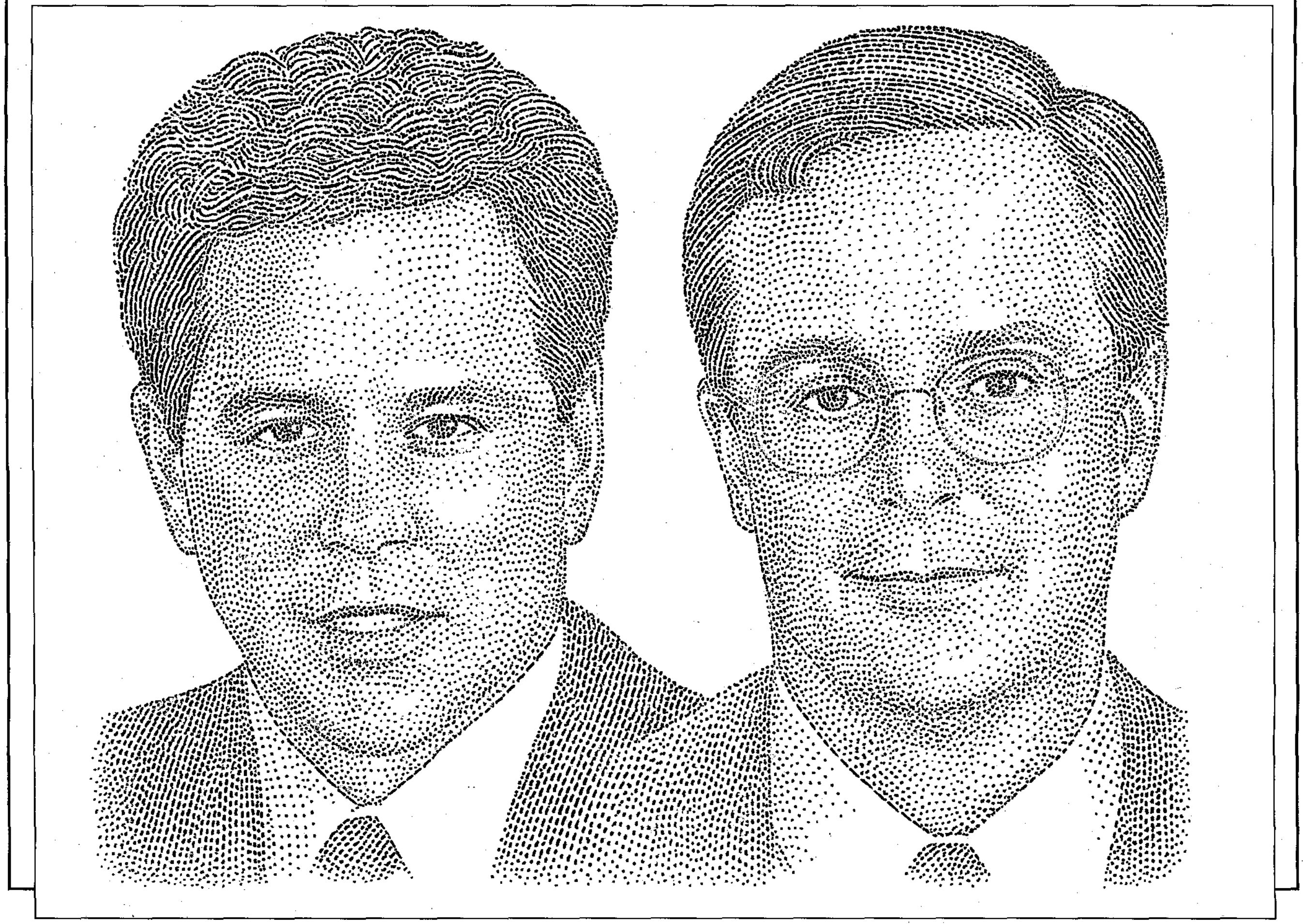
> **“We’ve got people down here who are doing phenomenally well. But it’s definitely not easy.”**

BARTENDERS, SKI bums, and even failed stockbrokers are suddenly convening at upstart day-trading salons, thanks to new online info services as well as rejiggered regulations that now allow just about anybody to trade cheaply and in real time. Broadway, run by Marc Friedfertig and George West, both former Amex traders, is perhaps the most renowned of these nouveau boiler rooms. Friedfertig and West co-wrote this year’s best-selling *The Electronic Day Trader,* though the business is split into two independent halves. Friedfertig runs Broadway Trading itself, and West heads up Broadway Consulting, which runs the how-to seminars. Broadway Trading, at 50 Broad Street, is essentially an ill-lit room crammed full of PCs. Broadway charges $1,495 for lessons on how to day-trade and offers access to the hardware and software needed for those who trade at Broadway Trading’s office (some link up from home). Broadway then takes a two-cents-per-share traded commission. After that, the profits are all yours—as are all the losses.

Living dangerously: When a story appears in the *Times* quoting a former flower salesman trading at Broadway who grossed $175,000 *in a single month*, the world will hack a path to your door. But since the *Times* piece, Friedfertig and West have tried to keep a lower profile, perhaps because day-trading is a little close in spirit to what those old ladies with plastic visors and tubs full of nickels are doing in the lobby of Caesars Palace at 2 A.M.

Moneymaking mantra: “People *do* fail at this,” says Friedfertig. “Don’t get me wrong. We’ve got people down here who are doing phenomenally well. But it’s definitely not easy, and people tend to get the wrong impressions.”

Where they’re headed in ’99: These day-trading boiler rooms will one day be regarded either as the ultimate triumph of the tenderfoots or as an obvious sign of the Apocalypse that we were all too drunk on profits to notice.



MOTHER KNOWS BEST

ABBY JOSEPH COHEN GOLDMAN, SACHS

THE MOM WHO COMMUTES by bus from Queens who also happens to be Goldman, Sachs's chief U.S.-equity strategist made her name with the market call of the decade in 1991, predicting what became the longest bull run in history, back when stocks were still in tatters at the end of the Gulf War. She hasn't lost her nerve yet. This summer, Cohen cautioned everybody to sit tight as a mushroom cloud sprouted on the horizon. And she was right—as quickly as the panic of a global economic Armageddon seized America, it evaporated, and the buying raged again.

Living dangerously: On August 4, Prudential's Ralph Acampora—the one Wall Street analyst every bit as influential and every bit as bullish as Cohen—went on CNBC half an hour before the market closed to say he'd turned into a bear; the Dow dropped 150 points in 30 minutes. The next morning, however, Cohen was there, reiterating her original call: The Dow would end the year at 9,300. CNBC flashed her rejoinder onscreen, sourcing it merely to "Abby." Did she ever have a flash of self-doubt? "You expect *me* to tell *you*?" she says, laughing.

Money-making mantra: Cohen says she's looking at a year of moderate growth and good returns, "but not necessarily the extraordinarily good returns we've seen in some previous years." Year-end Dow target: 9,850. S&P target: 1,275.

Where she's heading in '99: Regardless of what the market does, Cohen will be keeping tabs as one of 57 new Goldman partners. Passed over for partnership two years ago, she will now share in the windfall when Goldman goes public (what luck that the IPO was postponed). Success hasn't curdled Cohen's good sense: She still takes the bus to work. "Any real New Yorker knows that public transportation's the best way to get anyplace," she says.

Last summer, Cohen cautioned everyone to sit tight as a mushroom cloud appeared on the horizon. She was right.

Best in Business

STATUS BLUE-CHIP

● Even on Wall Street, numbers don't always tell the whole story. There are some stocks you own not just because they make you scads of money but because, like German sedans, they serve as a testament to your own good taste. You just *have* to be seen in them. You are suddenly *one* with Microsoft, *one* with Intel. And right now, you just have to be *one* with Dell Computer. Dell stock—up more than 30,000 percent this decade—is platinum-plated. Dell *does* have the numbers on its side; the stock has rocketed from 21 to 73 in the past year alone, with projected growth as high as 25 percent a year over the next five years, says Michael Dell, the firm's unassuming 33-year-old founder. The PC company Dell began in his University of Texas dorm room maintains a reputation for stellar management and a brilliant control of the manufacturing and distribution process. This year, Dell laughed off a global crisis and actually managed to *increase* business in slumping Asia by 35 percent. If that's not enough, the company has an average annual growth rate of 53 percent a year since 1995. It is, in other words, as close as America has to a perfect company right now. Even if you can't make the payments on the BMW, a few shares of Dell might be far more useful to your image around the tenth hole.

Hair and makeup by Elizabeth Freid.

THE BAD-NEWS BULLS

SHORT-SELLERS LIKE JINXED STOCKS. BUT THESE DAYS, YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE WINNINGEST LOSERS. **BY DAVID AND TOM GARDNER**

DONALD TRUMP HAS made some investors a lot of money recently—but maybe not for any reason you might expect.

Through the New York Stock Exchange, anybody can trade shares of Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts (ticker symbol: DJT), the holding company for Trump Plaza, Trump Taj Mahal, Trump's Castle, and Trump Indiana. Its shares over the past couple of years have fallen from $35 to $4.

Whoa, there! The Donald's stock has done *that* poorly? Yep. But he has also made a lot of short-sellers (us among them) very happy.

How are short-sellers rewarded in a market that has risen more than 20 percent for an unprecedented four years in a row? The answer is, gingerly, selectively,

David and Tom Gardner are the co-founders of The Motley Fool (www.fool.com), a financial-information Website, and are the hosts of "The Motley Fool Radio Show," which is nationally syndicated. Their latest book, Rule Breakers, Rule Makers, *is being released at the end of this month by Simon & Schuster.*

and . . . occasionally. Short-selling was suddenly voguish last year when the NASDAQ tumbled more than 30 percent between July and October. Legions of investors got their first taste of what it's like playing on the other side of the table: betting against a stock's upward climb by (essentially) cashing out when it is high, getting back in when it is low, and pocketing the difference.

> **"Despite the market's up-from-the-sickbed recovery, shorters now hooked on the sport may well discover some newly lucrative targets in 1999."**

And despite the market's up-from-the-sickbed recovery this fall, shorters now hooked on the sport may well discover some newly lucrative targets in 1999. Many third- and fourth-tier Internet companies—what we call the Ralph Malph companies, which are late to the party and mainly just trying to hang out with the truly cool enterprises (the Fonzes)—could have their optimistic valuations halved should interest rates turn up, or should sentiment for the Internet cool down. Aggressive investors who have been hurt shorting the Malphs over the past few years may finally find some reward doing so this year.

But let's say the market continues from here to higher highs. Would that kill short-selling? Not at all! The message boards at the Motley Fool are crammed with people looking for ways to spot and cash in on a big drop. And our ongoing discussion on the Fool's Amazon.com board is dominated by the never-say-die short-sellers, many of whom continue to maintain a price target of $5 a share.

We at the Fool would never short Amazon.com in its current situation—in fact, we have owned the stock very happily for a year now. That doesn't mean we haven't shorted consistently but selectively over the past several years, straight through the greatest bull market in American history. Hey, in *any* year, good or bad, there are publicly traded, badly run companies that are ripe for short-selling. You just have to understand which ones. Which is where our shorting model comes in.

Discipline is paramount in shorting, as arrogance or recklessness can shatter your nest egg into a thousand tiny shards. Look no further to find failure than the professional short-sellers who shorted Microsoft a year ago. At 50 times earnings, it appeared to them to be wildly overpriced. Indeed, Microsoft has more than doubled over the past year, including a rise of 60 percent since the Justice Department opened trial proceedings against the company last October.

Or consider again—can't get away from this—those who have bet against Internet start-ups because no historical precedent allows for such multiples. More recent history, the kind we favor, has shown time and again that if you're going to short any of those supposedly overblown Internet leaders like Yahoo, you'd better have a saint's patience and a pot-belly iron stomach. Also, you'd better ultimately be *right*—thus far, you wouldn't have been. The Internet continues to exceed the research firms' expectations, and the top Internet brand names have been the best investments you could make.

Sure, some short-sellers have found profits even in this sector. What's the greatest initial public offering of all time? The answer is a rather obscure company called theglobe.com (NASDAQ: TGLO)—which soared from an offering price of $9 to $97 its first day before closing at $63½. The stock was last seen at $33. So, is it easy to short and win? If you'd instead shorted eBay with similar reasoning, you would've watched its shares go from a low of $25 in the past few months to the current $283.

Or what about Yahoo? In January, Yahoo opened at $30, with 10 million shares sold short. By April, the stock was already trading at $59, with nearly 13 million shares short. But not everyone was able to stay the course. From April to December 15, short-sellers of more than 6 million shares got cold feet. But in buying their shorted shares back, they helped drive the stock that much higher—now up to $273 a share. As for those investors still responsible for the nearly 7 million shares reported short as of December 15 (the last time NASDAQ reported these figures), they must be mainlining Pepto-Bismol by now.

In the face of this questionable speculation, our preferred short approach starts with this inevitable question: What's the most efficient way to comb through thousands of stocks in order to find one to short?

SEEK THE LAMEST DUCKS

FIRST OFF, WE SHORT STOCKS ONLY of companies that are losing money. When it comes to anything that's profitable, you can *fuhgeddaboudit.* That right there eliminates a huge number of prospects. Further, we like to focus on stocks that have already been brutally battered, plummeting at least 30 to 50 percent from their highs. That generally means they're falling into new low territory, sentiment entirely against them. Chances are, too, that they are quickly falling off of Wall Street's radar screen, meaning that henceforth, they'll attract less support from the big institutional investors.

One way to locate beaten-down stocks is to check the relative-strength figures printed each day in *Investors Business Daily's* stock tables. Relative strength is simply a numerical grade placed on a stock, from 1 to 99 (higher is better). A 73, for instance, indicates that the given stock has outperformed 73 percent of all other stocks on the U.S. markets over the past twelve months—the equivalent of earning a C– in school. For our shorting strategy, we look for companies whose relative strength sits at 5 or lower—the worst 5 percent of all stocks on the market.

LEARN TO LOVE DEBT

WE'RE NOW LOOKING AT A group of truly struggling companies, ones that are losing money while turning in the worst stock performance in America. One final nail in the coffin? Heaps of debt, and therefore high interest payments. Look at the balance sheet, as printed in the company's most recent earnings report; focus on outfits whose total current assets are exceeded by their current liabilities plus long-term debt. Put simply: We want companies whose debt exceeds the cash they'll have to pay the debt off. Combine near insolvency with unprofitability and a poor-performing stock and you're now down to the same list we use to select our short sales.

The sort of company that shows up on that list is, in fact, Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts, an unprofitable enterprise saddled by a couple billion in debt that looks as if it can't ever be repaid. On our site, we shorted the Donald's stock at $8½ in April 1997, and today the stock is trading at just $4. The only problem with shorting Trump's stock today is that you may only short marginable stocks (those where you don't have to put up full money as collateral); that means that you can only short stocks that trade at or above $5 a share. Since this stock is now below $5, it's not cur-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATTHEW MARTIN

rently shortable by newcomers.

Triton Energy Limited (NYSE: OIL), the international oil-and-gas company based in the Grand Cayman Islands, is another example that conforms to our Foolish shorting model. Its stock has done very poorly, falling over the past year from $43 to $8. Its relative strength is therefore 4. The company is losing money, having lost $1.25 in earnings per share so far in the current fiscal year — a number that is itself artificially propped up by a sale of assets. Further, it now has current assets of just $126 million against current liabilities and long-term debt of $518 million. In other words, it's hard to see how Triton is going to turn its business around in time to pay down the debt. While a real recovery (or a buyout) is not outside the realm of possibility, the chances are pretty remote.

SHOW SOME RESTRAINT

AS A SHORT-SELLER, YOU CAN never make more than 100 percent of the initial sale. But you can, in fact, lose more than 100 percent of the proceeds of that sale. And never forget that since the market historically goes up, you should keep the great majority of your savings invested long, not short. In other words, despite our interest in short-selling, we have never put anything more than 20 percent (at the most) of our assets short—and customarily stow 95 percent or more of our money in good strong domestic growth companies.

AVOID THE OPEN TRAP DOOR

AT THE MOTLEY FOOL, WE MAKE A key business distinction between what we call closed situations and open situations. Closed situations involve stocks whose businesses are mature and whose prospects are predictable. A typical example is a supermarket chain. While any supermarket company can improve its business and pleasantly surprise onlookers, no real possibility exists that the supermarket will suddenly develop some revolutionary product or service that will cause the public markets unexpectedly and radically to reevaluate the company's prospects. Supermarket and retail chains, auto manufacturers, restaurants, and electric utilities are all examples of closed situations.

Take chain restaurants, which face one of the most difficult business models imaginable. These corporations have to pay big bucks to build outlets, invest heavily on promotions to attract diners, and bear the considerable burden of food inventories. Everything from Planet Hollywood to Shoney's, from Sizzler's to Boston Market, has tiptoed near or fallen into bankruptcy. Chain eateries have been a wonderful home for short-sellers.

Open situations are, of course, just the opposite. These are stocks whose companies have the capacity at any time to shock the world with an innovation, development, or discovery, one that could completely recast (most significantly, greatly enhance) the public's perception of the common stock. Think of a biotechnology company attempting to engineer a cure for cancer. Should this company begin to demonstrate any sort of marked progress, its stock could well rocket in the market's esteem.

> **"The final nail in the coffin when you're looking for a stock to short? Heaps of debt."**

Never short open situations; short only closed situations. Piles of money have been lost by overaggressive professional short-sellers who fail to respect this distinction. Think of Amazon.com, America Online, and Yahoo!, all rising more than ten times in value over the past two years. The fellow who shorted $20,000 worth of any of these stocks would have found himself $200,000 in the hole if he stubbornly stuck with this position.

We would never short an Internet company in today's environment—*any* of them—because the situation is wide open.

WE ENJOY SHORTING, IN NO small part because of our success using the strategy over the past several years. Take our experience with Quarterdeck Corporation, a software company whose products were being made redundant by many new features added to Windows 95. Even though Microsoft and Windows and the Internet have all prospered in the nineties, Quarterdeck trades today for less than 50 cents per share, down from $38 a share in 1995.

And yet despite our successes with the approach, we have several times lost substantially. In 1995, we lost 40 percent as we finally covered our short of Paychex (the payroll-accounting company whose stock just doesn't quit—we weren't yet employing our short-the-dogs strategy back then, to our detriment). That is exactly why, should a short sale turn against us and begin rising significantly, we are generally quick to admit we were wrong, and cover in order to move into something new. We don't want to get caught in a short squeeze. That's what happens when numerous short-sellers keep building up larger and larger short positions just before surprisingly positive news jolts the stock upward. What happens? Short-sellers panic, and all try to exit their short positions at the same time, causing the stock in question temporarily to rise even faster as short-sellers cover. By avoiding open situations, we have managed to avoid short squeezes entirely.

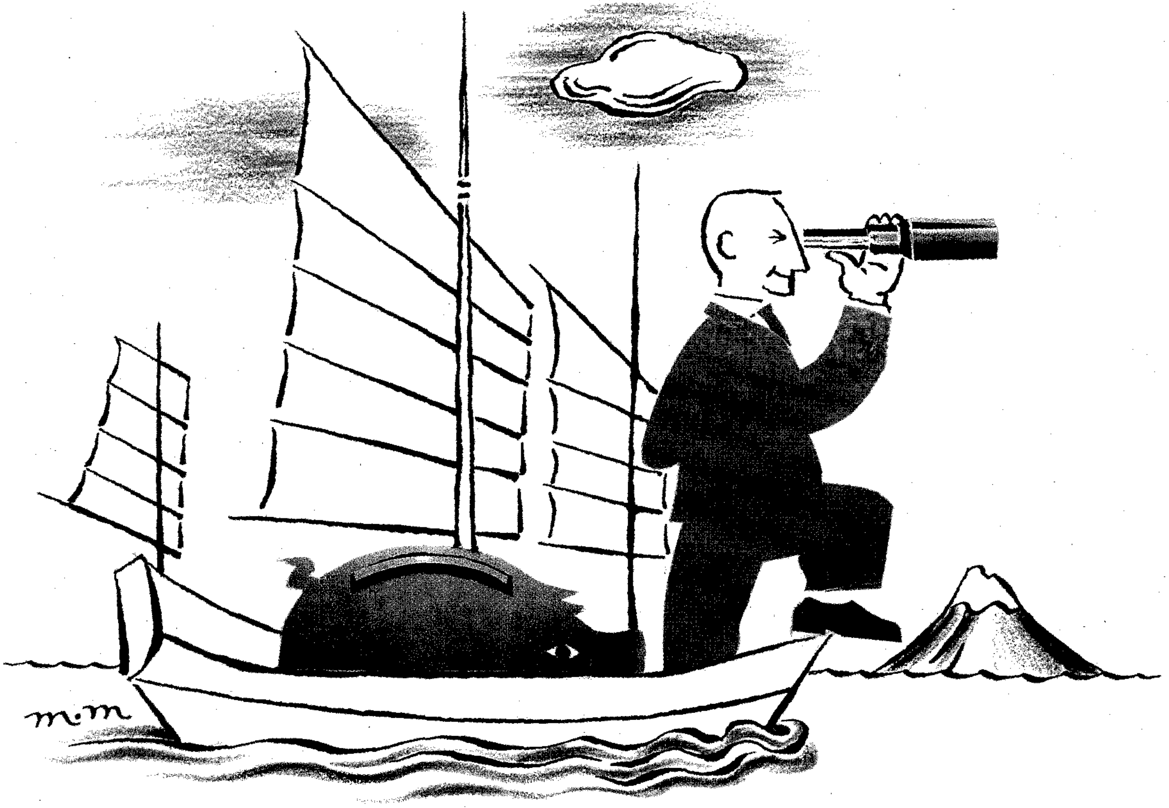
Short-selling requires that its practitioners follow the market closely, which should rightly exclude many people. Only so much time in life . . . you wanna spend your waking hours tracking stock quotes? But for aggressive investors who are either extremely bearish (not us) or who would like to hedge their portfolio against market downdrafts, short-selling has its uses and pleasures. Short-sellers always ask for whom the bell tolls; to them, it's the sound of making money! ■

Best in Business

DREAM SHORT

● The sentimental favorite here would be Sunbeam (betting against the company's stock, which sank from 53 in March to under 5 by October, was like stabbing the despised and ultimately ousted CEO Al Dunlap with an icepick for the 10,000th time). But no stock in America fell more than the Canadian waste-hauling-and-metals-recycling company Philip Services, now the target of a class-action lawsuit charging its execs with cooking the books. Its stock took the market's biggest plunge of 1998, a staggering 98.26 percent. The company is now talking serious restructuring even as it's being forced to answer to its new biggest shareholder—pitiless New York corporate raider Carl Icahn.

Alex Williams



THE YEAR OF THE PHOENIX

ASIA'S FEELING A LOT BETTER THESE DAYS—LOOK TO ITS BLUE CHIPS FOR SOME SERIOUS FIREWORKS. **BY PEGGY EDERSHEIM KALB**

NOW THAT FUND MANAGERS are again trawling the Pacific Rim for best buys, Asia is suddenly as hot as Singapore in July. Even Morgan Stanley Dean Witter's oft-quoted oft-bearish global strategist Barton Biggs is now telling investors Asian markets look interesting—*relatively.*

In all three of his scenarios for 1999, the grudging Biggs sees Asian stocks pulling their weight again, after last spring's debacle and this fall's nascent rally. At one of end of his spectrum, in his "rosy scenario (25 percent probability)," Biggs envisions the Japanese economy turning around by midyear and non-Japan Asia starting to recover. Even at the doomsday end of his spectrum, in his "Ice Age Cometh scenario (25 percent probability)," Biggs sees markets plummeting worldwide—but Asia falling "less severely."

This fall, there was a quiet run on Asian stocks, creating a conundrum for some would-be investors. "We want to put more money in Asia but are waiting for prices to come down again," says David Lee, an analyst with Fiduciary Trust Company International. After all, the economic news in most of the region *has* been improving: Interest rates are coming down, governments are addressing underlying structural problems and tackling corruption, and some companies are aggressively restructuring their debt. Share prices may be up, but then, they'd sunk so low that there's still plenty of room to notch more gains.

"There are plenty of excuses why the market should pull back in the very short term," says Anthony Cragg, portfolio manager at the Strong Asia Pacific Fund, "but I really think we have bottomed, whether it was in July, August, or September." So far, analysts are saying it's been mostly local investors fueling this

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Peggy Edersheim Kalb co-wrote The Top 100 International Growth Stocks *(Fireside; 1998) with her husband, Scott E. Kalb.*

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rally. Now, adds Cragg, all the investors who sat out and missed the most recent rally are likely to start coming back in, fueling further recovery. "We have had chronic underinvestment. Not only have domestic funds not held Asia, international funds have not held Asia." Even Asian funds have not held Asia, he adds, since many of them took refuge last spring in big cash positions. "Those waves of money sooner or later have to come into the market." Cragg's fund now has just under 5 percent in cash, down from 21.5 percent in June.

> **"Hutchison Whampoa, brainchild of billionaire Li Ka-shing, is a bet that the Hong Kong stock market will make a U-turn."**

Mark Headley, manager of the Matthews Pacific Tiger Fund, recently returned from his own three-week reconnaissance mission in Asia. Of course, optimism about the region is still tinged with the jitters. Even Headley, whose fund rallied this fall from a low of about $4 a share on September 1, finished down for the year at slightly more than $6.

Bear Stearns chief international economist David Malpass says regional economies are improving—but slowly. "Southeast Asia and South Korea will have positive growth in 1999. Quarter over quarter, they're probably in positive territory already," says Malpass, adding, however, that "the region still suffers from a huge debt burden."

So, how to play the recovery? Look for a strong balance sheet. We picked eight blue-chip Asian stocks you might want to consider adding to your portfolio. Two of the stocks trade on the New York Stock Exchange; most of the rest have ADRs that either are listed on a U.S. exchange or trade on the U.S. over-the-counter market. Note: We focused on long-term prospects for these companies rather than on price-to-earnings ratios, assuming that those numbers have been distorted by the recent turmoil.

China Telecom (CHL-NYSE), whose parent company is China's Ministry of Information Industry (MII), is the largest provider of cellular services in three of China's fastest-growing provinces, with more than 98 percent of the market in 1997. According to David Loomis, an analyst with Singapore-based Vickers Ballas, the number of cellular subscribers in China has on average doubled every year since 1990. Is there room for further growth? Cellular market penetration was just 1.1 percent of China's population at the end of 1997, compared with 30 percent in Hong Kong. Official projections call for more than 40 percent annual growth through the year 2000. Loomis expects 20 percent annualized EPS (earnings per share) growth through 2001 and believes the stock is attractive compared with other cellular stocks.

In Hong Kong, take a look at **Hutchison Whampoa** (HUWHY-OTC) and **VTech** (VTKHY-OTC). Hutchison Whampoa, brainchild of billionaire Li Ka-shing, is the largest private container-port operator in the world and has an estimated 41 billion Hong Kong dollars of rent-producing investment property. Hutchison is an octopus of a company. It also controls three Hong Kong retailers that are expanding into other parts of Asia and has a stake in a United Kingdom cellular-phone company launched with British Aerospace. Hutchison also owns 30 percent of Hong Kong Electric, a few hotels, 28 percent of a Procter & Gamble joint venture—and the list goes on. It also represents about 10 percent of Hong Kong's stock index. It's a bet that the Hong Kong stock market will make a U-turn.

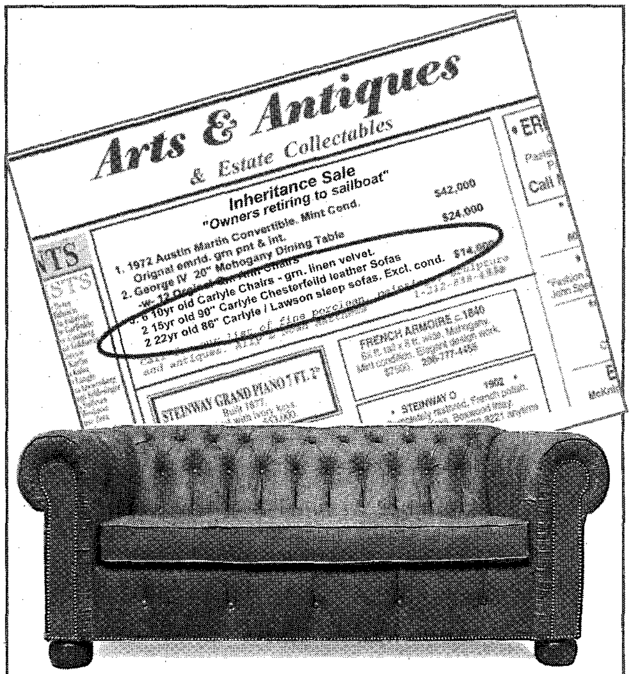
Dubbed the Microsoft of Toyland by the *Economist,* Hong Kong–based VTech is less tied to a recovery in Hong Kong than it is to continued dominance of one hot market—electronic learning toys—and to its growing presence in another, the market for 900MHz cordless phones (VTech actually manufactures the Lucent and Sony 900MHz phones). Of course, there is the risk that toy-industry giants like Hasbro and Mattel could make a play for VTech's market share in core educational products, but with the whole business estimated at just 5 percent of the U.S. toy market, that seems unlikely.

IN SINGAPORE, THE FOUR MAJOR banks bear checking out. Mark Headley compares them to the Swiss banks after World War II, and says the **Overseas Chinese Banking Corporation** (BOBCe.si) is "one of the most conservative banks in Asia" and his favorite. Another of the banks, UOB (UOVEY-OTC), **United Overseas Bank**, is thought to have the least exposure to problematic loans outside of Singapore. UOB is also considered a potential merger candidate. "It seems reasonable to me that banks will operate almost like a fund as Asia recovers and the debt problems get sorted out," says Bear Stearns's Malpass.

City Developments (CDEVY-OTC) is the largest listed property firm in Singapore and one of that country's biggest commercial landlords. More than 43 percent of its revenues, projected at over $1.6 billion in fiscal 1998, comes from its property-development business, just over 44 percent from its hotel business (CDL Hotels is the eighth-largest hotel-management company in the world). Ten percent comes from rental income. While the company is expected to report significantly lower earnings for fiscal 1998 (year ending in March), it has been around a long time and has a strong track record. It has also been positioning itself for a rebound—as an active buyer of raw land at depressed prices.

IN JAPAN, THE ECONOMIC PICture is less sanguine, but there, too, the worst seems to be over. And even if Japan's recovery remains hotly debated, the country still has some attractive companies to invest in. **Kao Corporation** (KAOCY-OTC) is known as the Procter & Gamble of Japan. Its most visible product in the U.S.? Bioré Pore Packs, strips that take the dirt out of your pores ("I did it—it really works," says one Wall Street portfolio manager who owns the stock). A third of Kao's revenues comes from personal-care products (in the U.S., the company also owns Jergens), another third from cleaning products, and most of the rest from cooking oils. Management is getting kudos from Wall Street for closing its unprofitable information-technology business and lowering costs by moving more of its production to places like Malaysia and Thailand.

Finally, **Honda** (HMC-NYSE) is a Japanese company that's well-diversified and consistently well-managed. Honda builds automobiles in 105 facilities in 34 countries, and management has said it plans to keep moving production overseas. Already Honda has plants in North America, Latin America, the U.K., India, and other parts of Asia; about two thirds of Honda's unit sales are outside Japan. And then there's that new Honda Odyssey minivan, which is now scoring rave reviews. ■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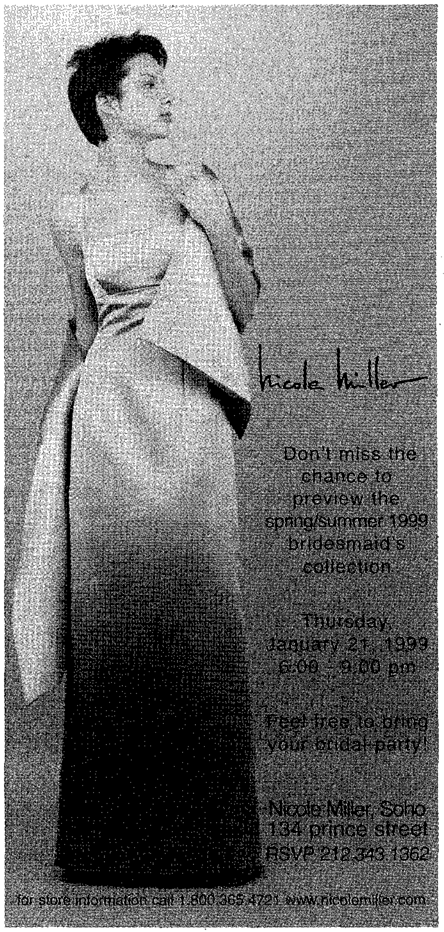
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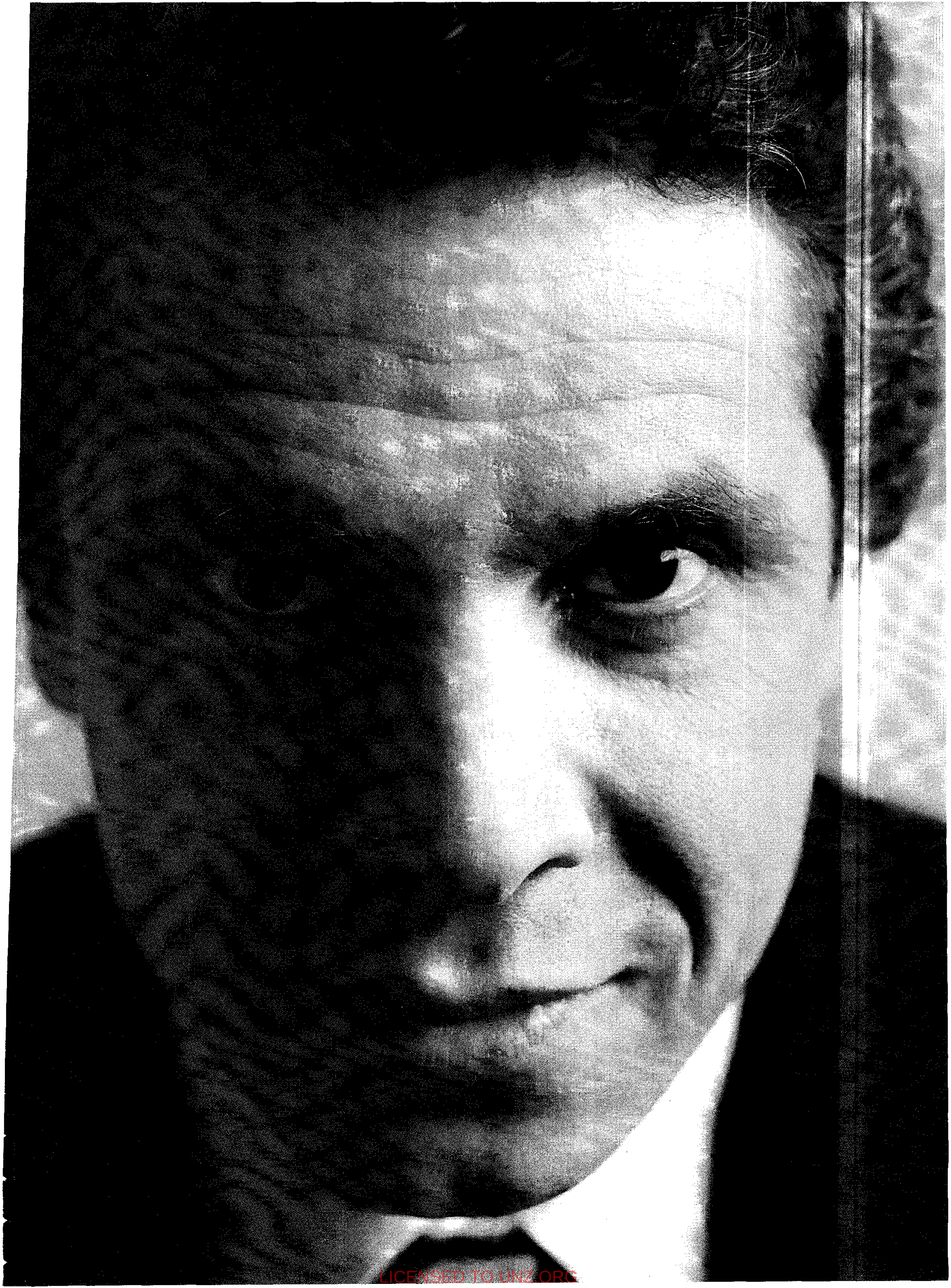
To Run Or Not To Run

That was Andrew Cuomo's question. And, unlike his father, he has answered it quickly: He's not running for Senate. Instead, he'll continue at HUD and help get Al Gore elected—but is he angling for his father's old job?

By Craig Horowitz

When the estimable Daniel Patrick Moynihan announced his intention ten weeks ago to retire from the Senate, it appeared to create the opportunity Andrew Cuomo has been working toward for most of his life. All the hours spent schmoozing local Democratic leaders in places like Erie and Onondaga Counties to help elect his father governor. All the years building housing for the homeless in New York. All the months fighting to reform the federal government's housing agency (HUD), which had become, over several decades, synonymous with failed liberal policies and government waste, fraud, and mismanagement. • Indeed, every move he's made and every road he's taken since graduating from Albany Law School in 1982 has looked like preparation for just this kind of opening. Even his marriage to Robert Kennedy's daughter Kerry, with all of its dynastic symbolism, seemed to point him toward this moment—toward a run for the U.S. Senate. • While Cuomo weighed his options in the weeks

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAUDIO VAZQUEZ



following Moynihan's revelation, the case for him to run became, thanks to a little political serendipity, even stronger. One by one, the other formidable potential candidates—State Comptroller Carl McCall and Cuomo brother-in-law Robert Kennedy Jr.—took themselves out of the running. Suddenly, by mid-December, Cuomo looked, at least on paper, like a lock for the Democratic nomination if he wanted it. And despite a flurry of entertaining but speculative reports that Hillary Clinton was interested in running, Cuomo was also clearly the Democrats' best hope. He was their horse to bet on if they wanted to keep Moynihan's seat in the fold. His phone was ringing off the hook: other Democrats, friends, colleagues, fund-raisers, volunteers. Everyone, it seemed, was pushing him to run.

And while he didn't need any further incentive to take on this campaign—wasn't this what everyone always said the hyper-ambitious young Cuomo wanted?—there was still one more irresistible enticement. The presumptive Republican candidate is Rudy Giuliani. Just thinking about the possibilities must've been enough to set the intensely competitive Cuomo's adrenaline loose. Cuomo versus Giuliani. The progressive versus the puritan. The personable young lion versus the cantankerous but capable mayor. The homeless advocate versus the hammer, the man who evicted a mental-health facility so he could use the space to punish a city councilman by putting a homeless shelter in his district.

“Cuomo against Giuliani is a holy war,” says political consultant Hank Sheinkopf, who just engineered Eliot Spitzer's defeat of Dennis Vacco. “It's a holy war because Andrew represents progressive Democratic politics; because he's a Cuomo and a Kennedy at the same time; and because of his close relationship to the White House. He's a forceful speaker, has instant access to money, immediate credibility, and he's run statewide campaigns before, so he understands what has to be done. A Cuomo candidacy should give the mayor pause.”

“I have *the* seat at the table. I have the president's ear, the vice-president's ear, and $25 billion to work on issues I care about.”

And so it was, armed with this overwhelming case to support a run, that Cuomo and his inner circle gathered one afternoon several weeks ago in the Upper East Side apartment of public-relations consultant Dan Klores. (Full disclosure: Klores does P.R. work for this magazine.) They had come to hash out and, ideally, resolve the question of whether a race for the Senate was Cuomo's next best move. Along with Cuomo and Klores, the conclave consisted of John Marino, former New York State Democratic Party chairman and a longtime Cuomo associate; Mark Gordon, a public-affairs professor at Columbia who worked with Andrew on his father's 1982 and '86 campaigns and later at HUD; Cuomo's younger brother Chris; and, drifting in and out as her schedule permitted, Cuomo's wife, Kerry.

The surprise guests were a couple of pollsters who, unbeknownst to Cuomo, had done some preliminary canvassing under the aegis of Klores and Marino. The results bolstered the case for a Cuomo candidacy. Not only did the numbers indicate he would be able to mobilize the traditional Democratic base of Jews, blacks, Latinos, and other immigrant groups—which is essential for any Democrat running for anything—but he also tested very well among women. And head to head against Giuliani, Cuomo trailed by only a few points, making the race practically a statistical dead heat.

But as the conversation went on into the afternoon, it became clear that this decision was, for Cuomo, about much more than poll numbers and how well he'd do upstate or in the suburbs or among Asians. And it was also about more than running for the Senate simply because he could, because it was the next available step on the political ladder. “Each of us shared what we thought,” says Marino, “and I have to admit our view was probably at least partially slanted by the poll numbers. But we were interested in what he wanted to do on a personal level.”

As soon as the conversation turned in that direction, everyone knew, or at least sensed, that no matter how good the numbers looked, no matter how compelling the case, Cuomo was not going to run. He has other priorities. “The Senate race has a lot of appeal, and it's very flattering to have all these people calling me and urging me to run,” Cuomo told me last week, sitting in his tenth-floor office at HUD, with the dome of the Capitol building visible through the window.

“But you have to think about what is really important. At 41, these are major decisions and you have to look at what the ultimate goal is. The goal is public service,” he said, leaning forward in the wine-colored leather chair and speaking louder now, in the full-throated, recognizable Cuomo cadences. “Look, I can do a lot of things. I could go spend time with my family. I could go make money. I spoke to Joe Kennedy today. He's down in Key Largo, Florida. He said come to the private sector and we'll make a lot of money and we'll go fishing,” Cuomo said with a big smile spreading across his face.

“I love my brother-in-law Joe. I love fishing and I love the water and I love boats. I love spending time with my little girls [he has three]. But I happen to believe public

Photographs: top, Don Pollard; bottom, Frances M. Roberts.

service is important. And the way I can best serve the public is as secretary of HUD. Here, we're really doing things in an area I'm interested in. I'm not just making speeches. I have *the* seat at the table. I have the president's ear. I have the vice-president's ear. And I have $25 billion to work on issues I really care about."

And Clinton, in turn, has Cuomo's ear. Just before Christmas, the two did an event together near the harbor in Baltimore to announce $850 million in homeless grants. In the helicopter and during the fifteen-minute ride in the limousine, the two men talked about the future.

According to Doug Sosnik, a senior White House adviser, Clinton asked Cuomo about his plans. Cuomo said he was torn about the Senate race, and the president said he'd support whatever decision he made. However, he also said he hoped he'd stay at HUD, continue working on the programs he's begun, and then help Al Gore in his run for the White House.

And clearly, Cuomo remains passionate about his work at HUD. "To the extent that there's a creative, dynamic domestic agenda," Cuomo said, "it's all our portfolio. The empowerment zones, local community-development banks, the One America race issue. It's all our stuff."

At a time when cynicism and public disgust are so pervasive they literally threaten to undermine our institutions and our political system, Andrew Cuomo has made a noble decision. He is honoring the promise he made to stay at HUD—where he has been turning the place upside down—for at least four years (he was appointed Housing secretary two years ago). He is also demonstrating his loyalty to Vice-President Gore.

Ask Cuomo how he and the vice president became close and he says, "Well, we both grew up on a farm in Tennessee." Actually, Cuomo and Gore bonded when, over the course of two years, they traveled together, at Gore's request, to every empowerment zone in the country. Now, as one of the three or four members of Gore's kitchen cabinet, Cuomo will play a key role in the vice-president's campaign for the White House, something he couldn't do if he were campaigning for the Senate.

"Once you get onto that train," says Kerry Kennedy Cuomo, whose father once held the Senate seat in question, "and the train starts picking up speed and people are calling and saying I'm gonna quit my job to work for you, and I can get you computers, and I'll take care of office space, and I'll do polls, and let's have breakfast, let's get together, and let's get things in motion . . . There's this tremendous momentum that builds and the train just keeps picking up speed and it's very hard to maintain perspective.

"But the decision really wasn't particularly difficult. Certainly not once Andrew and I talked about why we're in public service. He has a serious commitment to helping the most vulnerable, the poorest people in our society, and he can do that most effectively where he is. He's their advocate. He speaks for the people in urban America, the people on Indian reservations, the people who have no other voice."

SMOOTH, CONFIDENT, AND COMFORTABLE after all these years being the focus of attention, Cuomo can just as easily come across as slick, arrogant, and hungry for the spotlight. He is perhaps too glib by half, painfully thin-skinned, and relentlessly controlling. Tall, strongly built, and looking younger than 41 even in his stature-building blue suit, white shirt, and French cuffs, he can seem like one more cocky politician scratching to get ahead. A breed from whom Cuomo goes to great lengths to try and separate himself.

"One of the problems now is that the average person looks at politicians as a hungry group of animals just trying to consume one another," said Cuomo, whose blue tie, in an uncharacteristic display of whimsy, was festooned with little houses. "Some of these guys are willing to run for anything. How can you say, 'I want to be mayor? I want to be senator? I want to be governor?' Because that means you just want to advance yourself. In the world I come from, you had a vision or a dream of what you wanted to do and that vision suggested a particular office to translate your vision into reality. Otherwise, it's all about ego and reading your name in the papers.

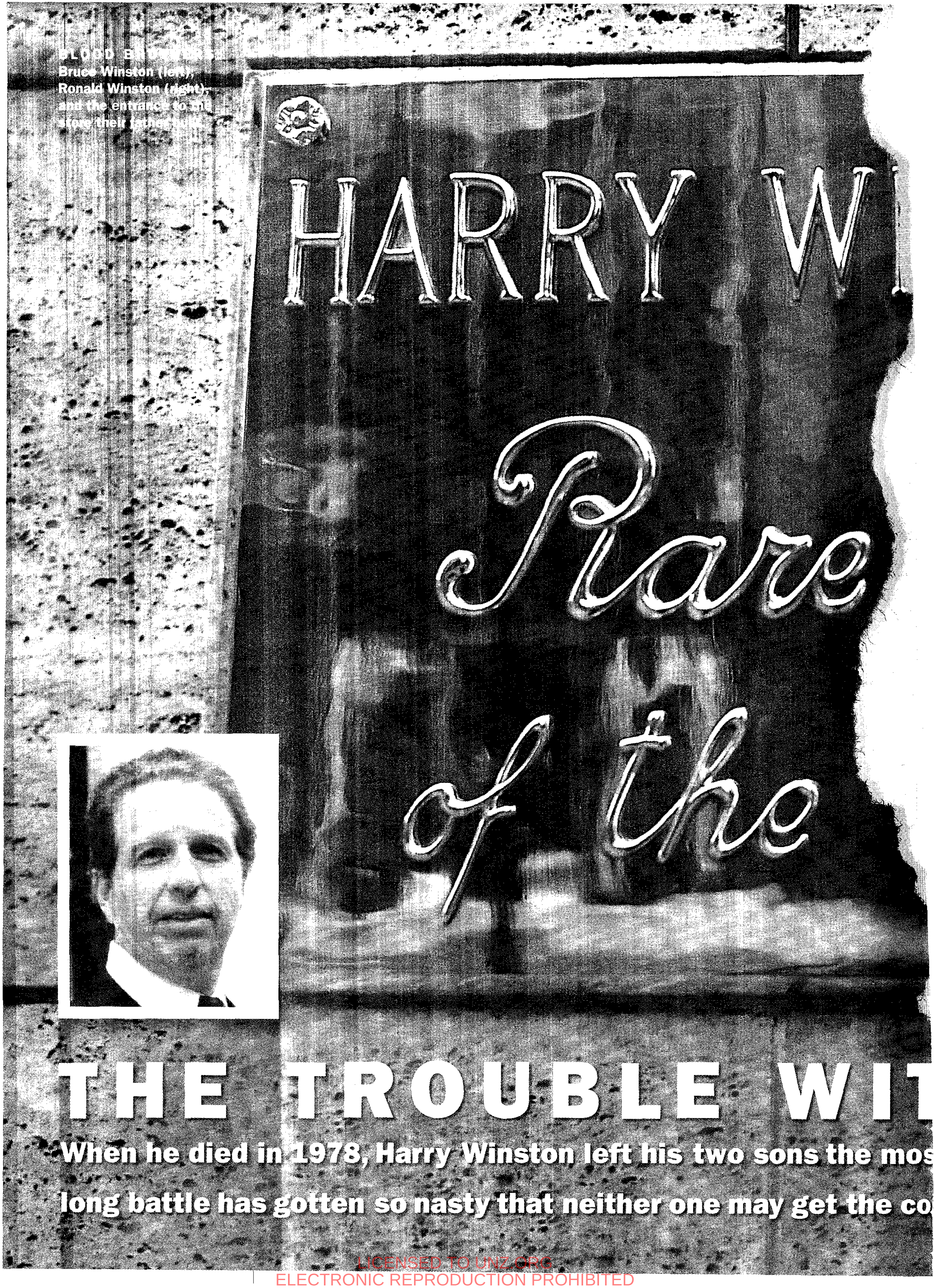
"I've read my name in the papers since I was 17. I was a whiz kid at 23. I was gonna run for Congress. I was gonna run for Senate. I was the youngest this, I was the youngest that. I was the youngest Cabinet member since Bobby Kennedy. But that doesn't do it for me anymore. It's not about ego now. Two months ago they call and ask me if I want to be chief of staff for the president. Should they put my name in? Then they ask, 'Do you want to be vice-president on a Gore ticket?' Look, I want to do public service in the best way I can right now. And that's what I'm doing. We'll worry about tomorrow, tomorrow."

Given his pedigree, the genesis of Cuomo's commitment to a progressive domestic agenda would seem self-evident. Once you know his father was Mario Cuomo, what else is there to say? But the formation of his core beliefs was more complex.

Cuomo grew *(continued on page 91)*

HOUSE OF THE RISING SON: Clockwise from top, Andrew Cuomo with wife Kerry Kennedy, daughter of Robert; with Vice-President Gore in Washington; with Clinton as the newly appointed secretary of Housing in 1996; at City Hall with Mayor Giuliani; and with father Mario at the 1984 Democratic National Convention in San Francisco.

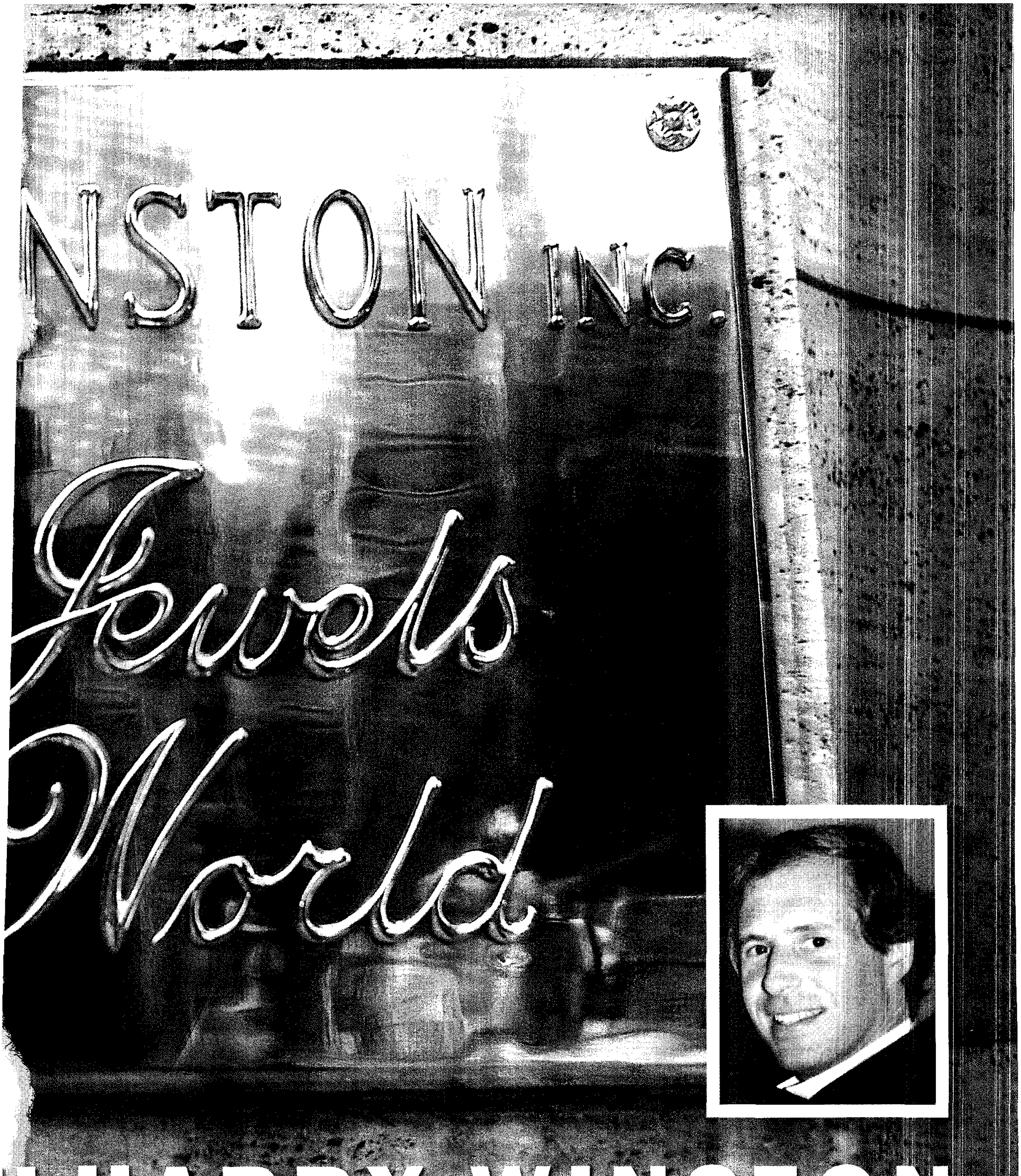
Photographs: top, Robert Giroux/AP/Wide World Photos; middle, Callie Shell/The White House; bottom, Gary Hershorn/Reuters/Archive Photos.



BLOOD BROTHERS: Bruce Winston (left), Ronald Winston (right), and the entrance to the store their father built.

THE TROUBLE WIT

When he died in 1978, Harry Winston left his two sons the mos long battle has gotten so nasty that neither one may get the co

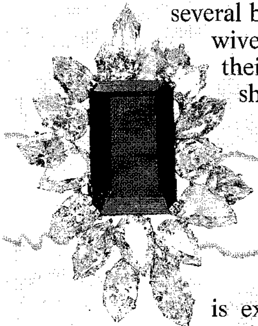

NSTON INC.
Jewels
World

H HARRY WINSTON

restigious diamond emporium in the world. Now their decade-
any. NINA BURLEIGH reports on the fight for the family jewels.

'I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE BECOME a chemist," says Ronald Winston. Deep sigh. It's hard not to feel a little sorry for him, even though he was born a millionaire and still is one. He certainly *invites* pity, sitting forlornly in his office above the famous Harry Winston flagship store on Fifth Avenue pondering his fate. In his late fifties, Winston has thinning gray hair, a perpetually pained expression, and the insistent but subtle charm of a man capable of selling a single piece of jewelry for several million dollars. A pair of gold-rimmed glasses, fortified with a few extra vertical and horizontal wires, are perched like pickup sticks on the bridge of his nose. They seem appropriately precarious for a man trapped between filial piety and sibling envy.

Downstairs, the diamond necklaces float like fish in the vitrines, priced to sell for more than it costs to buy a country estate. In the fifties and sixties, Harry Winston was the preeminent jeweler in the world: the destination of choice for both Hollywood and high society. These days, according to its chief designer, its most loyal clients are Arab oil princes who buy several baubles at a time for their wives to wear underneath their chadors. On the flagship's main floor, the scene is extravagant but strangely sterile; security is tense. During a guided tour, a guard accustomed to seeing women in sleek Chanel suits briskly ran his hand down the sides of my rumpled trench coat.

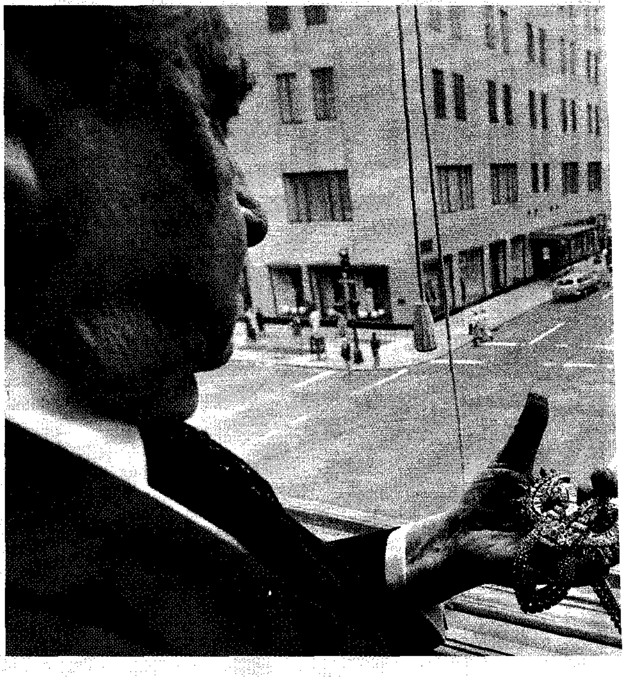


Ron Winston decided it was time to let me in on a fam

Ron Winston's private office is much more inviting—a cozy jumble of clocks, paintings, photographs, and deluxe curiosities. Perched on a small pedestal is a lucite block with a current of electricity frozen inside it like a gold feather. A table packed with World War II model airplanes almost obscures a second table crammed with family photographs. Here's Ron Winston standing beside a grinning Nancy Reagan at the White House. There's Ron Winston nuzzling his beautiful young wife. A hipper Ron Winston, circa 1978, his longish hair still brown and still covering the top of his head, is pictured walking in a garden next to his dad. Ron's mother, Edna, a dark-haired woman in a red strapless evening gown and ruby necklace, smiles down from the wall behind Ron's desk. Only one family member is not represented: Ron's brother Bruce.

His absence is not accidental. For the past decade, Ron and Bruce Winston have been locked in an increasingly vituperative feud, one that has sapped the resources of the family-owned company and tarnished its image, culminating in its sale to the highest bidder.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD: **Harry Winston, the original diamond showman, with a sample of his merchandise in 1978.**



Last month, as the brothers were accusing each other of fraud and worse, the last of the sealed bids for the company came trickling in from around the world. Once valued at $150 million, the company, by some estimates, is now worth a third of that amount. And while both Ron and Bruce have vowed to retain control of the store, many observers have watched in horror as their squabble has diminished a company their father painstakingly built over 40 years. "They are spoiled boys who didn't work hard and who didn't know what to do when they inherited the millions," says jeweler Bernard Hammerman, the president of Hammerman Brothers and a lifelong friend of Harry Winston's. The crack-up of the House of Winston, he says sadly, "is one of the big heartaches of the business."

RON AND BRUCE WINSTON GREW UP rich and secure in Westchester and on Fifth Avenue. Even as children, the boys had markedly different personalities. Ron, the first-born favorite son, was gregarious and ambitious. He showed an early aptitude for business and often accompanied his father to the salon. Bruce was a moody dreamer, less outgoing, less athletic, less motivated, and, many claimed, less bright than his overachieving brother. The boys' aunt Lillian Winston expressed it most tartly when she told the *Wall Street Journal* a few years ago that Harry Winston never had much regard for Bruce's brains. " 'I have two sons,' " Harry reportedly complained to her; " 'one is a genius and one is a moron.' " One of Bruce's friends says Edna was even more disappointed in her younger son than Harry was. Soon after he dropped out of college in Massachusetts, Bruce disappeared for eight weeks, resurfacing in Florida only after the family called in the FBI.

Growing up, the brothers maintained a fragile peace; as adults they appear to have more in common than many siblings. Both are middle-aged, married, and eccentric. Both inhabit country homes and city apartments. Both love dogs, travel, and diamonds. And each despise the other.

Ron, 58, graduated from Harvard with a chemistry degree in 1963, and after a stint at NYU, where he studied rocket propulsion, he went into the family business. A committed bachelor, he finally settled down ten years ago with a striking blonde named Heidi Jensen, a 34-year-old film student who recently fled the East Coast to pursue a career as a producer. "She lives in L.A. now," Ron says sorrowfully. "She just got tired of all the fighting here." He spends his time shuttling between his Manhattan townhouse and houses in Santa Barbara and Westchester. A self-described workaholic, he is a cultivated businessman who writes poetry and dabbles in the sciences. He fancies himself a Renaissance man. He is also obsessed with Japan: He studied Zen philosophy, speaks Japanese, and devotedly tends to a small

Photographs: preceding pages, John Chaisson/Gamma Liaison; inset left, Kimberly Butler/*People Weekly*; inset right, Marina Garnier; this page, left, Christie's Images, Ltd.; right, Harry Benson.

Japanese garden at one of his homes. Despite such exotic sidelines, Ron says he believes strongly in "the Protestant work ethic," and charges that his brother behaves like an immature member of the sixteenth-century feudal aristocracy.

Bruce, 54, briefly attended American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts, but dropped out to pursue a life of relative leisure. He was involved for years with est and has undergone intensive psychoanalysis. These days, he divides his time between a Fifth Avenue apartment and a sprawling country house in Katonah that he shares with his second wife, Barbara, a homemaker who keeps a low profile. Barbara has three children from a prior marriage, two of whom Bruce has adopted. Bored with business and notoriously laid-back, Bruce spends his days puttering around Katonah, driving his collection of sports cars, and sailing on the Atlantic.

"Bruce is a very sweet guy, one of those people who may be too trusting," says an acquaintance of both brothers who is prominent in the New York jewelry industry. "Ron is the exact opposite, very secretive. You never really know what he is up to. He sets his own objectives very carefully with very long-range thinking. Bruce is a spontaneous guy."

cret. "You know," he said casually, "my brother . . . killed a man."

OPEN HOUSE: The Harry Winston flagship store on Fifth Avenue, currently up for sale to the highest bidder.

Photograph by John Chaisson/Gamma Liaison.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS, RELATIONS BEtween the Winston brothers were sometimes strained but always civil while their father was still alive. After all, Harry Winston was not a man who easily tolerated dissent. Though he never had any formal schooling, he was a shrewd and commanding figure, the child of dirt-poor Ukrainian immigrants. He loved diamonds so much that his own father warned him the jewels might someday take him over. By 1932, he had opened Harry Winston, Inc., and with a blend of moxie and marketing turned it into a resounding success. During the Depression, Harry Winston singlehandedly kept the New York diamond industry afloat. At one point in the fifties, his diamond-buying power rivaled that of diamond behemoth De Beers.

Harry Winston was a master showman and a fanatical jewelry collector who eventually donated a large chunk of his diamond collection to the Smithsonian. His old-world aura still pervades the Winston salon, where elderly designers painstakingly draw and craft the lavish necklaces and earrings Harry made his trademark. One oft-told tale has Harry mailing the Hope diamond to Washington via registered U.S. mail, saying it was the most secure means of shipping. Others remember Harry and Edna rescuing millions worth of diamonds from the Nazis in the South of France just after the outbreak of World War II. Edna concealed the jewels in her girdle before boarding a ship out of Europe.

THE TROUBLE BEGAN WITH the patriarch's death in 1978. Harry recognized that his sons had different temperaments, and his will acknowledged Ron's greater business acumen while ensuring that his bounty would be fairly divided. Though Harry left Ron to run his company with the help of two independent trustees, he decreed that both his sons would receive equal shares of the company's proceeds. The brothers co-existed peacefully under the terms of the will for eleven years, from the time of their father's death until 1989. During that time, Ron ran the company with the two trustees. In the early years, both he and Bruce drew roughly the same amount from the business: Their salaries and perks amounted to around $350,000 a year. The brothers jointly inherited the Fifth Avenue edifice that houses the store, and they split the additional $700,000 a year they received for rent.

But while Bruce's salary from the company remained unchanged until Ron cut him off in 1994, between 1980 and 1990 Ron steadily increased his *own* salary to $1.13 million, arguing that since he ran the company he was entitled to greater remuneration. (He later lowered his take to $400,000, after his brother's suit.) During the years he occupied a position on the Winstons' board, Bruce showed almost no interest in the company's day-to-day operations. Whenever a decision required both brothers' approval, Ron sent Bruce the papers and Bruce signed them without even bothering to read them.

But in 1990, Bruce filed suit against Ron at the Surrogate's Court in Westchester, which oversaw Harry Winston's estate. His suit demanded that Ron provide him with a thorough accounting of the company. Two years later, he went to court again, charging that his brother had taken advantage of his financial naïveté, seriously mismanaged the family firm, and used company assets "for his own personal benefit." "I don't know who to trust anymore," he complained during one deposition.

The litigation has been fed by a growing army of high-powered lawyers.The company's independent trustees, fed up with the internecine warfare, have adopted a strictly neutral position. "It's a street fight!" sighs Ron Winston. "I can't walk away now."

In 1995, the Westchester surrogate sided with Bruce, ruling that it didn't matter whether Bruce had actively participated in the operations of his company—Ron had a duty to take care of him as set out in their father's will. In a scathing criticism of Ron, the judge noted that the "downward spiral of loss from the operation" since Harry Winston's death was well documented. He wrote that Ron "evinces an abject disregard for his paramount obligations as a fiduciary and paramount concern for his personal welfare. . . ." Conceding that the differences between the two siblings seemed irreconcilable, he suggested that the company be sold and proceeds from the sale be divided between the two brothers.

The legal documents generated by the case now fill seven massive file cabinets in the Westchester court, chronicling the interminable haggling over the value of the company and bitter debate over Ron Winston's management of it. Ron has offered his brother ever-increasing sums to settle the case: first $4.5 million, then $17 million and, most recently, $28 million. Bruce has spurned all the offers, insisting that his brother continues to massively underestimate the company's real worth.

Last year, the trustees hired Credit Suisse First Boston to oversee the sale of Winston. The bank privately released its independent assessment of Winston's value last fall, making it more likely the company can be sold before the end of 1999. But there is still no end in sight to the litigation.

BRUCE WINSTON STEADFASTLY REfuses to speak to reporters, although he has been known to pose silently for photographs to go with articles about his lawsuit. He speaks to the press only through his friend Edward H. Wohl, a white-haired, avuncular attorney whom some paint as a manipulative Svengali who holds Bruce in his thrall.

Camera-shy to the point of paranoia, Ronald Winston walked

Wohl was working as a divorce lawyer when he befriended Bruce at a Manhattan party in 1975; two years later, his firm handled Bruce's divorce from his first wife. Since then, he has regularly played squash, dined, and vacationed with his client, nurturing a close friendship. Wohl says Bruce shuns the media because he doesn't want to be quoted saying nasty things about his brother (he is still said to be appalled over his Aunt Lillian's remark). Instead, Bruce supplies Ed Wohl with handwritten notes to read to reporters. In response to some questions I had for Bruce, Wohl read me the following:

"Bruce Winston was married for the first time at the age of 26. His mother and father made the wedding at Claridge's Hotel in London. Many influential people were there: Harry Oppenheimer of De Beers, the Maharani of Jaipur, et cetera. Bruce's intended wife was a professional ballerina and the daughter of a famous general who served under Mountbatten in India. Bruce believes it is necessary to make this statement because his first wife has been described otherwise. Contrary to many stories, Bruce does not gamble and never has. His desire is to bring the Winston companies back to their former famous glory."

RON AND HIS SUPPORTERS SEE WOHL AS A shrewd puppet-master who manipulates Bruce for his own benefit. "Bruce doesn't take a piss in the morning without first calling Ed Wohl," says one of Ron's lawyers. "He's Ed Wohl's golden egg." In fact, it was Wohl who first informed Ron Winston in October 1989 that his brother was no longer happy with the status quo. "I remember Ed Wohl called me and said he was coming over," says Ron. "He walked into the room and said to me, 'You are going to sell that company now or we will make you pay.' "

It is still unclear what provoked Bruce to initiate legal proceedings against his brother. Wohl simply says that about a decade ago, Bruce was "tipped off" that Ron was seriously mismanaging the company. "We believe that we can prove that tens of millions of dollars have disappeared from the company since Harry Winston died," he claims. In 1995, a court-appointed appraiser found that the company's value had dipped by about $100 million since 1978. Though Bruce blames Ron's mismanagement for the precipitous decline, Ron insists there is a more innocent explanation. He points out that when his father died, prices for a top-of-the-line diamond were at an all-time high. "They were $62,500 a carat, compared to $22,500 now," he says. "Am *I* to be blamed for that?"

Ron Winston has his own complaints about Ed Wohl. He claims the attorney has tried to bribe his former employees to testify against him. Last February, Ron filed formal charges against Wohl with New York's attorney-disciplinary committee, claiming Wohl lured his former personal executive assistant to Bruce's side with a $500-an-hour consulting fee and the promise of a million-dollar bonus if Ron loses in court, then listed her as a potential witness, which is an ethical infraction. (Wohl insists Bruce Winston himself cut the deal with the secretary.)

In September, the two brothers briefly appeared together in a Florida courtroom, where Bruce continued to wage his civil suit against Ron. The trial judge there brought the brothers into his chambers one at a time and quizzed each for an hour. "It was the first time any judge has done that," says a friend of Ron's. "And Bruce cried out for his lawyer! He exhibited an inability to understand or discuss what was going on beyond the psychology. The judge made some progress in his understanding of what is going on. It's not really about stolen jewelry or estate planning; it's a mass feed for lawyers. Bruce is bent on fratricide."

ON THE DOORSTEP: **Bruce has vowed to restore Winston to its "former famous glory."**

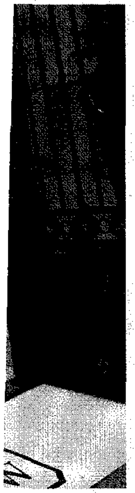
WINSTON INC.
Rare Jewels of the World

RON'S FRIEND AND ATTORNEY JAY Lewin may be the last person to have seen Ron and Bruce Winston speak to each other outside a courtroom. Two years ago, Lewin arranged for the brothers to meet at his log cabin near Candlewood Lake, Connecticut. Ron brought in deli food from Manhattan; Bruce arrived promptly at 10:30 in the morning with Barbara at his side. But the summit was a disaster. "We all sat there for two or three hours," Lewin recalls. "All Bruce wanted to do was see his brother be as contrite as possible and admit he was responsible for *all* of Bruce's angst. Ron wouldn't do it. Bruce finally got bored and left." Lewin says the meeting turned truly acrimonious when Ron asked Bruce what he wanted from him. "Bruce got furious and said, 'Never ask me that!' And Barbara started yelling at Ron, too, saying, 'You know you're not supposed to ask him that!' "

More recently, an ex-girlfriend of

Bruce's also tried to negotiate a rapprochement. But a week after agreeing to a meeting, Bruce backed out. According to Ron, his brother felt that because his ex-girlfriend was of Chinese extraction and because Ron Winston often traveled to China, she couldn't be impartial.

"That is the level of paranoia we're dealing with here," Ron snorts. "She's not Chinese. She's *Brazilian*-Chinese!"



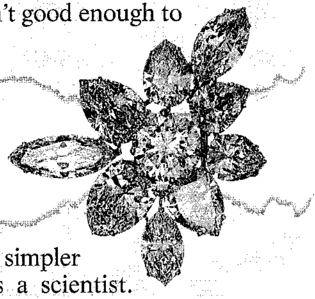
But paranoia seems to run in the family. Ron Winston, camera-shy to the point of absurdity, has appeared at videotaped depositions wearing plastic pig masks and a Lone Ranger costume. He is mortally afraid of being kidnapped. "Look what happened to Gucci," he says. "And Versace."

Ed Wohl says that Ron's polished if eccentric veneer belies a dangerous malevolence. "Ron Winston is intelligent, well-spoken, and seductive, and it's important to . . . know this other side of him," says Wohl. In depositions, Bruce's legal team has alleged a long list of abuses, charging Ron with borrowing $845,000, interest-free, to purchase his Manhattan townhouse, and with using company funds to underwrite his ill-fated bid for the Olympics. (Then 47, he was training for the 100-meter sprint.) Ron denies both charges. "We are not talking about mismanagement," Wohl says ominously. "We are looking for wrongdoing."

RON WINSTON RETALIATES IN KIND. DURING the three months I spent reporting this story, I became an emissary between the feuding brothers, a vessel through which they passed charges and countercharges to each other. As the exchanges grew increasingly heated, Ron Winston brought out the heavy artillery. Calling from Japan, he decided it was time to let me in on an ugly family secret. "You know," he said casually. "My brother killed a man."

Three months before he filed his first suit against Ron, Bruce Winston was driving down the Taconic Parkway near Peekskill. It was two days after Christmas 1989, and a man named Seaton Fisher was outside his disabled vehicle, which had its hazard lights flashing. Bruce's Mitsubishi struck Fisher, sending him 150 feet over an embankment. Fisher's 10-year-old son witnessed the accident from inside the car. There were no skid marks on the road prior to the point of impact, and Winston was estimated by witnesses to have been traveling at 75 miles per hour.

a recent deposition wearing a plastic pig mask.



THE FAMILY JEWELS: Edna Winston presents the Hope diamond to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

Westchester County Assistant District Attorney Gerald W. Connolly determined that the elements for a charge of criminally negligent homicide were not established, and Bruce was charged only with speeding. Bruce's insurance policy eventually paid out $1 million to cover the Fisher family's loss.

Although he believes his brother's vendetta is motivated more by emotion than by money, Ron wonders whether the accident may have precipitated the battle. In interviews, he insinuates that Bruce, who ran up giant legal fees in the aftermath of the accident, soon found himself short of cash and decided to hit up his brother. Ed Wohl vehemently denies the accident had anything to do with the filing of the lawsuit. In any case, Bruce never stopped driving and has continued to rack up moving violations. For a while, he held a Pennsylvania license, which he traded in three years ago for a New York license. Since then, he's received two more speeding tickets and has enrolled in an accident-prevention course.

"He just likes to drive fast," Wohl explains with a shrug. He denies that Bruce had ever had his license suspended, though. Why, then, did he need a Pennsylvania license although he lived in New York?

Wohl calls and dutifully reads me another statement from his client. "Bruce says he got a Pennsylvania license because his *brother* always had a second, Massachusetts, license, in case he got too many tickets. He just wanted to do what his brother did. Oh," Wohl adds, upping the ante yet again, "Bruce wants you to ask Ron about the time he almost got kicked out of Harvard for using drugs and his dad had to bail him out."

RON LAUGHS WHEN TOLD OF HIS brother's latest accusation. "Yes, I *knew* Tim [Leary]. I experimented with LSD as an outgrowth of my chemistry studies," he says. "Tim got in trouble at Harvard because he was going beyond conventional scientific experimentation, into something else. I don't recall my father having to get involved, but he was very nervous about it."

Ron says he is proud of his connection to the acid guru and that he visited Leary on his deathbed in 1996. In the sixties, he says, he even wrote a very personal novel about his acid experiences called *Re-Entry*, which he sold to Random House but never saw published: "I bought it back. I decided it just wasn't good enough to publish."

He yearns for the simpler days when he was a scientist. "But I can't go back to being a chemist. I am a jeweler," Ron says, looking back wistfully. "You know, there *is* an ancient connection. The alchemists were trying to make gold. I just like diamonds. Diamonds to me are tangible stars. It is natural for living creatures to be drawn to light and scintillation. You know, even *termites* are fascinated with crystals. They carry them up from deep in the earth and collect them in their nests. No one really knows why."

LAST WEEK, CREDIT SUISSE NOTIFIED POTENTIAL buyers about their viability. Ron Winston made the cut. There are also rumored to be a half-dozen other bidders left in the mix, Bruce and his backers among them. An Arab jeweler, an Asian firm, and a Minnesota-based outfit called TomKat, Inc., have also expressed interest in buying the company, although the Asian firm has since gone bankrupt. Other, more confidential investors are lurking as well. Because Ron controls the flow of informa-

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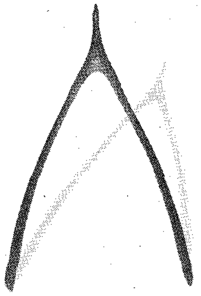

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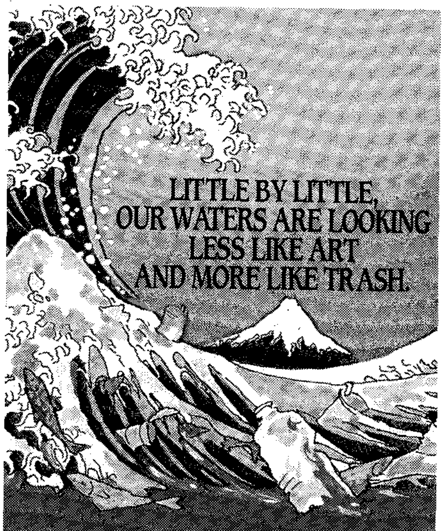
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tion and doesn't want to sell the company, interested buyers face a hostile-takeover situation. But the company's actual value remains unclear. In 1978, at the time of Harry Winston's death, court documents said the company was worth $150 million. In 1995, court appraisers valued it at $50 million. But the numbers may be meaningless. Because the company's value is constructed around both inventory and common and preferred stock, and because Ron Winston has been intensely protective of his books, Winston could be worth far more—or far less—than estimated.

In any case, Ron Winston insists *he* will be the eventual buyer. He is growing increasingly furious at the course of events, which he equates to the courts' "confiscating my property." "I'm so mad I'm ready to burn my passport and renounce my citizenship and leave," he says. But for now he stays. He previously sought backing from Cartier (which dropped out) and now claims he has fresh financing in place. At one time Bruce had approached Prince Rainier's chief investment counselor, a man he befriended during a brief stint in Monte Carlo, but now he, too, has new partners, whose identity Wohl declines to divulge. Even if Ron *does* gain full control of the company, Bruce can continue to torment him. Since the brothers co-own the Fifth Avenue building that houses the flagship salon, Ed Wohl suggests that if Ron *does* win control of the business, Bruce may simply evict the company from its digs in revenge.

Jeweler Bernard Hammerman says the downsizing of Harry Winston is already under way. "I have a letter on my desk with a résumé from a twenty-year Winston employee looking for work," he says. But Ron still acts like a man with big plans. In addition to opening a new store in Osaka, their sixth, he just hired a new marketing director.

New York jewelry-industry experts say Harry Winston's company will survive with or without the heirs in charge. Despite the long family feud and legal liabilities, it remains a valuable gem, the last of the luxury-jewelry companies—Van Cleef & Arpels, Bulgari, and Cartier among them—that has not gone mass-market, peddling perfume, scarves, and cheap engagement rings.

Unlike Fifth Avenue peers such as Tiffany and Bulgari, Winston will not advertise itself by throwing parties for New York hipsters. Candace Bushnell does not write its ad copy, and Puffy Combs hasn't, at press time, appeared at Life in the wee hours decorated in Winston diamonds. While he personally shuns the social circuit, Ron Winston has carried on his father's glittery legacy by outfitting celebrities at events such as the Oscar- and Tony-award ceremonies. But the company selects its mascots carefully, favoring people who radiate not just money but social cachet. Its main target market continues to be the very, very rich: foreign millionaires, domestic dowagers, and homegrown grandees. In a bid to avoid less exalted customers, the company recently slashed its media budget by 20 percent and restricted its marketing efforts to select high-income subscribers to upscale magazines like *Town and Country.*

Winston also remains a ubiquitous presence on the philanthropy circuit. Last fall, its baubles decorated the necks, wrists, and fingers of the ladies on the board of directors of the tony International Fine Arts and Antique Dealers' Show. Dripping in donated Winston gems, socialites like Karen LeFrak and Mai Hallingby worked the receiving line at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Nan Kempner was so enchanted by one sparkly necklace that she removed it from the neck of a Winston employee and wore it for the evening.

INDUSTRY OBSERVERS PRAISE WINSTON for maintaining its first-class reputation. Russell Shor, who covers the diamond industry for a trade publication, says, "Harry Winston associated himself with people of a certain class. He wasn't into pop culture. The intrinsic value at Winston is still from the gems, not the design or hipness. With Winston, you got rocks. And it's still that way. Winston and Tiffany were the real anchors of the high-market trade. Today, you could spend a hundred dollars at Tiffany. You can't spend a hundred dollars at Winston. Whether or not you approve of the way Ron Winston has done things, that part of it has been a wise move."

In the meantime, the battle between the brothers continues, less wisely. To protest what he sees as unfair court rulings against him, Ron has resorted to theatrical protest. He attended one deposition in New York wearing handcuffs. He and his brother do not communicate privately and have not done so for four years.

"I was really hoping maybe you could talk to him," Ron says to me one evening after we've been sitting in his office for two hours. "He really needs to talk to someone other than his lawyers."

I tell Ron I'll keep trying to get his brother to talk to me. Later that night, Ron calls again. He just wants to see whether he can be of further assistance, he says. His friend Jay Lewin gets on the line and asks if I want to join them for dinner. Unfortunately, I have other plans. A week later, Ron is on the phone one more time, calling from L.A. "Something told me you needed to talk to me," he says.

I tell him I still haven't talked to his brother.

"I've got to ask you," he says. "What do you think is going on here?" ▬

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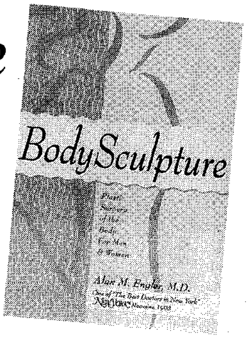

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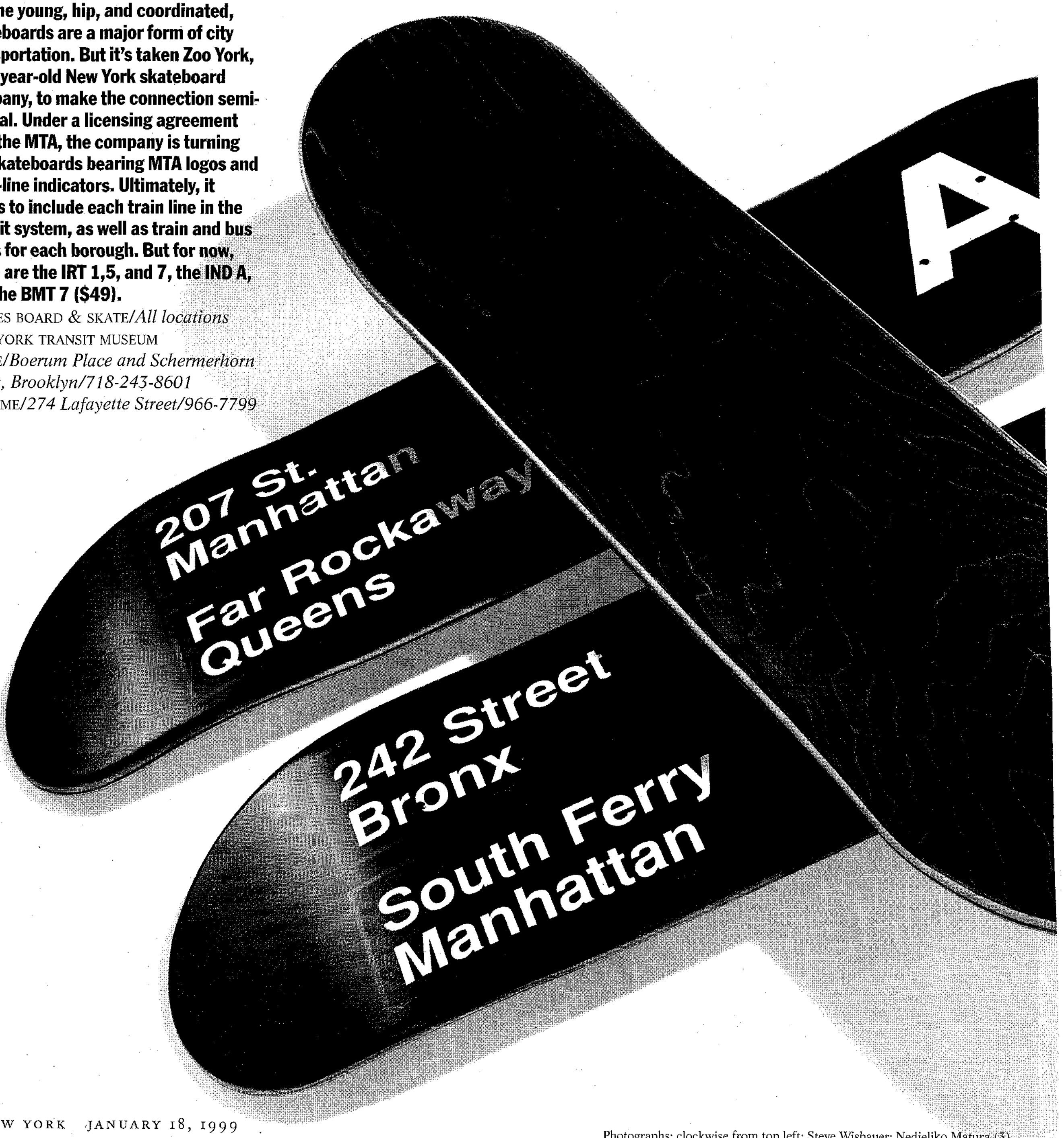

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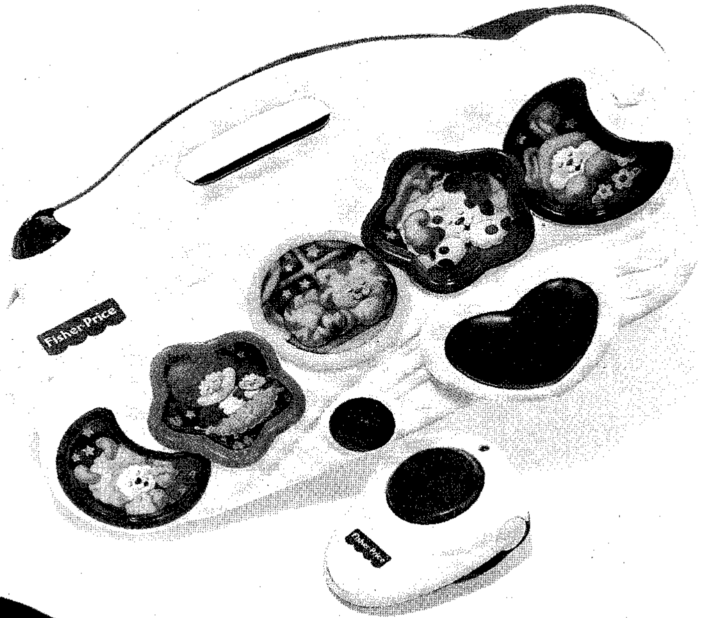

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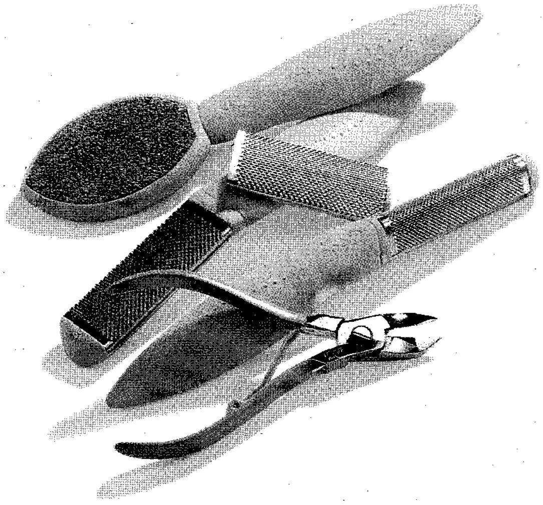
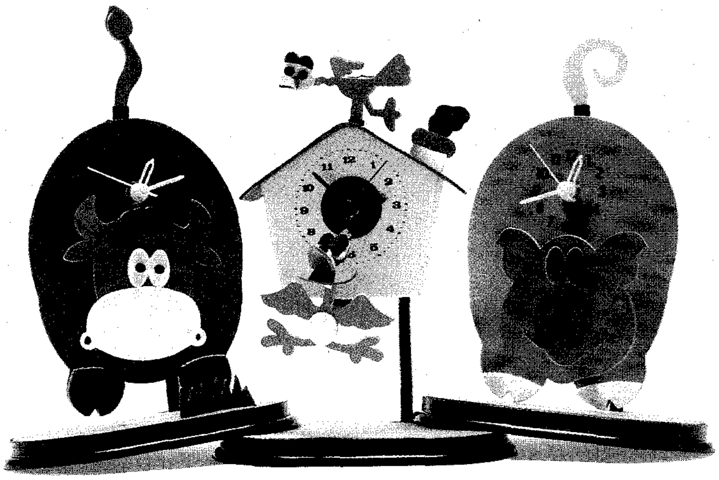


Extreme Measures

Feet were once a part of the anatomy that cosmetics companies just ignored. Recently, however, there's been a deluge of pampering products for that often least-cared-for extremity. One such is the Credo Solingen from Germany: ceramic-and-metal clippers, buffers, and rasps for serious pedicures (from $15 for a rasp to $25 for the clippers).
MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300.*

Time Travelers

Although they may do little to help kids learn to tell time, Fun Clocks will certainly keep them amused. Just about everything moves on Hannas K. Corporation's pendulum-action timepieces—tails wag, heads nod back and forth. Battery-operated, the clocks are made of child-safe PVC plastic and foam, and among the company's cheery mix are domestic, barnyard, and wild animals ($25).
LIGHTING DEPOT/*490 Avenue of the Americas, near 12th Street/675-3300*



SMARTCITY

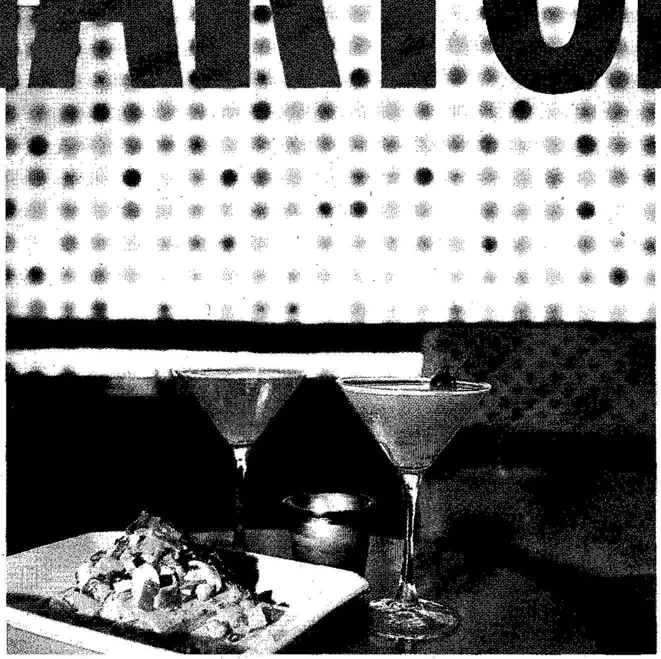
Pan Am Express

Suddenly, the Big Apple's gone bananas for plantain and mad for mojítos. Here's where to indulge your passion for all things quasi-Latin.

BY ROBIN RAISFELD

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE was Patria. For a few years earlier this decade, while his pan-Asian and Med Rim cohorts were up to their elbows in wasabi and couscous, chef Doug Rodriguez enjoyed a near-monopoly on Nuevo Latino, the cooking style (and marketing strategy) whereby yuca, corn, and other indigenous New World produce are alchemized into the sort of architecturally plated revisionist cuisine that fetches $54 a person, prix fixe. At the same time, Argentine steakhouses and Brazilian all-the-meat-you-can-eat churrascarias were infiltrating Manhattan, weaning A1-addicted taste buds off the bottle in favor of parsley-flecked chimichurri steak sauce.

None of this food is, of course, new to New York, where Cuban rice-and-beaneries and Dominican chicken joints have long proliferated everywhere from Jackson Heights to Washington Heights. What's new is the interpretive spirit in which pan-Latino flavors and ingredients are adapted—skeptics might say watered down and marked up—for a North American palate. But what's lost in authenticity is made up for in sophisticated presentation and an attempt to reinvigorate food that sometimes suffers from lard overload. After all, the savvy restaurateurs blazing the Nuevo Latino flavor trail are targeting one of the finickiest, ficklest clienteles around. Below, a selective guide to Nueva York's most promising Nuevo Latino newcomers.



Sipping pretty: Rum drinks and light bites in the lounge at Calle Ocho.

IDEYA
349 West Broadway
625-1441

A friendly new bistro on SoHo's main drag, Ideya feels more Collins Avenue than Cuba. But potentially snooty South Beach connotations and West Broadway address notwithstanding, the service couldn't be sweeter. And as long as chef Christopher Rios maintains the kitchen quality, there's no danger of the room's devolving into a raucous theme park for tropical cocktail culture. Among the appetizers, the Venezuelan arepas, kernel-flecked corn cakes oozing melted manchego cheese ($7), were a standout. The duck empanadas ($9), although containing proportionately more yuca and carrot than fowl, are liberated from the starchy texture that tends to calcify the dough casing; the ring of chili-and-sour-orange "ketchup" gives the pastry a nice citric zing. The vegetable paella ($14) tasted bland, but that's because we'd already become jaded, arroz-wise, by what the menu immodestly—but accurately—refers to as "perfect rice and beans" ($4).

No matter how you get there, all Ideya meals should end at the same, intensely sweet place: the coconut-crusted, dulce-de-leche-flavored flan ($6) with a mug of Café Bustelo coffee.

CAFÉ HABANA
17 Prince Street
625-2001

Something of the greasy-spoon spirit of its beloved predecessor, Bellas, lives on in this Latin-flavored luncheonette run by the enterprising team behind the increasingly gentrified block's Rialto restaurant and Bread & Butter takeout shop. Café Habana's managing partner and chef both come from Vera Cruz—

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Hoop Dreams

Hoops are back, so saith the gods of the NBA. But not so fast. Maybe a lesson needs to be taught here. Maybe we'd do basketball, and ourselves, a favor by not rushing toward the open arms of Stern, Ewing, and the rest of the (apparently) impoverished league after they ran off with that floozie named Greed only to come back with their tails between their legs, telling us that she meant nothing to them. To get your b-ball fix with a little dignity, do like Clyde Frazier Jr. (no, they're not related), organizer of the Adidas Slamjam Women's Basketball Classic, probably the city's best women's high-school tournament, and check out some amateur teams that can rival the best that MSG has to offer. "The place to see the best amateur basketball is high schools," says Frazier. Schools like St. Raymond's in the Bronx, Christ the King in Queens, and Rice in Manhattan have top-notch boys' teams, while August Martin in Queens, Bishop Kearney in Brooklyn, and Christ the King (again) offer girls' ball of the highest order. Most games are free, though occasionally there will be an admission charge of $3. (We hope the kids are in talks to have an equitable revenue-sharing plan.)

SAM GROBART

Photographs by Robert Wright (2).

the Williamsburg restaurant, not the Mexican state—which accounts for a strong Mexican presence on the menu. On weekends, at brunch, the downtown demimonde descends in all its dreadlocked, cell-phone-toting, motorcycle-riding, suede-sneakered glory on the renovated room with its new tile floor and tightly packed celadon formica tables. You might elect to skip that overheated scene and its Mexican egg-and-home-fry variations in favor of the less-frenetic dinner hour, when the waif-resses actually have time to flirt with single scenesters slouched on counter stools.

Begin with the grilled Mexican corn cobs, sweetly charred and sprinkled with grated cheese, chili powder, and lime ($3.50). The roast pork and garlic chicken are honest, hearty portions, but the real gustatory surprise is the burger, a thick, juicy chunk of chopped meat with lots of drippy Cheddar (if you choose) and a half-sour pickle with real personality ($5.95).

Fish *right* out of water: Bolivar's stunningly fresh seviches.

L-RAY
64 West 10th Street
505-7777

Cuban and Mexican influences—but no burgers—show up on L-Ray's menu, too, which the management classifies as Gulf Rim, the Gulf of Mexico–bounded territory that extends, gastronomically, to Louisiana and Texas. (Chef Aaron Sanchez is the son of Zarela Martinez, of the renowned Zarela's.) The place is done up in a self-consciously themey, born-on-the-bayou way, with six accordions behind glass and a raw bar dispensing shrimp cocktail, seviche, and such frat-house culinary capers as oyster shooters, served in a "sangrita bath" with a shot of tequila ($8.50). Not sold on shellfish in your liquor? Other options include a savory duck-confit enchilada with toasted pumpkin seeds ($8.50) and a black-bean-and-cheese chile relleno in a sauce we wouldn't call spicy, menu description notwithstanding ($7.50). Fish excels, from simple grilled mako with a choice of tangy relishes ($15.50) to panfried grouper with wild mushrooms and green chili ($17).

The beverage list is as eclectic as the menu, with potent Cuban mojitos and daiquiris offered alongside margaritas, a dozen sherries by the glass, and an adventurous, well-priced wine list with a courageous dearth of Chardonnay.

CALLE OCHO
446 Columbus Avenue,
near 81st Street
873-5025

The most exotic thing about Calle Ocho is its design: Jeffrey Beers's radical transformation of the barnlike comfort-food station that used to be Main Street into a sultry, sophisticated bar and restaurant. The long bar and elevated cocktail lounge have already become a popular rendezvous for mojítos, daiquiris, and the rest of the rum-and-lime concoctions that have suddenly supplanted the Cosmopolitan.

The menu, under the supervision of Patria veteran Alex Garcia, is fluent in the current culinary lingo, listing arepas, empanadas, seviche, and all the other catchwords of the pan-Latino craze. The presentation is flawless. But close your eyes and the pollito—chicken allegedly marinated for a day and a half in a mixture of herbs and lime juice, served with Peruvian purple potatoes—could almost pass for roast chicken and mashed spuds off the Main Street menu. If only the seasoning in dishes like beef tenderloin in malbec wine sauce and crispy, potato-encased snapper were as bold as Beers's whimsical South American stage set.

Desserts have more personality, particularly ice creams and sorbets in flavors like grapefruit-guava, spiced bread, and vanilla-tamarind.

BOLIVAR
206 East 60th Street
838-0440

Across town, Bolivar seemed to be born with buzz, but to be fair, it probably inherited some from its predecessor on that East Side corner, the stylishly southwestern Arizona 206. The same successful young clientele has been flocking to the wooden-beamed, stucco-walled restaurant to sample chef Larry Kolar's meticulously researched (and then creatively re-spun) Peruvian and Argentine fare. Main dishes like rodizio beef, chimichurri lamb leg, and panca-spice-crusted chicken

(continued on page 90)

THE NAVIGATOR

Q: *My lovely leather luggage got scuffed up pretty badly during my holiday travels. Suggestions?*

A: Why, yes. If you're not jetting off to St. Barts to hang with Puffy, surely there's no better time than the dead of winter to send your luggage to rehab. From cleaning to full-on restoration, here are two favorite places that can make an old bag . . . not look like an old bag:

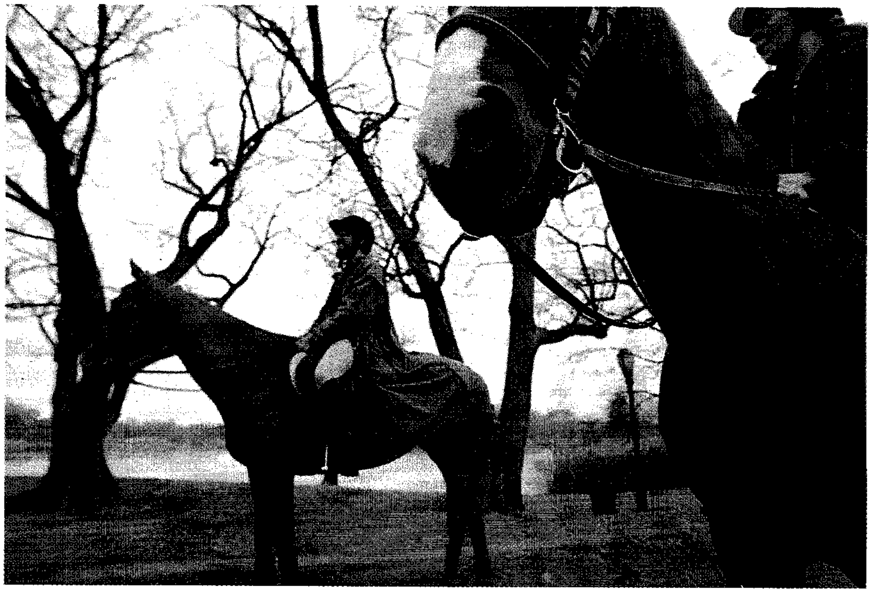
● **Artbag** (735 Madison Avenue, near 67th Street; 744-2720). Now entering their sixty-seventh year, the good people at Artbag can provide any imaginable service to luggage—and handbags. (For instance, have an old alligator bag whose shape just doesn't cut it anymore? Artbag can construct a new bag with your old bag's material.) A particular specialty: relining bags with matching fabric. Repair time: one to three weeks; expedited service available at additional cost.

● **Greene Luggage** (6 East 46th Street; 682-0081, 682-7978). Eddie Greene thinks more about luggage than, say, someone in the Witness Protection Program. "I'll put any of my repair guys up against the best in the country," Eddie boasts. Many seem to agree; the Waldorf-Astoria, the St. Regis, the Plaza, and all the major airlines use Greene as their luggage-repair shop of choice. Beyond the quality of its work, Greene's turnaround times rival those of the pit crews at Indy. Repairs can often be made while you wait, or Eddie can have someone pick up and deliver your luggage (as long as you're in the five boroughs) the same day, free of charge. Sam Grobart

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Don't Sweat It

Budget stretching: *Undo holiday damage to wallet and waistline—without* **freezing your assets.**



Galloping consumption: Trot off through Prospect Park on a Kensington Stables mount.

FAVORITE SUMMER FAT-BUSTERS LIKE wave-jumping in the ocean, playing tennis in the park, and Rollerblading to work are but distant memories for those who have been dutifully sweating it off in the gym this month. But there's hope for the alfresco exerciser who can't quite afford a weekend in Vail. Here, some ways to boost your spirits *and* your metabolism for $20 or less.

As any former horse-crazy teenager will tell you, trail riding can be a great workout if you keep a brisk pace with your butt off the saddle. At Prospect Park's **Kensington Stables**, it's cheap, too: Rides are $20 per hour (lessons start at $25).

For a vertiginous adventure without a Himalayan budget, scramble up the **City Climbers Club**'s twenty-foot indoor rock-climbing walls (one's straight, one inclines, and one's got an overhang). Would-be spelunkers can sculpt their lats upside-down, hanging from the roof of Manhattan's only *faux* cave. For $15 a day, the club provides climbing shoes, a harness, and a locker. Beginners are welcome.

Or try a bracing midwinter dip in the Olympic-size indoor pool at **Asphalt Green**. A $15 plunge gets you a locker; a towel; and access to the lap lanes, the sauna, and the juice bar. The pool is open to non-members on weekday mornings and all day on weekends.

Believe it or not, even tennis can be cheap. For the best deal, make a lunch date at **Midtown Tennis**. On weekday afternoons, an hour will set you and a friend back $18 each. And if you can arrange for doubles, it's only $9 per person. They'll rent you a racket for an additional $7.

Kensington Stables, 51 Caton Place, Brooklyn (718-972-4588); City Climbers Club, 533 W. 59th St. (974-2250); Asphalt Green, 1750 York Ave., at 91st St. (369-8890); Midtown Tennis, 341 Eighth Ave., at 27th St. (989-8572).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Picks of the Week

Kristen Ashlyn Boutique is clearing out all its fashionable fall and winter styles for day and evening at 30 to 75 percent off the usual prices. Designers include Blumarine, Rebecca Dannenberg, Anna Molinari, and Daryl K at prices from $125 to $900. Sizes 2–12. *1122 Third Ave., near 65th St. (717-0907); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Thurs. 11–7, Fri.–Sat. 11–5; 1/11–1/31.*

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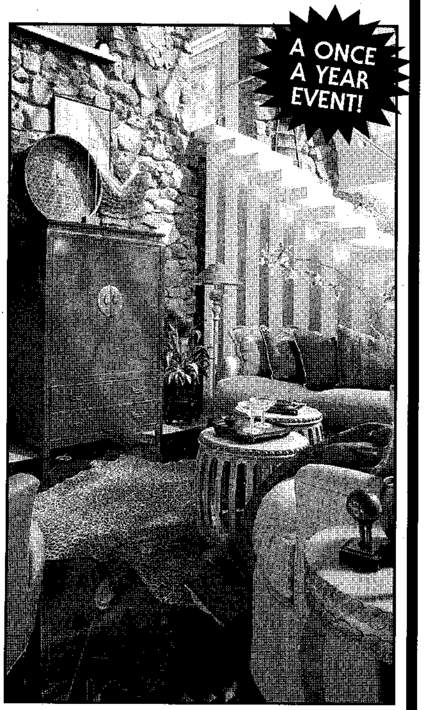

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Photographs: top, Philip Greenberg; bottom, courtesy of Porthault.

ALWAYS A DEAL

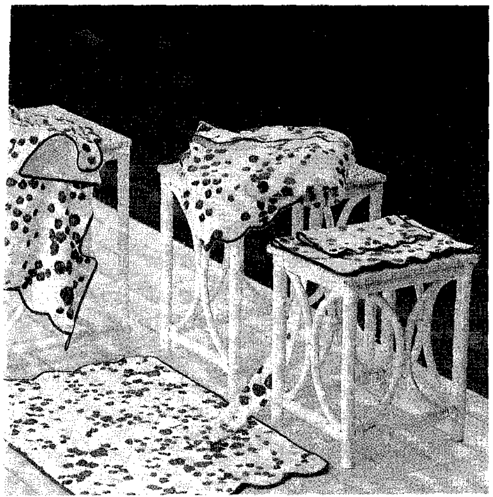
Give Yourself a Lift

IF YOU'RE DREAMING OF GSTAAD but your bank account's already seen an avalanche, gear up for the **Scandinavian Ski Shop**'s more economical mountain escape. For $58, the store provides transportation to and from the Catskills' Hunter Mountain, as well as a lift ticket (equipment rental is an extra $13). Buses leave from the shop at 7 A.M. on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays and return the same evening. Trips are run every winter from Thanksgiving through March, and reservations are suggested. *40 W. 57th St. (757-8524).*

Soho Picture Framing has a stash of about 1,000 picture and mirror frames on sale for 60 to 80 percent off retail, from $8 for a black metal poster frame to $85 for a huge maple style. Stock is in varying condition and sizes range from 8 by 10 inches to to 60 by 105 inches. *568 Broadway, at Prince St., Room 103B (431-5600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. noon–6; 1/11–1/20.*

Joovay, a SoHo source for top European lingerie like La Perla and Lise Charmel, is putting most fall-winter styles on sale. Bras, were up to $120, now $50 each. Sleepwear is half off the original price: A Christies silk-and-lace chemise, was $170, now $85. *436 W. Broadway (431-6386); A.E., M.C., V.; daily, noon–7; 1/11–1/31.*

Porthault, the famed French luxury-linens company, is clearing out a large selection of stock to make room for the new spring collection. Most items are now 40 to 50 percent off original prices: a queen sheet set with fleur-de-lis embroidery, was $620, now $375; a printed terry hand towel, was $64, now $32. *18 E. 69th St. (688-1660); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30; 1/11–1/15.* ■



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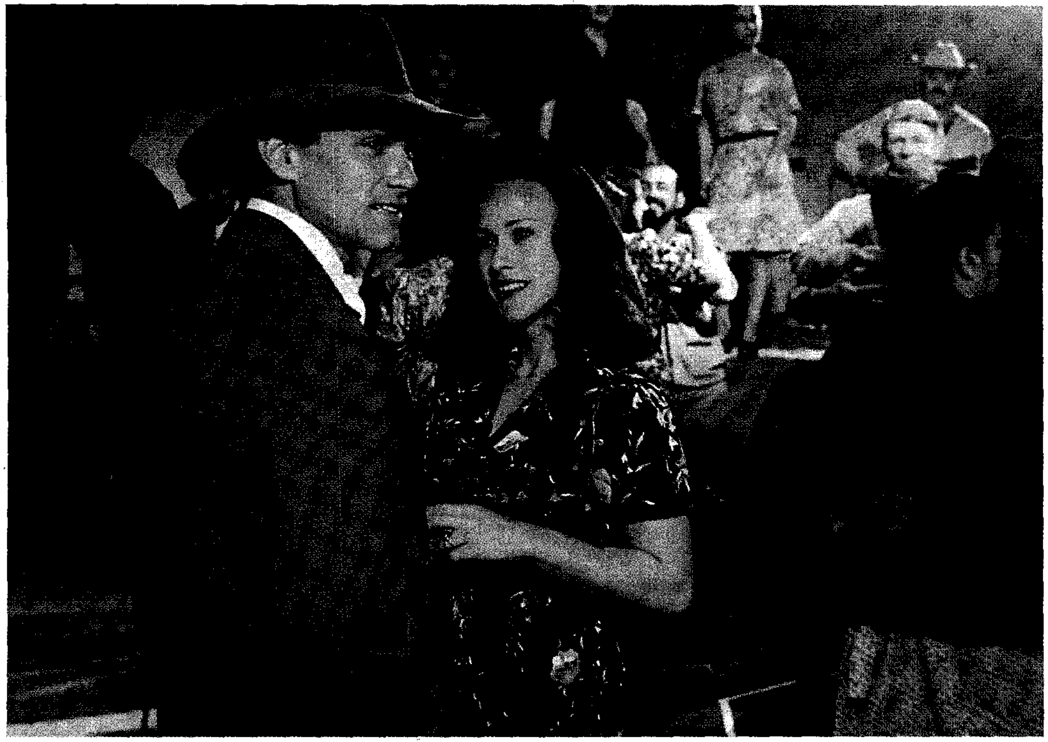
MOVIES PETER RAINER

Bourbon Cowboys

'The Hi-Lo Country' barely transcends the conventional Western genre (men-drinking-and-behaving-badly division); 'Patch Adams' confirms the decline of a rare talent.



Stepping out: Billy Crudup and Patricia Arquette in *The Hi-Lo Country*.

LOTS OF INK HAS BEEN EXPENDED ON **The Hi-Lo Country** lately because for years it was one of the late Sam Peckinpah's most cherished unrealized projects. There appears to be more excitement about the movie we don't have than about the one we do—a mild, by-the-numbers quasi-Western directed by Stephen Frears and starring Woody Harrelson and Billy Crudup. Scripted from Max Evans's 1961 novel by Walon Green, who wrote *The Wild Bunch,* no less, the film takes on fresh subject matter—the passing of the Old West and the encroachment of agribusiness just after the Second World War—and hammers it flatter than the proverbial pancake. Frears, who is British, is a remarkable talent, but his response to the New Mexico countryside and its cowboy rituals seems secondhand. It's not simply a matter of his being unfamiliar with America. After all, he made perhaps the best postwar *noir* genre piece in *The Grifters,* and, from *My Beautiful Laundrette* to *Dangerous Liaisons,* he's always had a far-ranging, uncategorizable curiosity. He's a quick-change artist, but the chaps and Stetsons here prove an ill fit. He probably wishes *he* could have seen the Peckinpah version, too.

The prairie town of Hi-Lo comes off like a movie location, and for the most part, the performers who strut and sidle and sashay across it are actorish. This is not altogether unpleasing, at least for a while: The comfort level of most Westerns lies in their ability to remind us not of real life but of other Westerns. But with filmmakers such as Frears and Green involved, we keep waiting, in vain, for the genre to split open. *The Hi-Lo Country* isn't an homage, really—it's more like a simple retelling of something we all know by heart anyway. A movie like this can make even the dumb-dumbs in the audience seem prescient.

Pete Calder (Crudup) and Big Boy Matson (Harrelson) are best friends who return from the war to raise cattle and work the land. You know they're soulmates because they're always getting stewed together and helping each other in and out of bar brawls. For that all-important triangle effect, they're also both in love with the same woman, Mona (Patricia Arquette), who happens to be married to the foreman of the town's agri-bad-guy, Jim Ed Love (Sam Elliott, overdoing it). With her crimson hair and clingy dresses, Mona drives just about every male in Hi-Lo into Hi-Hi—although Arquette is so unconvincing that she might have ordered up her sultry moves from a catalogue. Mona evokes from Pete a volley of voice-overs that sound like Mickey Spillane–on–the–prairie. (Sample: "She came up against me like silver foil.") Most of the time, though, Pete is more reliably pedestrian, as when he looks out across the countryside and whispers, "The land, yeah, this is what I was born to do." Silver foil, meet tin ear.

What bails out a lot of this hogwash is the enjoyableness of the two lead performances. Crudup has a soft-spoken reticence that seems authentic to the period, and his handsomeness seems in period, too. He's a postwar cowboy with the stark, daguerreotype look of his forebears, and this makes sense in terms of the passing-of-the-old-ways story Frears is trying to tell. Based on his work here and as the long-distance runner Steve Prefontaine in Robert Towne's affecting, neglected *Without Limits,* Crudup has something of the quality of the young Robert Redford—inside his glossiness there's a crackle.

Photograph by Sidney Baldwin/Gramercy Pictures.

Harrelson is a much more flamboyant presence, but his Big Boy never lapses into total caricature—even when the movie does. Harrelson can be goony and overwrought, but with his crooked satyr's grin he has a slyness, too. No other actor around, except perhaps James Woods, has wilder eyes—he always seems to be looking out at you from atop a plunging roller coaster. Harrelson is able to make Big Boy both a good old boy and a son of a bitch; he flaunts his affair with Mona in front of her husband in a way that's close to sadistic. (Peckinpah would have made it plain sadistic.) Big Boy is made to stand for too much in this film—he's the rabble-rousing Life Force of the Old West—but Harrelson at least has a lot of life in him. When somebody accuses Big Boy of living in the past, he shoots back, "I don't want no goddamn future," and it's more than a boast; it's a war whoop.

WHEN I SAW **Patch Adams** AT A PRESS screening last month, I held out the faint hope that it would just go away. But no, it's the top-grossing holiday-season movie, which means we're fated to gaze ad nauseam at those movie ads with Robin Williams looking misty as a child's hand reaches up to his improvised clown nose—a red enema bulb. For Williams, this has been a banner year for blubber—first *What Dreams May Come* and now this, a wilted weepie about a real-life doctor who bucks the medical Establishment and trumpets the medicinal value of laughter. (Patch is the antic, smiling-through-tears counterpart to his huggy-bear therapist in *Good Will Hunting.*) I can hardly wait for his next film. A remake of *Stella Dallas,* perhaps?

The common misconception about Williams is that he's a great nutbrain comic who deliquesces into a pool of drool every time he gets real. That's a disservice to the fine, modulated work he's done in the past, in such films as *The World According to Garp, Moscow on the Hudson, Dead Poets Society,* and *The Birdcage.* But those days are fast receding, and lately he's not very funny either. He's become a Flubberized, fuzzy-wuzzy family comedian, which, eerily, is exactly what happened to another great comic, Richard Pryor, when he crossed into movieland big-time. Nowadays, if you want a memory jog to Williams's past brain-buzzing glories, you have to catch him cracking up on the talk shows, or acting as a presenter on the Oscars. He's gotten punchy. Williams is playing out an old, sad showbiz story—the dulling-out, at premium prices, of a once firebrand talent. Does he really believe slicing margarine is the best use of his cutting edge?

In brief: THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF OVER-acting going on in **Hurlyburly**, which stars—take a deep breath—Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Robin Wright Penn, Chazz Palminteri, Garry Shandling, Anna Paquin, and Meg Ryan. It's like a Master Thespian convention. (To be fair, Spacey and Shandling don't overact, exactly; they over-under-act.) David Rabe's celebrated 1984 play, which he adapted for the screen and Anthony Drazan directed, doesn't satisfy in the transition. Being up-close and personal for two hours with a gaggle of Hollywood sleazeballs is repellent, all right, but on the big screen, it's clearer than ever that Rabe wants to enlarge the meaning of our repugnance—he wants to turn the coke-snorting, swinging-sex eighties L.A. scene into some kind of template for all our spiritual ills. But what's funny about this mixed-nuts assortment of casting directors, producers, strippers, unemployed actors, and Lolitas is precisely the *smallness* of their existence. They don't stand for anything—not even themselves. They should call *this* movie *A Bug's Life.* ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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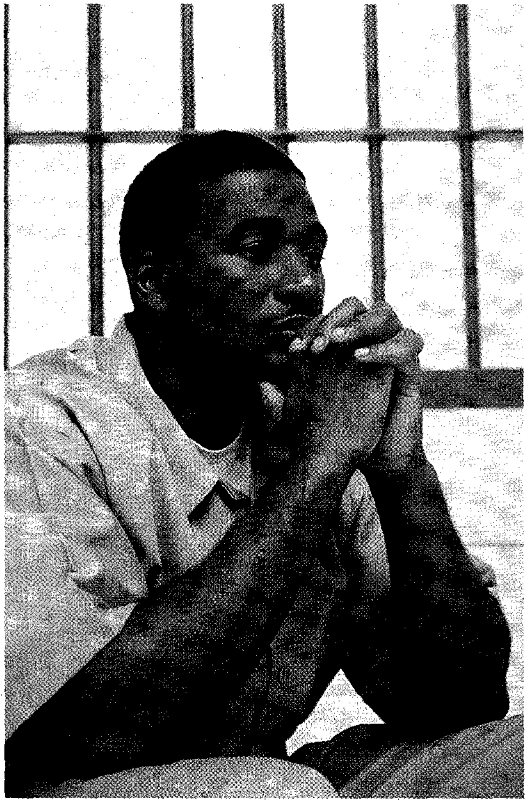
Turn, Turn, Turn

An explosive 'Frontline' documentary examines the consequences of federal laws allowing reduced sentences for drug offenders who finger others—any others.

WHAT IT HAS COME TO IN OUR BRAVE NEW World Order is that only cops are forgiven for not tattling on each other. Behind their thin blue line, a code of silence is still considered to be a badge of honor, the last gasp of fraternal solidarity in a nation otherwise eager to unzip itself, to spill whatever beans will perk the prurient interest of the authorities or the media—in return for a lighter sentence, a bounty bonus, or a book contract. Assume the squealing position! To this contemptible new culture of blame-displacing songbirds, the DuPont- and Emmy Award–winning documentarian Ofra Bikel brings her unblinking camera, her tireless crossruff questions, her signature skepticism, and her civil-liberties fetish. The result is a ferocious installment of the PBS *Frontline* series called **Snitch** (Tuesday, January 12; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13).



No record: Never before arrested, Clarence Aaron was sentenced to life in prison.

Photograph by Richard T. Bryant/WGBH.

Just see what Orrin Hatched (though the unrepentant Republican senator from Utah was hardly the only member of Congress in 1986 to push through legislation requiring mandatory minimum sentences in every drug case brought to trial in a federal court and to tack on an even more hastily conceived "conspiracy" amendment that subjected the smallest guppy in the pond to the maximum penalties intended for the sharks). If a judge has no discretion, and neither does a jury, only the prosecutors get to play. Young men and women in the wrong place at the wrong time, who happen to be related to—or who even merely introduced the wrong people to—one another, face twenty years to life without possibility of parole. Their only alternative to heavy-duty hard time is to shop somebody (anybody) else. Not surprisingly, the sharks tend to shop the guppies.

In the past five years, Bikel tells us, nearly a third of all those doing time in federal drug-trafficking cases had sentences reduced because they informed on others. In *Snitch,* we meet a few who aren't doing any time at all. Instead their girlfriends are, or their mothers, or a guy who drove the car to the site of the purchase, or someone they recall doing business with a decade ago. No evidence of "conspiracy" is necessary other than a stoolie's say-so—not cash, not corroborative testimony, not even the drugs themselves.

All this may seem to you a niggle and a nag, maybe worth a twitch or two of that vestigial organ, the social conscience, but small beer in the larger picture of the great and glorious War on Drugs. You may even be inclined to disregard the self-interested vituperations of the defense attorneys Bikel talks to, at least till you meet Patrick Hallinan, the radical lawyer who defended the constitutional rights of one reputed drug kingpin, which kingpin then shopped Hallinan himself as a "conspirator." (This didn't work out so well for the government. Hallinan made mincemeat of its case in court and was acquitted, after which the prosecutors reneged on a promise of a lighter sentence for the kingpin!) You will also perhaps be unmoved by the qualms of district judges like Robert Sweet, and professors of constitutional law like Jonathon Turley, and even the appalled second thoughts of Eric Sterling, who was counsel to the chair of the House Subcommittee on Crime that formulated the 1986 law without bothering to conduct hearings in which they could have consulted concerned parties like the Bureau of Prisons.

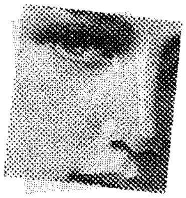
But you are not likely to remain unmoved once you've met Clarence Aaron, with no prior record and no material evidence against him, yet sentenced to three consecutive life terms on the testimony of childhood drug-dealing friends—all of whom had police-file priors—that he drove them to a buy. And Lulu May Smith, Joey Settembrino, Dorothy Gaines, and Ronald Rankins, all of whom Bikel also talks to, all of whom went to jail in someone else's stead even when prosecutors felt bad about it, because they couldn't or wouldn't ante up alternative names. (In a Mobile, Alabama, case, it even seems that everybody had already named everybody else in town, so there was no one left to shop when they got around to the unluckiest of guppies.) Then there's the father who was offered a deal: If he could make a drug buy from anyone, as part of a police sting, they'd go easy on his son, who'd been keeping bad company. Not to mention a mother who went to prison because she let her son hang around the house even though she must have known that he was up to no good. And we won't even get into what I'm tempted to call the "unhush" money—the $100 million the FBI, the DEA, and Customs shell out each year to informants.

This is what television does best: personalize injustice. Put a face on, and listen to, the Clarence Aarons and Lulu May Smiths. And then do the same to senators like Orrin Hatch and Jeff Sessions and representatives like Bill McCollum. And meanwhile mix in the Hallinans and the Sweets. And finally ask us to choose for ourselves whom we believe, whom we trust. It's what Bikel did to such devastating effect in her earlier *Frontline* documentaries on the satanic-ritual-abuse hysteria, and then again on the hypnotherapists who helped make that hysteria possible and plausible. And when it comes to the constitutional abuses of the Total War on Drugs, Bikel is only scratching the surface. For instance, she barely mentions another lovely weapon in the arsenal of the bullyboys—a "forfeiture law," according to which the family of a suspected druggie can lose its house on the assumption that dirty deals were done there.

Once you've finished watching *Snitch* on Tuesday night, pick up a paperback copy of Dan Baum's *Smoke and Mirrors: The War on Drugs and the Politics of Failure.* Read all about "loose" warrants, a weakened Miranda, and wiretaps on traditionally privileged conversations with doctors, lawyers, and clergy. About RICO prosecutions that send college kids to prison for conspiring to introduce two people later caught peddling drugs. About legalized "no-knocks" and preventive detention. About warrantless searches of cars at roadblocks and schoolchildren's lockers. About random urine tests; permission to open suitcases and first-class mail on the say-so of a barking dog; "courier profiles" that target Latinos and Nigerians; forced defecation, into airport waste-paper baskets, by anybody remotely resembling such a profile; the end of "exclusionary rules" on evidence gathered by heretofore illegal searches and seizures, based on an anonymous tip or a hunch. About revoking the passports of U.S. citizens caught with as little as a joint, and kicking first-time possession offenders and their families out of public housing, as well as canceling all federal benefits, grants, student loans, and mortgages.

It's as if Andy Sipowicz were the chief justice of our Supreme Court. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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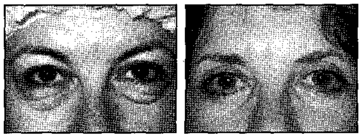

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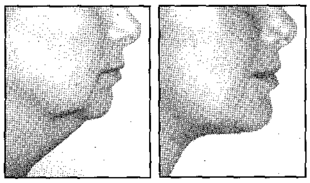

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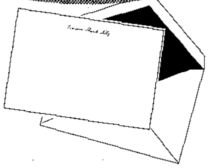

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NEW MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Is Glass Half Empty?

Philip Glass still can't get the respect of the music Establishment—not because he's too minimalist and post-modern; now it's because he's too lush and romantic.

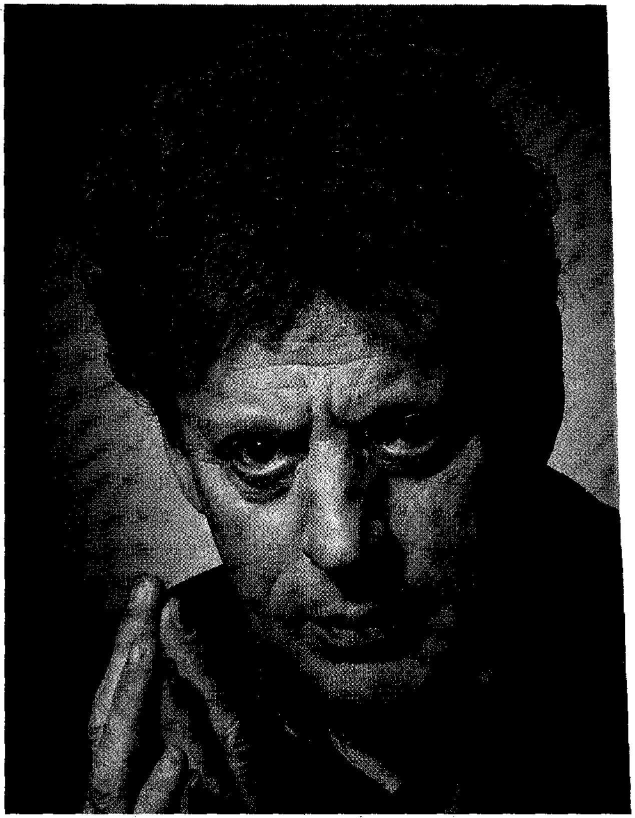
BEFORE HIS DEATH, IN 1989, THE COMPOSER AND critic Virgil Thomson spent years lobbying vigorously, but unsuccessfully, to have **Philip Glass** admitted to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The situation neatly prefigures Tom Wolfe's recently publicized difficulties getting into the same august institution. Despite Glass's formidably vast oeuvre—in three decades, he has composed sixteen operas, eight symphonies, five string quartets, and innumerable film soundtracks, piano études, and on and on—and unmatched fame, the academy still hasn't budged. "None of the musicians would vote for him," says composer Ned Rorem, who remains genuinely perplexed by Glass's popular success. "They're jealous—but not of what he writes. As I've also said about Andrew Lloyd Webber, everybody is terribly *envious* of him, but nobody wants to *be* him." Next month, Rorem plays a career-retrospective concert at the 92nd Street Y—a splashy affair, to be sure, but nothing compared with the well-publicized ten days that Glass recently spent at the Brooklyn Academy of Music performing his newest Robert Wilson collaboration, the opera *Monsters of Grace*.

And here Glass is again, taking the stage at BAM for one more night this season, on January 16, in a concert marking the release of an expanded *Koyaanisqatsi* soundtrack, which the Philip Glass Ensemble will play live with Godfrey Reggio's documentary. As one of Glass's two or three best-known pieces, the sixteen-year-old score is also a perfect synecdoche for Glass's career as a whole. Though wildly popular (for a piece of contemporary classical music), it displays many of the qualities that have led critics, including Rorem, Milton Babbitt, and the British writer Geoffrey Wheatcroft, to question Glass's relevance to the world of serious music. For one thing, *Koyaanisqatsi* is movie music—which is what the naysayers argue the rest of Glass's oeuvre might as well be, too. Then there's the matter of all those endless ostinatos and cascading arpeggios. Too many notes, Mr. Glass?

"There's nothing that Philip Glass is doing that Lou Harrison wasn't doing 50 years ago," Rorem says. "Except that Lou was also writing beautiful tunes." True, the 82-year-old Harrison, like Glass, has long specialized in tonal music, repeated figures and drones, and cross-cultural hybridization. Not only is Glass simplistic and repetitive, then; he's not even original. But who's heard of Lou Harrison?

"I see Philip as the last great nineteenth-century composer," says Errol Morris.

SITTING IN THE BASEMENT OF HIS REDBRICK EAST VILLAGE townhouse, Glass makes clear that what sets him apart from Harrison & Co. may indeed have little to do with music. The décor—an off-white couch with amorphous cushions, three low-slung cane armchairs, a sturdy square coffee table, a few stacks of CDs next to a small stereo system—is well suited to a minimalist composer and practicing Buddhist. The telephone's unremitting activity, however, seems less so. Throughout Glass's late-morning business hours, the thing rings almost continuously, as assistants, lawyers, and agents provide updates on soundtrack deals, tour itineraries, and interviews.



Photograph by Robin Holland/Outline.

Glass sips at a cup of black coffee. "There's no milk in the house," he apologizes. Glass is home for only a couple of days between international concerts, a common state of affairs for the peripatetic composer. When he's not overseeing his sprawling music-business empire, playing benefit concerts around New York, or working on new compositions (three at a time is his preferred pace), Glass is on the road—for up to six months a year. For this former cabbie, commerce is simply a part, albeit a very large one, of being an artist.

"My friends call me a captain of industry!" Glass chortles. "I mean, I have a *publicist*!" The composer's corporate headquarters—a few blocks west, in the same NoHo building as *Details* magazine and Condé Nast International—includes Point Music, a record label; Looking Glass, a recording studio used by David Bowie, David Byrne, and Glass himself; Euphorbia Productions, which stages the Philip Glass Ensemble's technically demanding performances; and, probably most important of all, Dunvagen Publishing. Glass started Dunvagen in the sixties, and through it he maintains exclusive control over who performs his music, where, and with whom.

He also decides who *doesn't* get to play Glass scores: Only the Philip Glass Ensemble can perform compositions written for it. That covers *Koyaanisqatsi, Einstein on the Beach, Monsters of Grace*—virtually every really famous Glass piece there is. You'd think a composer would be grateful to *anyone* willing to play his work. Not this one. The system "helps to create a climate of demand for Ensemble performances," Glass says. "I daresay if anyone could hire that music and play it, we would lose some performances to competitive organizations." (Clearly, if Glass were a software mogul, the Justice Department's antitrust lawyers would be all over him.)

As for the music Glass *is* willing to part with, he has a 25-track CD sampler he sends out to anyone interested in licensing his music for commercials, film soundtracks, and the like. "If I deny access to the music totally, I've found that people simply steal it anyway," Glass says. "Either in fact, by taking it off CDs, or in effect, by hiring someone to make a soundalike." Glass is always involved in at least one lawsuit over the latter practice: "Basically they hire somebody and say, 'Please make a copy of this music.' Frankly, it's not that hard to do!"

Glass's critics would agree to that. Even *New York*'s own Peter G. Davis wrote seven years ago that having spent most of his career relying on "locomotive rhythms, wispy melodies, arpeggiated chords, primitive syncopations," Glass had lately grown even less interesting. And last summer, in a barb-filled article titled "Is Music Dead?," Wheatcroft called Glass's music a "sorry" affair, adding that it merited the label *minimalism* chiefly for its "minimal musical content."

But Glass has his advocates, both inside and out of the musical Establishment. The conductor Dennis Russell Davies, the composer-writer Charles Rosen, the critic-producer John Rockwell, the sculptor Richard Serra, and the neo-Surrealist playwright Richard Foreman are all boosters (Virgil Thomson didn't make a bad ally, either). Errol Morris, the film director whose documentaries *The Thin Blue Line* and *A Brief History of Time* Glass scored, has a unique perspective. A serious amateur pianist, Morris studied music with Nadia Boulanger, the same exacting theorist who trained Glass for two years after he'd finished at Juilliard. Morris considers Glass more a romantic than an avant-gardist: "I see Philip as the last great nineteenth-century composer," he says.

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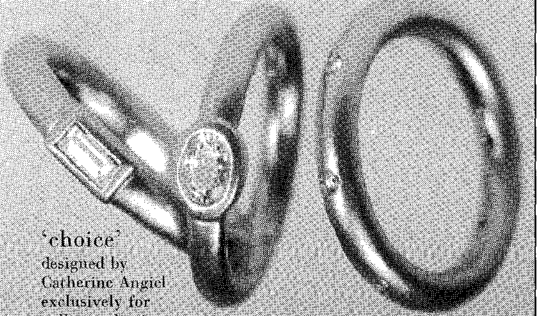

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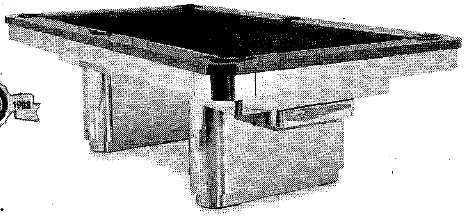

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"Could be!" guffaws Glass. "Soon it'll be the twenty-*first* century, and here I'll be!" He stops laughing and sits up a little straighter. "If you look at the music of Bach to the music of Wagner, the development of the harmonic language is continuous and logical, and lands you in the early twentieth century." Glass thinks that when Arnold Schoenberg and his star pupil, Anton von Webern, took this evolutionary process to its next logical level—twelve-tone music and its extension, serialism—their logic got the best of them. Systematic as the music was, it was hell on the ears—disorientingly atonal and polyrhythmic. Still, though, the sound dominated contemporary music for decades, turning off audiences and pushing musicians such as La Monte Young and John Cage into avant-garde sound experiments in the quest for an escape from the serialists' overcerebral hegemony.

Cage's experiments might have been fine in the fifties and sixties, says Glass. But "for a young composer today to get up on the stage and, say, take a chair and begin to scrape it with—I don't know, with a saw or a hammer: For sure, *someone's already done it!*"

Far from feeling constrained by this state of affairs, Glass felt liberated by it. Speaking of his early work, he says, "What was radical wasn't the language of the music but the way you were invited to *hear* it." Glass agrees with Morris's cheeky assessment: Once you've hit on notions like stretching the time frame of a symphony, or composing an opera without lyrics, Glass says, "the whole language of previous periods becomes available again." That includes tonal, nineteenth-century romanticism.

Glass's preference for tonality, for symphonies, opera, and requiems, is part of a still-evolving lyrical vocabulary—not evidence of simple-mindedness. And Glass should be listened to not as the cold, out-of-touch minimalist his critics take him for but as a late-blooming romantic. From this perspective, *Koyaanisqatsi* is clearly part of Glass's late-middle period: more insistent, more majestic, and flat-out *louder* than recent works such as *Monsters of Grace* and *La Belle et la Bête*, but far mellower than his early-seventies magnum opus, *Music in 12 Parts*. His next project, to be unveiled at Salzburg this summer, is that most old-fashioned of musical forms, a requiem. Written with the Reverend James Morton to celebrate the millennium, the twelve-movement *Symphony No. 5, a Choral Symphony: Requiem, Vardo, and Nimanakaya* sounds big and ambitious—in other words, more of the same. ▬

Ethan Smith's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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The Soy Next Door

If chef-owner Nobu Matsuhisa opened Next Door Nobu to relieve the crush at the neighboring Nobu, it ain't working; now both are nearly impossible to get into.

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT. ANYONE WHO willfully goes to a hot new restaurant with a no- reservations policy on a Saturday night between eight and ten has no right to bitch about waiting 90 minutes for a table. You gotta be nuts, a masochist, or not very hungry. And anyone doing the "walk-in thing" on a date is headed right for the forlorn mental state from which every early Bee Gees record blossomed. With all the wonderful places to eat in this town, why pick the toughest night to deal with a first-come-first-serve approach like they use at **Next Door Nobu**? You mean you can't find anywhere else this good?

Okay. Okay. It's true. No matter that you realize as soon as you enter NDN that your dry cleaner has a bigger waiting area; unless you camp out at the sushi bar, it's back outside to face the blistering Hudson Street hawk. But you don't want to leave this sensual, ravishingly simple room. It's such a richly enthralling first view that not until you're seated do you discover that the results of designer David Rockwell's deceptions are very strange but swell. The overhead lights are actually common Indonesian market baskets. The south wall is lacquered nori paper. The banquettes are upholstered in remnants. The dynamic texture of the tables is merely scorched pine. An onyx-hued sushi bar is piled riverbed rock. And sound is muffled by doormat-thick sisal runners hanging over amber-tinted swirled plaster walls.

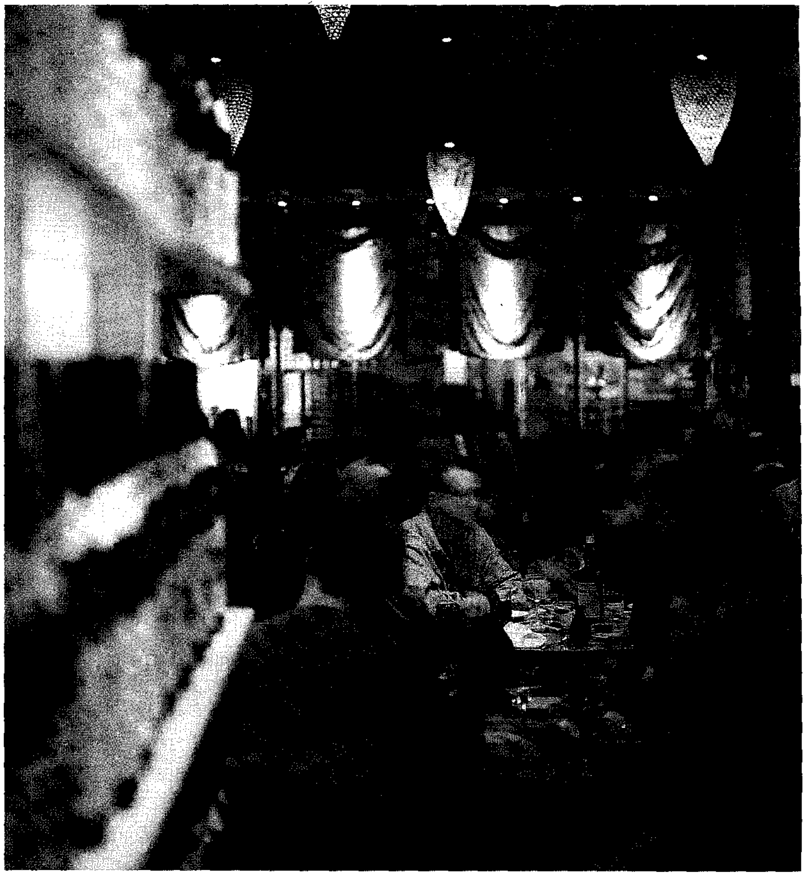
Considering all the no-expense-spared grandeur of Nobu (next door), where Rockwell's clamorously angled forest looms over the dining room like a bad set for the last act of *Macbeth,* the new space is an elegant and bewitching illusion, the perfect setting in which to present food best appreciated unencumbered by clutter. For what's always been so stunning about Nobu Matsuhisa's craft is that his South American–flecked Asian cooking looks too simple and unadorned to amaze the way it does. At first, there doesn't appear to be a lot going on. A crescent of paper-thin slices of crystalline fluke with barely a julienne of jalapeño on top. A dab of his pepper sauce here. A little of his ozu there. A sprig of daikon. That's it. And then . . . Whoa! Yeah! Your eyelids flutter while your tongue turns into the Wild Mouse at Playland. Matsuhisa should have designed amusement parks, because it's obvious that surprise is a valued part of his repertoire.

In fact, astonishing as the talent is on display at Nobu in New York, I've always preferred Matsuhisa in Los Angeles (even with a décor that's blander than the original Japonica's), simply because the former's imposing trappings rob the diner of that sense of surprise. They prime you for an "experience." But not everyone is adventurous enough at the dinner table. Omakase—Nobu's multicourse chef's-choice dinner—is two hours of paradise if you have the gift of surrender. However, I've watched less intrepid souls at Nobu timidly retreat to the sushi-sashimi page. And that's a shame—like going to the famous ice-cream parlor in Hershey, Pennsylvania, and ordering a seltzer.

What's so satisfying about NDN is that here, finally, is the harmonious setting Matsuhisa's work deserves, because his food is as unexpectedly riveting as the décor itself. Oshitashi looks like good old blanched spinach. Yeah, and a wedding band is just another ring. Bonito flakes cause the greens in soy and vinegar to bloom and bristle. Miso soup turns up a bounty of a dozen juicy asari clams. You can see the garlic and chili peppers unabashedly swimming in the spicy seafood soup, with shrimp soft as uni. Skewered chicken looks tame, but it's been marinating in heat-activating anticucho, a Peruvian chili paste. Want to know how they got the *zetz* to drag all that stuff up to Machu Picchu? Dig in.

Don't fear. The fire in Matsuhisa's food is warm and inviting. Spicy crab or shrimp, in a "secret" house cream that is a variation on chili mayonnaise with tobanjan, instantly causes a flock of grabby hands; with a simpler ponzu sauce—Matsuhisa's signature mixture of soy, lemon, vinegar, and shichimi—it is hardly less delightful.

Standing room only: Saturday night at Next Door Nobu can be an ordeal, thanks to its no-reservations policy.



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Source: 1996 Fall MRI

Squid "pasta" sautéed in ozu (another signature potion of sake and soy) is tossed with asparagus and shiitake. Both the regular beef toban yaki and the special, presumptuously overpriced Kobe beef (it's so densely marinated, you could be eating rump and not know the diff) are sops to keep the red-meat eaters from pouting. But for what one order of Kobe beef costs, you can get six orders of the scrumptiously briny toro tartare with caviar. Lobster seviche gets an invigorating blast of sweetness from a purée of yellow peppered ozu. Black cod with miso is as soothing as brown licorice at a scary movie. Whole fish is meatiest when served steamed, heartiest grilled, and most guiltfully enjoyable fried. And if the noodle dishes don't incite chopsticks to Mortal Kombat mode, that's more about the house's respecting the soothing qualities of udon and soba than it is a criticism of Nobu's skill.

As for sushi and sashimi, they're fresh and expertly, if not artfully, prepared. It's a fun middle course, but it's still like hitting a barren stretch of Arizona highway in a Porsche and staying in second. Why not pull into Zutto down the block if an inside-out California roll is all you're after? What's much more likely to rev your engines is that NDN serves desserts that don't have to be buried in red-bean or green-tea ice cream. Uncover a bento box to reveal a dense yet crunchy chocolate cake. There's a luscious apple tart that looks eerily like ravioli. And mochi ice-cream balls: Half-scoops of assorted flavors are coated with just enough of that nasty pressed-rice candy to appear weird but taste like bonbons.

Can you blame anyone for waiting 90 minutes for all this yum stuff? Yup. Babies and house closings you endure. Episode One of *Star Wars*. But a meal? The situation may be more a matter of when than where, however. Not that you're going to be immediately ushered to a seat the way Dolly Levi was every time she entered the Harmonia Gardens, but on other than Saturday nights, I've never seen anyone wait longer than 45 minutes for a table. And that can be significantly reduced by arriving earlier, or later, than prime feasting time. Or just go on Monday. But if you still insist on Saturday night, grab a spot near the sturdiest areca palm and knock yourself out. Still, even the strongest hot sake and Nobu's sizzling blasts of anticucho can only do so much to thaw frostbite and that scowl across the table. Better bring something in a Tiffany box, or you may wake up reading the Sunday paper alone.

Next Door Nobu, 105 Hudson Street (334-4445). Monday through Thursday 5:45 P.M. to midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Duke Ellington would have been 100 this year, and Jazz at Lincoln Center kicks off six months of swinging celebration (page 93)

In a Centennial Mood

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movies

Mississippi Mermaid...Dr. Akagi...In Dreams

New Films

★**Affliction**—Writer-director Paul Schrader's adaptation of the 1989 Russell Banks novel is a heavy dose of oppressiveness. Small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. It's a cast meat-locker of a locale, except the dead meat is walking around instead of hung up on hooks. Barreling his way through this frostbitten inferno, Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the archetypal walking wounded. He may try to wriggle out of his fate, but it's bigger than he is. He's a good man gnarled by primal circumstance. The world of this movie is framed as a battlefield of male privilege, and even if you reject the hallucinatory machismo at its core, it holds you. There's excellent supporting work by Sissy Spacek, Willem Dafoe, Mary Beth Hurt, and James Coburn. Nolte is near the top of his form. The character he plays is afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his dirge. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American History X—Edward Norton is a neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: His firefighter father taught him to be racist. After Dad is shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers, Derek becomes the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East.*

At First Sight—Mira Sorvino is an architect who falls in love with her blind masseur (Val Kilmer) and persuades him to undergo experimental surgery to gain sight. Directed by Irwin Winkler. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG-13) *January 15.*

★**A Bug's Life**—Disney's new computer-animated film is an iridescent marvel. It's also buggy with tie-ins, but that should not get in the way of our enjoyment of this wiseacre Aesop's fable. The ants on Ant Island have been terrorized by grasshoppers into harvesting food each fall as ritual offerings. When one of the ants, the perky Flik, accidentally spills the grasshoppers' bounty, the colony is endangered. Exiled, he seeks help from the bugs in a traveling flea circus. The troupe is more like a menagerie of knockabout vaudevillians. The bashful rhino bug takes his place beside Heimlich, the chubby green caterpillar who sounds like a cranky Katzenjammer Kid. Slim, the walking stick, is effetely studious; Francis, the ladybug, is no lady—he's a guy with a macho complex. Co-directors John Lasseter and Andrew Stanton position these bugs in ways that make witty use of the wide-screen frame. One reason the bugs come across so well here is that the sheen of the wings and exoskeletons, and the segmented way in which these critters move, are tailor-made for the technical requirements of computer animation. But there's another explanation for why bugs are naturals in this family-entertainment universe: They bring out the kid in everybody. (Rainer; 12/7/98) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; State; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Regency.*

Celebrity—Woody Allen doesn't physically appear here, but he seems to be inhabiting the corporeal substance of at least two of his stars. Kenneth Branagh is doing Allen at least as well as Allen's been doing himself lately. Judy Davis plays Branagh's bitter ex-wife, and she seems dubbed, too. When these two go at each other, we might as well be seeing double. Shot in austere black-and-white, the film has its sly amusements, but it's a minor entry in the canon. Allen really doesn't have much to say about the nature of fame, because his whole persona disdains it. Branagh's Lee Simon is a hack magazine writer, and he has three celebrity-subject encounters that are meant to be illustrative. In the first, he accompanies a movie queen (Melanie Griffith) back to her childhood home, where he puts the make on her and she responds. Later, a supermodel (Charlize Theron) at a fashion show comes on to him and plays him for a gaga fool. Then he walks in on a hot movie star (Leonardo DiCaprio) as the brat tears up his hotel suite. It all comes across as so much slapstick sleaze. The only aspect that rings true in all this is that Lee wants to buy into the sleaze. Judy Davis's Robin is a schoolteacher involved with a guy (Joe Mantegna), and her story is instructive, too. Instead of being frazzled by the celebrity circus, she settles into its lunacy. She ends up an on-air host for a top-rated schlock TV interview show and can finally say of herself, "I've become the kind of woman I've always hated, but I'm happier." Which may be the most uplifting words anybody has spoken in a Woody Allen movie in a very long time. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on a par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress

Revival

Mail Bomb(shell)

Catherine Deneuve is a cold-hearted vixen who ensnares Jean-Paul Belmondo in 'Mississippi Mermaid,' François Truffaut's thriller about a lonely tobacco farmer (Belmondo) who sends away for a bride—and gets a con artist instead. The uncut version, which contains thirteen minutes that were edited out for the film's original 1969 U.S. release, starts January 15 at Film Forum.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.

'Cue' Cover Photograph courtesy of Photofest.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

A Civil Action—Jonathan Harr's nonfiction best-seller is being used as a textbook in law schools, but the movie that has been made from it is unlikely to be a model in film schools. Written and directed by Steve Zaillian, it has more negative virtues than positive. It's commendable for not doing many of the things we expect from legal thrillers in this Grisham era, but we're left with a long trudge through the ambiguities of civic virtue. John Travolta, not at his best, plays the personal-injury attorney who starts out as a high-gloss ambulance chaser and ends up obsessed with the moral rightness of his wrongful-death suit even as it drags down the resources of his firm; Robert Duvall, in an expertly malicious performance, plays his legal adversary. He says stuff like "The courtroom is not a place to look for truth." No kidding. (Rainer; 1/11/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Staten Island.*

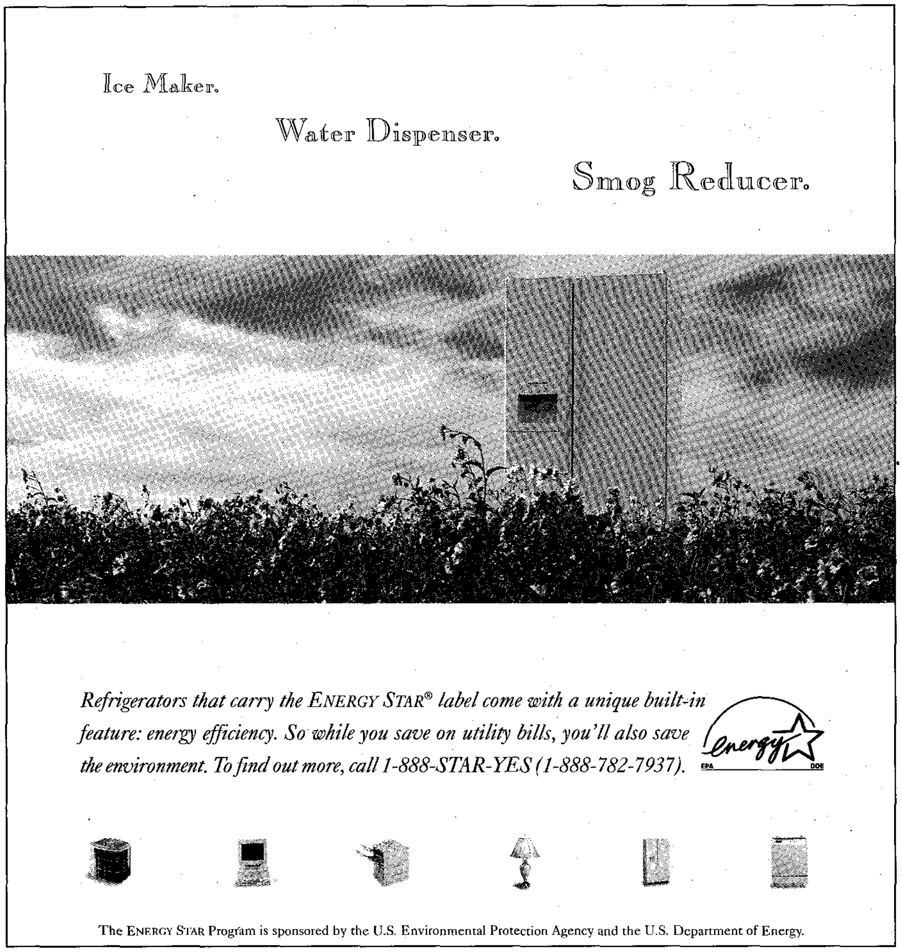
Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *59th Street East.*

Down in the Delta—A Chicago grandmother moves her daughter and grandchildren back to Mississippi in hopes of pulling them away from the problems of the city. With Alfre Woodard, Al Freeman Jr., Esther Rolle, Mary Alice, Loretta Devine, Wesley Snipes, Mpho Koaho, and Kulani Hassen. Directed by Maya Angelou. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; bam Rose Cinemas; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Dr. Akagi—A doctor in a Japanese village near the end of World War II works tirelessly to cure hepatitis with the help of a band of outcasts. Directed by Shohei Imamura. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Opens January 15 at Quad Cinemas and BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the Volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; bam Rose Cinemas.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since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this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator (an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? The only character in the movie with any resonance is Brill, and that's largely because Hackman is playing him like a follow-up to his Harry Caul, the professional surveillance expert in *The Conversation*. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Faculty—High-school students realize their teachers are from another planet. With Elijah Wood, Bebe Neuwirth, Salma Hayek, and Jon Stewart. Written by Kevin Williamson. Directed by Robert Rodriguez. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea West; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The General**—Few movie characters are as rollickingly, disturbingly complex as Martin Cahill, the real-life Irish gangster in John Boorman's mesmerizing new movie. As Cahill, Brendan Gleeson doesn't try to soften him for us or explain him away. He keeps us perplexed right up until the end about this fanatically anti-authoritarian crook, who despised equally the Church, the state, the IRA, the police. It's a great performance. The film has the structure of an American gangster classic and yet it doesn't remind you of anything else—even other Boorman films. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. The characters try to make connections and wind up nowhere; they love the wrong person, the forbidden person; they degrade themselves, destroy other people. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family*. Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Hi-Lo Country—See Rainer, page 96. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Greenwich Twin; Gemini.*

Hurlyburly—See Rainer, page 97. *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer—The teen horror continues, but this time the girls are college freshmen, on spring break in the Bahamas. Starring Jennifer Love-Hewitt and Brandy. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

In Dreams—Annette Bening is tormented by dreams of a serial killer's next victims. With Aidan Quinn, Robert Downey Jr., and Stephen Rea. Directed by Neil Jordan. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Opens January 15 at State Theater; Orpheum; 84th St.; Village; 19th St. East.*

Jack Frost—Michael Keaton is an often-absent father whose death—and reincarnation as a snowman—brings him closer to his family. With Kelly Preston and Joseph Cross. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Gemini; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay II.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Mighty Joe Young—When an African gorilla is moved to a Los Angeles animal conservancy for safety, his life is endangered. With Charlize Theron and Bill Paxton. Directed by Ron Underwood. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Chelsea West; Criterion Center; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mississippi Mermaid—François Truffaut's 1969 film of a lonely tobacco planter who orders a bride through the mail. Starring Catherine Deneuve and Jean-Paul Belmondo. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Patch Adams—See Rainer, page 97. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Port Djema—A Parisian surgeon travels to East Africa to search for a missing child. Starring Jean-Yves Dubois. Directed by Eric Heumann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Prince of Egypt—There's a lot of smiting and plaguing going in this epic DreamWorks animated feature about Moses, but what really hurts is all the kitsch. The movie resembles one of those DeMille Biblical epics minus the hoochie-koochie he used to work in to show us what a terrible thing sin is. The mixture of 2- and 3-D effects is technically amazing, and at least one sequence, the parting of the Red Sea, is a knockout. But conceptually the film is cheeseball. Why should we applaud an animated movie for doing the same emptily monumental things as live-action directors? (Rainer; 12/14/98) (About 2 hrs.; G) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Private Confessions—A married woman's affair leads to a series of encounters with her lover and her husband. Starring Max von Sydow. Written by Ingmar Bergman. Directed by Liv Ullmann. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Psycho—Watching Gus Van Sant's virtual shot-for-shot and line-for-line re-creation of Hitchcock's

Opening
The Vision Thing

In 'In Dreams,' Annette Bening (pictured) is a children's-book illustrator tormented by murky premonitions of a serial killer's next victims (who are often, strangely, inhabiting the remains of a long-drowned town). Unfortunately, her mind-meld with a madman makes her husband (Aidan Quinn) and the local police doubt her sanity. Until, of course, it's almost too late to save anybody. Starts January 15.

Photograph by Francois Duhamel/Dreamworks.

classic, you may find yourself replaying in your mind Hitchcock's version on a parallel track. As anything but some kind of weirdo poststructuralist experiment, this version doesn't have any reason for being. Vince Vaughn is no Tony Perkins and Anne Heche seems more uncomfortable with her role than with her character's predicament. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *State.*

Ringmaster—Two women catch their boyfriends cheating and drag them—and their lovers—to the Jerry Springer Show. Starring Molly Hagan, Wendy Raquel Robinson, and Jerry Springer. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The RugRats Movie—A new baby joins the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *34th Street Showplace; Embassy 2–3; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Astoria; Cinemart; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square; Fresh Meadows.*

★A Simple Plan—A crashed small plane with four million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Star Trek: Insurrection—The saga continues. With Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, Brent Spiner, LeVar Burton, and F. Murray Abraham. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Coronet; State; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay II; The Movies at Bayside.*

Steam: The Turkish Bath—A man inherits a Turkish bath from his aunt and discovers who she was and falls for the custodian's handsome son. Starring Alessandro Gassman. Directed by Ferzan Opetek. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Stepmom—Susan Sarandon is a divorced mother who develops a friendship of sorts with her ex-husband's new girlfriend (Julia Roberts). With Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Swindle—Two grifters get in over their heads. With Isabelle Huppert and Michel Serrault. Directed by Claude Chabrol. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) pines for high-school crush Mary (Cameron Diaz), so he sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on her. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's froufrou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★Touch of Evil—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. He overloads the medium: He shoots large round faces, three or more in a frame, from underneath the chins; he sends degraded, comical figures scurrying across the shadowed De Chirico landscapes of an arcaded Mexican border town; he builds conversations that contain allusions within allusions, each character sniffing like a hound at the scent of meaning. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Velvet Goldmine—Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom Nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight. None of this is as linear as it sounds, and since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

★Waking Ned Devine—Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. They have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on AerLingus. (Rainer; 12/4/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemart.*

Opening
The Misfits

In Shohei Imamura's *Dr. Akagi,* a seaside village in wartime Japan is the setting for an intimate portrait of a group of outcasts (clockwise from left: Kumiko Aso, Masanori Sera, Akira Emoto, Jacques Gamblin, and Jyuro Kara) whose daily routines—as dictated by their chosen leader, a general practitioner whose obsession is to find a cure for hepatitis—are about to be disrupted by nuclear warfare. Starts January 15 at Lincoln Plaza.

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Whitestone.*

★You've Got Mail—This Tom Hanks–Meg Ryan confab, co-written and directed by Nora Ephron, is being touted as an updated Upper West Side remake of *The Shop Around the Corner.* It's more like a variation on Ephron's last Hanks-Ryan lovefest, *Sleepless in Seattle*—and just about as coy and comfy. Hanks plays a superstore bookchain magnate whose move into the neighborhood a block away from the venerable children's bookstore operated by Ryan threatens to put her out of business. Unbeknownst to each other, these two combatants are also e-mail lovemates. Ephron plays up the world of cyber-romance for heartfelt winsomeness. Hanks and Ryan know how to play out the superficial charms of their superficial characters. In this superficial movie age, it's a useful gift. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Affliction; The General; Hurlyburly; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Elizabeth; The Hi-Lo Country.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3364) *The Emperor's Shadow; Port Djema.*

Photograph courtesy of Kino International.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Mississippi Mermaid; Private Confessions; Touch of Evil.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Gods and Monsters; Steam: The Turkish Bath; The Swindle.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Celebration; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Hilary & Jackie; Little Voice; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Saving Private Ryan; The Thin Red Line; Waking Ned Devine.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *American History X; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Happiness.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Simple Plan; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Faculty; Patch Adams.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Civil Action; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Hurlyburly; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Waking Ned Devine.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Dancing at Lughnasa.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Faculty.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *A Civil Action; Shakespeare in Love.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Hilary & Jackie; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Living Out Loud; Pleasantville.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Enemy of the State.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Enemy of the State; The RugRats Movie.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Bug's Life.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *A Bug's Life; The Prince of Egypt; Psycho; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster; Rush Hour; The Siege; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Thin Red Line.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Prince of Egypt.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Patch Adams.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Little Voice.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Elizabeth; The Faculty; Patch Adams; A Simple Plan; Waking Ned Devine.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *The Hi-Lo Country; Jack Frost; Stepmom.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *You've Got Mail.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Down in the Delta.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; The General; Gods and Monsters; Hilary & Jackie; Little Voice; The Swindle.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Elizabeth; Hurlyburly; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Shakespeare in Love; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.* IMAX: *T-Rex; Across the Sea of Time; Everest; Four Million House Guests; Into the Deep.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *A Bug's Life; Patch Adams.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *A Bug's Life; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Prince of Egypt; You've Got Mail.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Celebration.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (864-7700) *Lonely In America.*

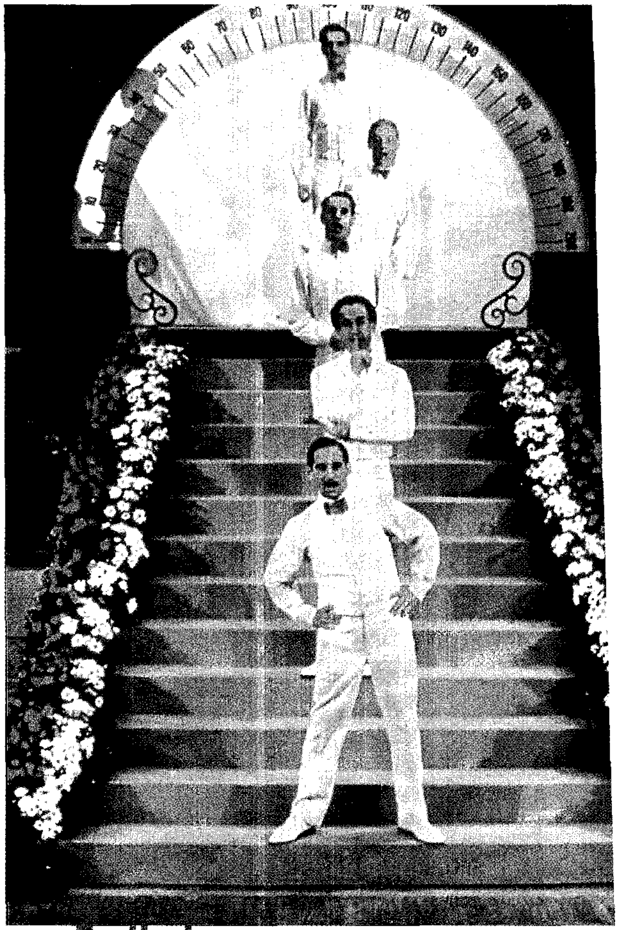
Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Waterboy; You've Got Mail.*



Festival
Generation After Generation

Tales of Jewish life around the world—now *and* then—are lavishly detailed during the Eighth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival. The international showcase of 25 films includes *The Harmonists* (above), the true story of a wildly popular Jewish-Gentile singing group in pre-WWII Germany; *Delta Jews,* a documentary of generations of Jewish society in the Mississippi Delta; and most intriguing, *Freefall,* a series of haunting home movies from Hungary, circa 1938–1944. At the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Jewish Museum, January 17–27. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Mighty Joe Young; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

bam Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Central Station; Down in the Delta; Elizabeth; Gods and Monsters; The Swindle.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Down in the Delta; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Psycho.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; The Prince of Egypt.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; You've Got Mail.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-

Photograph courtesy of the Jewish Museum.

FILM#577) *Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; You've Got Mail.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; You've Got Mail.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Faculty; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Patch Adams; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Star Trek: Insurrection; Waking Ned Devine.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Mighty Joe Young; The RugRats Movie; A Simple Plan; Waking Ned Devine.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Bug's Life; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Civil Action; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Bug's Life; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Elizabeth; The Waterboy.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Faculty; Patch Adams; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; The Faculty; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Bug's Life; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Enemy of the State; The Faculty; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; The Thin Red Line; You've Got Mail.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—"New Voices, New Visions." January: Current issues in education, technology, and culture explored through performance, film, and talks. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). $7 members, $8 nonmembers.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Sleepless Nights: A Paul Schrader Retrospective." 1/9–1/24: Films by the director-screenwriter. 1/16: *Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters* (1985) and *Pickpocket* (1959). 1/17: Reading of the play *The Cleopatra Club,* and *American Gigolo* (1979). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—1/13: New Filmmakers Series with shorts and *Gomez* (1998). 1/14: D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* (1916). 1/14–1/17: Takeshi Kitano's *Sonatine* (1993). 1/15: Film Preservation benefit of Warrington Hudlin's trilogy; shorts by Peter Kubelka. 1/15–1/18: Caspar Stracke's *Circle's Short Circuit* (1998). 1/16: Shorts by Georges Melies; Alexandr Dovzhenko's *Aerograd* (1935). 1/17: Louis and Auguste Lumière's *130 Films* (1896–1905). 1/19: Sergei Eisenstein's *Strike* (1925). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Best of the 1998 Hamptons Film Festival—1/14–1/17. Eight films, each followed by a discussion with the director. At the DGA Theater, 110 W. 57th St. Tickets, $15. Call 516-324-4600 for info.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through 1/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6, $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"Paranoia" film series. Single or double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Congregation Emanu-El—"The Troubled Soul: Jewish Mysticism in Film." 1/12: *The Golem* (1920). 1/19: *God, Man and Devil* (1949). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 East 66th St. (744-1400).

Crown Gotham—"Roberto Benigni Retrospective." Through 1/14: Films from the director of *Life Is Beautiful.*

A Different Light—1/24: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"A Matter of Faith: Forces of Good and Evil." 1/13: *Faust* (1926). "Jazz in Motion: The Rhapsody Films." 1/14: *Big Ben: Ben Webster in Europe* (1967) and *Texas Tenor: The Illinois Jacquet Story* (1991). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The 8th Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/17–1/27: A 25-film survey of Jewish life around the world. "The Films of Marcello Mastroianni." Through 1/16: A 22-film tribute to the Italian actor's career. Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—1/12: *Rendezvous in Paris* (1990). 1/19: *The Disenchanted* (1990). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 1/13 and 1/15: *Play-Time* (1967). 1/13 and 1/16: *Drugstore Romance* (1978). 1/15–1/16: *L.627* (1992). 1/20: *Savage Nights* (1992). 1/22–1/23: *Reprise* (1996) and *Hexagone* (1994). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—"Anime: The History of Japanese Animated Films." Through 2/26: A comprehensive look of the genre, from the forties to the present. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Jewish Museum—1/17–1/27: "The Eighth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." See listing for "The Film Society of Lincoln Center." 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); general public $8, members $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cinema Novo and Beyond." Through 1/22: Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts. "Cineprobe." 1/12: *Moving Pictures* (1990). "Big As Life: 8 mm films." 1/14: Films by Gibbons, Kirsch, Saks, and De Landa. "New Documentaries." 1/14–1/15: *Rachel's Daughters* (1997). "Hubley Films." 1/15–1/16: Films by Faith, John, and Emily Hubley. "Bogdanovich Picks." 1/15: Orson Welles's *Chimes at Midnight/Falstaff* (1966). "Kurosawa Films." 1/16 and 1/18: Dersu Uzala (1975). 1/17 and 1/18: *Rashomon* (1950) and *Akira Kurosawa's Dreams* (1990). "Alfred Hitchcock." 1/14: *Rebecca* (1940). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

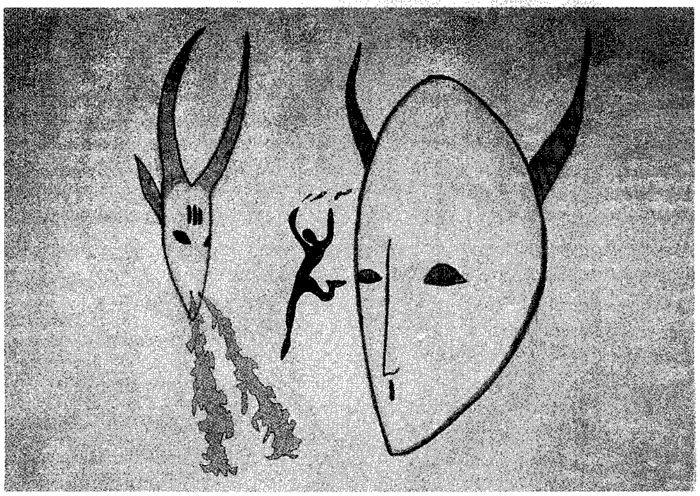
The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theatre for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 1/18: *Witchcraft Through the Ages* (1922). Narrated by William S. Burroughs.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/16–1/17: *Fires on the Plain* (1959). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Animation Unmasked

Riverdale animator Faith Hubley, who with her late husband, John, broadened the scope of the medium with explorations of such subject matter as the human condition, presents her latest solo work, 'Africa,' at MOMA. *The free-form film—inspired by the continent's art, music, and dance—screens January 15–16. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.*



Photograph courtesy of the Hubley Studio.

theater

Fugard . . . *Fosse* . . . Foreman

Opening

Looking Inward

How the collapse of apartheid will affect the art of South Africa is still an unresolved question. In the case of Athol Fugard, the country's most celebrated playwright, the election of Nelson Mandela freed him up to write about deeply personal matters rather than broadly political ones—something he rarely did while the country was still straining under the weight of an authoritarian and racist regime. 'The Captain's Tiger,' his coming-of-age story and stage-acting swan song, opens January 12 at the Manhattan Theatre Club.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. Watch for twitchy syncopation, slithering torsos . . . and all that jazz. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/14 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. Yvan, an overemotional and insecure young man, seems to go along with Marc's tirades. But confronted with Serge and the painting, he does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Blue Room—Nicole Kidman—!!!—and Iain Glen each play five roles in David Hare's modern adaptation of *La Ronde,* Arthur Schnitzler's classic story of interconnected couples and sexual anxieties. London critics found Kidman's performance—and body, which in parts of this play is barely clad at all—to die for. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th Street and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 508-0740.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. On Lempert, Neuwirth's demeanor and delivery sit like a sailor suit on Grandma Moses. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking, brassily sexy and silkenly skewering. The fussy oiliness of Tom McGowan, the new Amos, simply flops. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker plays Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter in this new production of Sophocles' play, ably adapted by Frank McGuinness, who updated last season's Tony-winning *A Doll's House.* Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New*

Photograph by John Johnson.

Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).

Little Me—Martin Short gets a well-deserved chance at Broadway redemption, this time with a decent Neil Simon libretto puffing his wings. Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/7. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

On the Town—Mark Twain's famous communiqué, "The report of my death was an exaggeration," applies equally to advance rumors about George C. Wolfe's mounting of this musical at the Gershwin. An elaboration of Jerome Robbins's short ballet *Fancy Free,* it is the story of three sailors on 24-hour shore leave in World War II–era New York. The Comden-Green-Bernstein score is as fresh half a century later as butter in the churn, and words and music embrace each other as passionately as honeymooners. The new cast shines on just a shade less bright than a harvest moon. Lea DeLaria's Hildy is a small, round, humanoid dynamo. The choreography carries the story rather than just embroidering it, Paul Tazewell's cheeky costumes could stop traffic at the busiest intersection, and Paul Gallo's lighting uses wattage like poster paint. (Simon: 12/7/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful conviction of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—A show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 1/23. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Captain's Tiger—This new play is something of a departure for Athol Fugard, the preeminent South African playwright who has devoted much of his career to writing about the cruelties and paradoxes of apartheid. This time, he writes a memoir for the stage, mulling over his youthful travels, misadventures, struggles with self-expression, and relationship with mum. $36. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/12 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Captains Courageous, The Musical—As the title says, the musical version of *Captains Courageous,* the Rudyard Kipling novel (and later, movie), about the spoiled son of a wealthy industrialist who falls off the decks of his father's luxury liner and into the hands of a kindly commercial fisherman. Treat Williams and Brandon Espinoza star; Frederick Freyer did the music, Patrick Cook did the book and lyrics. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 4. Previews begin 1/12 for a 2/16 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

High Life—A play by first-time playwright Lee MacDougall, Canada's answer to Quentin Tarantino. Watch for drugs, hustlers, paranoid humor, filthy dialogue, an aborted heist. Should be fun. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/13 for a 1/27 opening. Through 2/14. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Little by Little—Liz Larsen, Darrin Baker, and *Jekyll & Hyde's* Christiane Noll star in this new, sung-through Brad Ross musical about a love triangle. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 1/13 for a 1/21 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman, this time about a group of paranoid sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvana and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 1/13 opening. Through 4/19. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Now Playing

The American Jew—An assortment of American Jews—some famous, some not—shared their observations and feelings about their faith to create the script for this new one-person show, performed on alternate days by Victor Attar and Catherine Curtin. $35. Wed.–Mon. at 3 and 8. *Judith Anderson Theater, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 1. Through 2/7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille*

Previews
Tra-la-la, Triangle

Jekkies, take note! Christiane Noll, that vulnerable flower from *Jekyll & Hyde,* has moved—though her new address, the Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, provides her no reprieve from those wretched love triangles she does so well. Previews for the new musical *Little by Little,* about two girls and a guy, begin January 13. Liz Larsen and Darrin Baker also star.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

The Country Wife—William Wycherley's classic send-up of the English gentry, in which a man gains access to the homes of many an unsuspecting husband by claiming he's a eunuch. $20–$33. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by actors Mickey Kelly and Shay Duffin. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney (*The Cocktail Hour, Sylvia, Love Letters*) about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caught between the wife of his commanding officer and the woman he loves. Directed by Daniel Sullivan; starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15; Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15; Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Michael Cerveris stars in John Cameron Mitchell's stunning rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phèdre/Britannicus—Diana Rigg, the second grande dame to cross the Atlantic this winter to bring a classic to our shores, has played Phèdre before. It didn't work. "The play was in rhyming couplets," she says, "and for a high drama, that's very dangerous." This time, Rigg will speak the free and unfussy verse of the late poet Ted Hughes, who, in addition to publishing a collection of poems about his doomed marriage to Sylvia Plath, spent his last year translating Racine's corrosive story of a mother's obsession with her stepson. The play will be performed in repertory with *Britannicus,* one of Racine's lesser-known political thrillers. $20–$55. *Call for specific dates and showtimes.* Through 1/17. *Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives a rarely performed 1874 Boucicault melodrama—complete with forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/24. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Some Voices—A gentler, more heartbreaking import from the New Group about a restaurant owner who takes on the responsibility of caring for his schizophrenic brother. By Joe Penhall; directed by Frank Pugliese. $15–$30. Mon. at 7, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 4. *Theater at St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stop Kiss—Diana Son's new play about a smart, single woman whose world flips upside-down when she falls in love with another woman. Starring Jessica Hecht (*Plunge, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 1/31. *The Public's Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student. A world is conjured up, a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy, perfect-pitch hearing, and scalpel-like penetration. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary, as incisive and inventive as the writing, a model of underpropping without overbearing. And when the comedy eventually turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle for life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all, and Alec Phoenix in particular, shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—The naked civil servant and world-class raconteur returns. $40. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 1/31. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (330-7200).*

Ben Franklin: Unplugged—A guided tour through the cranium of acclaimed monologuist Josh Kornbluth, with a bit of history about the founding father and inventor tossed in for good measure. $12. Nightly at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Brandon Teena—The Present Company revives this acclaimed docudrama from last summer about the young Nebraska woman who was murdered for living as a man. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/16.

Opening

Such a Lovely Place

The quest for sexual nirvana and fine lodging converge in *Paradise Hotel,* the latest from the demented spirit of Richard Foreman. Opens January 13 at the Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church.

Opening

Dance Me a Few Songs

Discover the erotic potential of the bowler hat. 'Fosse,' a song-and-dance tribute to the late director-choreographer, is a study in twitchy syncopation, slithering torsos . . . and all that jazz. Opens January 14 at the Broadhurst.

Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (420-8877).

The Cherry Orchard—As interpreted by the Westside Repertory Theatre. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 7. Through 2/14. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

Counter Intelligence—A raunchy comedy about the sexual neuroses of two women and two men. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/23. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Culturemart—A three-week marathon of new plays and assorted performance oddities. Some highlights: Graham Willoughby's *Animal Confessions,* the Walter Thompson Orchestra's "sound paintings," puppetry from the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center's national conference. $12. Call for specific shows, showtimes, and dates. Through 1/24. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. (647-0202).*

Desperelics—Alexander Lyras tears through the roles of eight overaccomplished or despairing urban types, all slouching at various rates toward the new millennium. $15. Fri. at Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Gene Frankel Theater, 24 Bond St. (505-0099).*

The Erotica Project's Cunning Stunts—Hypercharged monologues about female sexuality by Lillian Ann Slugocki, Erin Cressida Wilson, and Laurie Stone. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 1/16. *Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Gauguin's Parrot—Ralph Pezzullo's new comedy about Mario, a former shoe salesman at Macy's who suddenly sees the world from the perspective of Gauguin's shoulder when a pair of boots falls on his head. Presented by Theater for the New City. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/17. *Chino Theater, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Loot—Joe Orton's black comedy about a fellow who hides his mother's corpse in the closet in order to hide some stolen cash in her coffin. Performed by Cocteau Rep. $12–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 2/12. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Lyz!—A modern musical adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata,* the ancient tale of women who refuse their men sex in order to end a war. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/31. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (353-7832).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

The Most You—Someone is murdered; both suspects give their alibis. As in *Roshomon,* it's difficult to determine who's telling the truth. By Susan Gregory Thomas. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Access Theater, 380 Broadway, at White St. (501-3909).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Qien Kiere Copita?—Seven Latin girls explore the culture and morés of their parents. By Rebeca Ramirez. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 1/24. *Nada 45, 445 W. 45th St. (946-2098).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Rusalka, the Little Mermaid—A 30-marionette mini-opera about the rivermaid who falls in love with a human, follows him to dry land, and is ultimately betrayed. Performed by the venerable Czechoslovak American Marionette Theater. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 1/17. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Sea Marks—Brian Heron and Sara MacDonnell star in this Gardner McKay about a fisherman who struggles between his love for a woman and the sea. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (757-3318).*

So, I Killed a Few People . . . —One of the breakout entrants from this year's Fringe Festival. Archie Nunn, convicted serial killer, has just one last request before he's electrocuted: to put on a one-man show. Presented by the Annoyance Theater, creators of *The Real Live Brady Bunch.* $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/14. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tilly Losch—GAle GAtes, the up-up-up-and-coming DUMBO theater company with a stunning flair for the visual, presents this story of a nineteenth-century woman who travels up-up-up-and-away in a balloon over a mountainous landscape. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 1/16. GAle GAtes et al, 37 Main St., Brooklyn (718-522-4597).

WetSpot—Three dead guys try to karaoke-sing their way out of the netherworld in this musical satire from Slant, the ebullient Asian-American trio that overthrows stereotypes with shadow puppets and rock and roll. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 8. Through 1/17. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Whoa-Jack!—Buchner's *Woyzeck,* transposed onto the American South. Presented by the Worth Street Theater Company; starring Queen Esther. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/7. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about what happens to an African-American family when the daughters reveal that they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Zise Khaloymes—Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre presents this new musical about a young, upwardly mobile New York Jewish woman haunted by the memory of her more traditional mother. Written and directed by Eleanor Reissa. $25–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/31. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Wolff

continued from page 21

Pulling everyone toward the common goal. "This could never have happened without the incredible support of the partners involved in this project," he says now in the patois of the team player.

The third phase of Atlas's new life is the product launch, which happens this month with the publication of White's *Proust* and McMurtry's *Crazy Horse.* Each of the books, at approximately 150 pages, is both literary and entertaining. Biography lite, someone will surely wag. Perhaps to counter that, the books, unexpectedly, have a very bookish look—a fifties bookish look. They make a collectible, matched set.

"They're branded," says Atlas.

The 24 titles that are now signed (most in the low six-figure range), from Bobbie Ann Mason on Elvis to Garry Wills on Saint Augustine to Mary Gordon on Joan of Arc to Roy Blount Jr. on Robert E. Lee to Nigel Nicolson on Virginia Woolf to Jane Smiley on Charles Dickens, will appear at the rate of at least six a year. With "performance rights" secured up front (it's a deal-breaker if a writer won't agree on a film/TV/theater deal), a television series based on the books is envisioned—a competitor clearly to A&E's successful *Biography* series. And now there is the children's series that Atlas and Lipper are developing, and a science series, and . . . they want to be careful about saying more about their plans.

"JIM HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN OPPORTUNIST, OF course," one of his writerly friends confided to me at the annual party Atlas and his wife, the psychiatrist Anna Fels, throw each year on Thanksgiving eve in their apartment overlooking the readying of the balloons for the Macy's parade (a sought-after invitation in literary New York). Likewise, a Random House editor, standing in front of Atlas's fireplace, said grimly, "You know, the book business is never going to be a business where you make money."

There is the unmistakable sense that Jim is doing something not kosher—helping bring the book world into the era of deals, ventures, alliances, entrepreneurship . . . and . . . yes . . . *content.* Sort of Nixon in China.

You could look at it another way too. In Bellow's novels there is always the uneasy relationship between artists and businessmen, the comedy of poets trying to deal with pragmatic America. And in that way, it is also possible to see James Atlas, among the brokers and bankers, involved in a great literary adventure—God knows there is material here—while at the same time, in the fashion of the age, perhaps laughing all the way to the bank. ■

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Photograph by Catherine Ashmore.

art

Susanna Coffey...Ray Johnson...Lewis Hine

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Lennart Anderson/Elaine de Kooning—Recent still lifes and portraits/A selection of portraits painted by the artist (1920–1989) between 1939 and the late eighties. Through 1/20. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

John Marin—More than 60 works by the American Modernist, many of which have not been seen by the public since they were first exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery; through 1/29. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Steven McCallum—Recent geometric abstract paintings; through 2/20. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

57th Street Area

Richard Baker—New still-life paintings; through 2/13. Baker, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Gretna Campbell/Susanna Coffey—Landscape drawings of Maine executed in the fifties/Recent cropped self-portraits;. Through 2/6. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Brad Durham/Glen Holland—Landscape paintings of isolated locations by a Los Angeles artist/Small still-life paintings. Through 1/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Morris Graves—Floral paintings and the works of the *Five Seasons* series, executed when the artist was 87 and originally intended for a Shinto shrine; through 1/30. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Timothy Hawkesworth—Recent drawings of a cowardly horse by an Irish artist currently living in Pennsylvania; through 1/30. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57 St. (980-2323).

Damian Loeb—Paintings that meld disparate images from film, advertising, photojournalism, and other media; through 2/13. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Joe Naujokas/Diane Brawarsky—Paintings of New York views/Collages on painted surfaces. Through 2/4. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-7171).

Glenn Priestly—Portraits and narrative paintings of the counterculture rebels of Fredericton, New Brunswick, where the artist lives; through 2/3. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Annie Gooding Sykes—Impressionist-inspired watercolors by a turn-of-the-century artist (1855–1931) who worked in Massachusetts and Ohio; through 1/30. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

William Wood—New paintings whose imagery suggests microcosms of biomorphic forms; through 2/13. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Dennis Adams—A new video work reinterpreting German journalist Ulrike Meinhof's exposé of young girls' orphanages in the early seventies; through 1/22. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Emilie Benes Brzezinski—Large carved wood sculptures whose forms suggest rushing water; through 2/13. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Inka Essenhigh/Tom Shannon—New paintings of a "world made of plastic material that won't decompose"/Sculpture of a woman suspended by a thin wire. Through 2/13. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Caroline Golden/Erik Killi Olsen—Collages, many of childlike figures, from the series "Those Who Beckon."/Elaborate paintings and sculpture exploring Norse myth by the Norwegian artist. Through 2/6. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

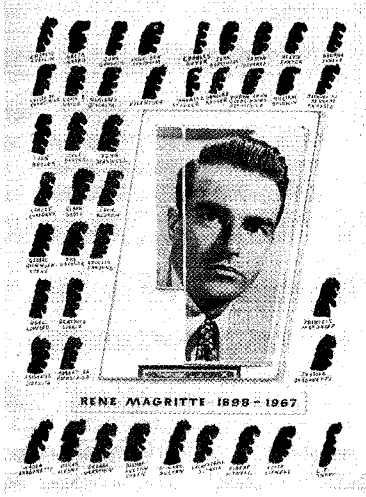
Leopold Gout/Cynthia Roberts—Movies, drawings, and photographs by an emerging Mexican artist/New paintings of mutated horses inspired by the Can Grande tomb of Verona. Through 1/30. Collins, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Peter Hujar and David Wojnarowicz—Photographs and paintings by two artists from New York who were close friends, and briefly lovers, before dying of AIDS-related illnesses; through 2/9. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Retrospective

Ray's Sway

The first formal farewell to the artist Ray Johnson, a Pop progenitor and founder of mail art (what he called the "New York Correspondence School"), took place in April 1995, three months after his death, at the opening of a survey of his collages, drawings, and mail pieces at Richard L. Feigen & Co., the artist's longtime gallery (its vice-president, Frances F. L. Beatty, who organized that exhibit, is now at work on a film about Johnson with Andrew Moore and John Walter). Since then, interest in the enigmatic artist has reached cult proportions—in other words, the timing of "Ray Johnson: Correspondences" (Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Avenue; January 14 through March 21) is nothing short of brilliant.



Peter Plagens/Rupert Deese—New abstract paintings and works on paper/Monochromatic etchings in wave-like patterns. Through 1/27. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

David Rabinowitch—Recent drawings that depict particular views of trees; through 2/5. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Robert Reid—Abstract paintings with collage elements; through 2/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Bradley Rubenstein—Recent paintings and drawings of cats, dogs, and horses; through 1/23. Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Julião Sarmento—New paintings and sculpture; through 1/23. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Chelsea

Alfonse Borysewicz—Paintings that form a chapel structure and interrogate Catholicism; through 1/30. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Michelle Charles/Miguel Angel Rios—Recent photograms of medicine bottles/A twenty-foot-long map of Manhattan replicating each city block using cut-mirror rectangles and an audio piece comprising all the languages spoken in Manhattan. Through 2/6. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Twenty-five new drawings from a series dedicated to the artist's father, which frequently interpret their lives in Chicago; through 1/30. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Gary Hill—Seven single-channel video installations from "Liminal Objects," an ongoing series the artist began in 1995; through 1/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

John Kirchner—Frottage and sculpture constructed from tissue and balsa; through 2/15. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

Zoe Leonard/Rudolf Stingel—Nature photographs of Alaska and Cape Cod that dramatize the clash between urban development and natural rhythms/Cast-aluminum sculptures of manipulated radiators. Through 2/13. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Scott Reeder—Paintings that use deadpan humor to expose the arbitrary nature of naming things; through 2/27. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Jonathan Seliger/Micah Lexier—Three-dimensional works on canvas using a hat motif/Drawings that investigate the passage of time. Through 2/6. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Charles Spurrier/Richard Rezac—"Paintings" made from such nontraditional materials as adhesive tapes, reflective vinyls, plastic beads, and electric lights/Sculptures whose forms are influenced by Japanese ceramics and architecture. Through 1/16. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Shirley Wiitasalo/Moira Dryer—The first U.S. exhibit of a Canadian artist's abstract paintings/Ironic abstract paintings by the late Canadian artist whose work was the subject of a posthumous show at MOMA in 1993. Through 1/23. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St (463-7770).

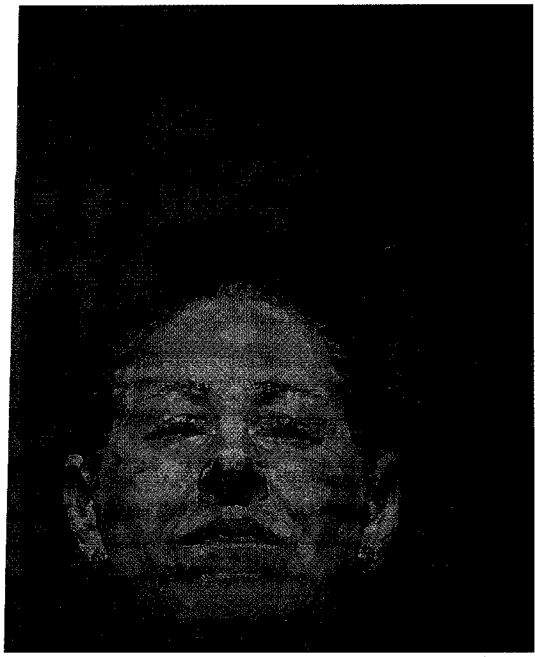
Arnold Zimmerman—New ceramic sculptures; through 2/13. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Other

James Clark—A sculpture-and-light installation; through 1/30. Davies, 23 Commerce St. (243-6842).

Creighton Michael—Paintings from the past four years that explore structural parallels between painting

Photograph courtesy of Richard L. Feigen & Co., Whitney Museum of American Art.



Talent Based on her reflections in a mirror, which are subject to her various manipulations of lighting, hair, and makeup—she can look like several different people without much obvious effort—Susanna Coffey's unnervingly private small-scale paintings of her face aren't so much likenesses as portraits of her states of mind. At Tibor de Nagy, 724 Fifth Avenue; through February 6.

Photograph courtesy of Tibor de Nagy.

and nature; through 1/24. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Elkon—18 E. 81st St. (535-3940). Surrealist works by Arp, Bellmer, Duchamp, Ernst, Man Ray, Tanning, others; through 1/22.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (772-7237). "The American Vasari: William Dunlap and His World," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by American artists who were included in Dunlap's 1834 book *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, among them Cole, Copley, Earle, Trumbull, West; through 1/30.

Knoedler—19 E. 70 St. (794-0550). Epic, large-scale paintings by Gottlieb, Motherwell, and Pousette-Dart; through 1/30.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Synthetic flames, aquatic tapestries, and feathered trees by Kelly Buttolph; varied, often bizarre figures of people and creatures by Rachel Lowther; hyperrealist works by Nicole Pillorge; and Jeff Davis's pounding dance-floor installation; through 1/28.

57th Street Area

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). "The Reflective Image: American Drawings & Watercolors, 1910–1960," an exhibition of works by Romare Bearden, Paul Cadmus, Alexander Calder, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Reginald Marsh, Joseph Stella, Max Weber, others; through 1/30.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Court and Conquest: Ottoman Origins and the Design for Handel's *Tamerlano* at the Glimmerglass Opera." Rare Turkish and Persian illuminated manuscripts, arms and armor, textiles, and jewelry dating from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries juxtaposed with the ensemble of costumes created for Handel's baroque opera by theatrical designer Judy Levin; through 1/23.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "Avoiding Objects," with works by Bolink, Carlson, Fabre, Hamilton, Lipski, Messner, Ray, Roosen, Tudor, others; through 2/6.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Paradise 8," a curatorial experiment in which eight curators will merge initially discrete exhibition zones of works by various artists within the gallery space over a period of three months; 1/16–4/3.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Reconstructed uptown façades by Gozu, conceptual works by Celender, photographs by Monroe, and paintings by Ackerson and Hoelscher; through 2/6.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). "Oldnewtown," an exhibition of works exploring various environments by Althoff, Farquar, Foerster, Kudo, Mackie, Saville, Webb, Weiner, others; through 2/20.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works by Condo, Fonseca, McClelland, Moix, Nares, and Puckette; through 2/13.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Folk art from Texas, by Banks, Dellschau, Gibbs, Kingsbury, Strickland, Tyler, others; through 1/30.

Lombard Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "Urban Romantics, Part II," an exhibition of works by six young painters, photographs by Morrisroe, and a sound installation by Ashizuka and Toporowicz; through 2/18.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "Some Sort of Grace," works by David Wojnarowicz and Peter Hujar; "Fields," works by Margaret Curtis, Jane Fine, and Will Mentor; through 2/6.

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Paintings and works on paper by New York native Parlato, and Los Angeles artists Katano and Reafsnyder; through 2/20.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works by De Beer, Lucas, Tallichet, Torumitsu, Ventura; through 2/6.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Conversation exhibit of sculpture by Clarina Bezzola and drawings and constructions by Amanda Guest, through 1/17; project wall by Merle Temkin and site-specific installation of paintings and drawings by Steve Diehl, through 1/31.

DCA—525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511). "Wintertime," with works by thirteen Danish artists, including Andersen, Brandes, Fomsgaard, Lemmerz, Olrik, others; through 1/23.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Works of art that utilize light in different ways by Biello, Fawcett, Kimmel, Owen, Prisco, others; through 2/13.

Gladstone—Large-scale works by Alighiero e Boetti, Hanne Darboven, and Sol Lewitt; through 2/9.

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (463-9666). Recent works by emerging artists, including Antonson, Childs, Grassie, Ivie, McDonald, Pipman, Stern, Solyrav, others; through 2/6.

Klagsburn—526 W. 26th St. (243-3335). New works by Bronson, Den Hartog, Doig, Hartmann, Massard, and Niedermayr; through 2/6.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Photographs, drawings, and multiples by 30 artists including Baselitz, Beuys, de Kooning, Freud, Goldin, Johns, Moffatt, Richter, Twombly, Warhol, others; through 1/30.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). An exhibition of works by Alexa, Estenger, Krasnow, Lichtenstein, Middlebrook, Nalls, Thomson, and Weyland; through 2/7.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th (807-0563). "The Spirit of Tibet," with illustrations from Peter Sís's book *Tibet: Through the Red Box* and photographs by Steinmann and Wright; through 1/30.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (727-0767). "Plural Speech," with language-centered works by Bing, Elaine, Koorland, Mingwei, and Romberg; through 2/6.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., between Cadman Plaza West and Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights (718-875-4047), Tues.–Fri. 12–5, Sat. 11–4. Works exploring money by Azara, Cummins, Lombardi, Oh, Shales, Zawada, others; through 1/23.

Schomburg Center—515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2200). "Black New York Artists of the Twentieth Century," a retrospective including works of 123 artists, including Bearden, Conwill, Douglas, Feelings, Lawrence, Olugebefola, Ringgold, Woodruff, others; through 3/28.

Photography

Ansel Adams/Edward Weston—Images by two patriarchs of twentieth-century photography; through 1/23. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Photographs by Benedict, Cole, Doherty, Hatoum, and McBride; through 1/30.

Bruce Barnbaum—A 25-year survey of works by a photographer best known for his landscapes of the American West; through 2/20. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Richard Barnes—Black-and-white photographs of the cabin that the Unabomber, Theodore Kaczynski, inhabited in Lincoln, Montana; through 1/30. Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. (627-0974).

Virginia Beahan & Laura McPhee—Photographs from the collaborators' new book, *No Ordinary Land*; through 2/6. Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Stephanie Chernikowski—Photographs of Patti Smith, Sid Vicious, the Ramones, and other members of New York's seventies punk scene; through 1/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Bruce Cratsley—A complete retrospective of a recently deceased New York artist famous for transforming urban areas into magical spaces; through 2/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

William Eggleston—Never-before-seen early color images by a groundbreaking artist whose 1976 exhibition of color photographs at MOMA broke the black-and-white barrier; 1/13–2/27. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Elger Esser—The first American exhibition of color photographs by the German artist; through 2/13. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Neil Folberg—Black-and-white landscape photographs of the Middle East from the artist's recent *Starry Night* series; through 2/20. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211)

Rainer Ganahl—Recent groups of photographs from the artist's "seminar/lecture" series; through 1/30. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Erika Hubatschek/Franz Hubmann—Pastoral images and vintage prints by two prominent Austrian photographers; 1/15–2/20. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051);

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. A photo essay of a Brooklyn teenage gang by Bruce Davidson; through 3/7. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them Come Sunday and Sunset Park; through 3/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits of artists such as Dalí and Joyce; through 1/24.

Kenro Izu—Large-format platinum/palladium prints displayed in conjunction with the release of his new monograph, *Still Life*; through 1/23. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Art Kane—The original photograph of Art Kane's 1958 reunion of jazz greats, *A Great Day in Harlem*, featuring Basie, Blakey, Mingus, Hawkins, Monk, Rollins, others; through 2/20. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

George Krause—A retrospective of works, many toned to his unique purplish blue; through 1/23. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Nicholas Nixon—More than ten years of photographs from the artist's "Family Pictures" series; through 1/23. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Black-and-white images from the fifties by the French fashion photographer Guy Bourdin, and "Cropping and Picture Making," a comparative exhibition of photographs by Kertesz, Man Ray, Weston, and Winogrand; through 3/6.

Charles Pratt—Photographs of New York taken between 1954 and 1969 by an artist best known for his nature photographs; through 1/23. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Beverly Semmes—Recent photographs by an artist who manipulates costumes and strange landscapes to interrogate images of female bodies; through 2/13. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Sandy Skoglund—An installation photograph that playfully integrates jelly beans and thousands of brightly colored silk and Mylar butterflies; through 2/13. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Rörstrand: Swedish Art Nouveau Porcelain From the Schreiber Collection." A rare collection of porcelain produced by Sweden's Rörstrand factory, Europe's second-oldest operating ceramics firm; 1/14–5/23. . . . "Art and Industry: 20th-Century Porcelain From Sèvres." Recent works in porcelain by 40 international artists, architects, and designers created at the Sèvres factory in France; 1/14–5/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through more than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; through 2/14. . . . "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24. . . . "Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn." Wallpaper, carpets, furniture, and ceramic tiles by Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Jean Blackburn, Ron Baron, and Andy Yoder; through 3/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"A Victorian Salon: Paintings From the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth, England." Thirty-five nineteenth-century paintings collected by the British hotelier Merton Russell-Cotes (1835–1921), among them works by Edwin Landseer, Edwin Long, Albert Moore, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti; 1/19–4/17. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work that made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scene-wright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Selections Winter '99." Drawings by Paul Morrison, Perry Roberts, and Richard Wright; through 2/6. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde, 1875–1905." Illustrated books and journals, prints, posters, drawings, shadow puppet silhouettes, and ephemera from the Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers; through 1/16. New York University,

Photography
New Vintage Work

Ellis Island immigrants, Lower East Side tenements, construction work on the Empire State Building, and adults and children at work in factories are some of Lewis Wickes Hine's most enduring images, but the photographer's unsparing documentation of these subjects has yet to be seen in its entirety. "Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years" (Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway; through April 4), with 106 photographs from the museum's collection, including only 10 previously exhibited or published, is a rare chance to appreciate Hine's own labor.

Photograph by Lewis Wickes Hine, courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, comprising works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7. . . . "Light X Eight: The Hanukkah Project." Video projections and light sculptures by eight artists installed in unexpected locations inside and outside the museum; through 1/31/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Dosso Dossi, Court Painter in Renaissance Ferrara." Paintings by the sixteenth-century Italian artist who worked in Ferrara; 1/14–3/28. . . . "Anselm Kiefer: Works on Paper, 1969–1993." A selection of works on paper that offer an overview of the ideas and themes of the first two decades of the German painter's career; through 3/21. . . . "Cubism and Fashion." Cubism-influenced clothing by Madeleine Vionnet, Callot Soeurs, and Gabrielle Chanel, as well as examples of contemporary fashion; through 3/14. . . . "Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926), who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17. . . . "Sacred Visions: Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/17. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine and a Half Won't Do." The first museum retrospective of works by the self-taught African American artist; 1/16–5/16. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2/99. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; through 1/26/99. . . . "Projects 66: Campana/Ingo Maurer." The first American museum exhibition of the furniture of Fernando and Humberto Campana, from São Paulo, Brazil, and the lamps of Ingo Maurer, of Munich Germany; through 1/19. . . . 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Treasures Revealed: 19th- and 20th-Century American Masterworks on Paper From the Collection of the National Academy." Drawings, prints, watercolors, and pastels by Kenyon Cox, Thomas Moran, Paul Landacre, William Trost Richards, and others; through 3/7. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of this East Village artist who died of AIDS in 1992; 1/21–6/20. . . . "Anaida Hernandez: Juegos Ilegales/Illegal Games." Large-scale casino-like games created with interactive installations, paintings, and objects; 1/21–4/11. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20. . . . Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War, and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; through 2/22. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move 3." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 1/31. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17. . . . "Robert Brinker: Nine Lambs (A Flock)"; through 1/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Ray Johnson: Correspondences." The first major museum exhibition of the paintings, drawings, mail art, and sculpture of this artist (1927–1995) who was a progentor of Pop Art; 1/14–3/21...."Duane Hanson: A Survey of His Work From the 30s to the 90s." A retrospective of works by the sculptor (1925–1996) known for his life-size, realistic renderings of ordinary people; through 2/28. . . . "Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8). Note: the museum will be open Tues. Dec. 12 and Tues. Dec. 29 from 11–6; on Thurs. Dec. 25 and Thurs. Dec. 31 museum will be open from 1–6.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 1/15 at 2: "John Gordon Collection of American Folk Art." On view from 1/9. 1/16 at 10 and 2: "The Collection of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Britton, Rugs, Porcelain, and American Furniture." On view from 1/9. 1/19 at 10 and 2: "John Gordon Collection of American Folk Art." On view from 1/9.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/13 at 10: "Americana." On view from 1/9. 1/19 at 10: "European Furniture and Silver." On view from 1/16.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 1/21 at 10:30: "American and European Furniture, Decorations, and Silver." On view from 1/15.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/14 and 1/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana Art." On view from 1/13. 1/17 at 12: "American Art." On view from 1/9. 1/19 at 10:15 and 2: Furniture & Decorations." On view from 1/13. 1/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Chinese Exports." On view from 1/16.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/14 at 10:30: "Travel & Exploration." On view from 1/11.

restaurants

Killer Cereal...Ruby Foo's...Fresh Figs

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

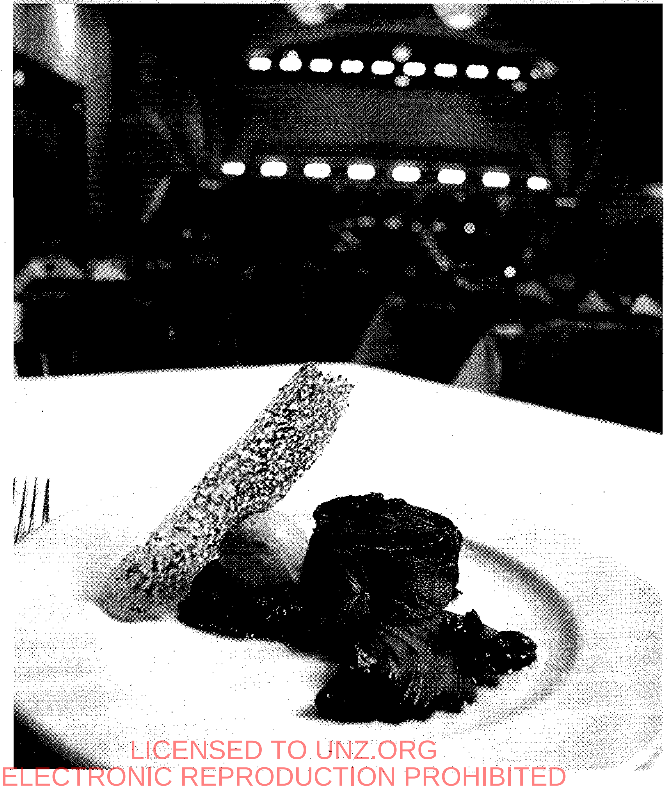
Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

S.O.B.'s—Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean, and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and

Object of Desire
Gingerbread Woman

Crisps and cobblers notwithstanding, it's hard to pull off a wintertime fruit dessert. This brutal season requires heft, substance, and the sort of strong, piquant flavors that JUdson Grill's upside-down pear gingerbread provides in abundance. New pastry chef Ann-Michele Andrews roasts juicy Bartletts with butter and brown sugar till they drip, then drowns them in spicy gingerbread batter and garnishes the flipped cake with caramel ice cream, cranberry compote, and pears poached in compote juice. (152 West 52nd Street; 582-5252.)



Photograph by Liz Steger.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American sCB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Screening Room—You don't need to be a cineast to love this cool, comfortable restaurant, with its velvet curtains and high ceilings, but it helps. The adjacent movie theater runs a terrific program of independent and foreign films. The restaurant repertoire, however, is creative American: Pan-fried artichokes, cedar-planked salmon, and lemon-caramel icebox cake are a few of the standouts. *54 Varick St. (334-2100). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierrot—Another newcomer to the East Village's United Nations of flavors, this creatively decorated bistro offers a Med-Caribbean menu in a space meant to evoke a North African carnival. Plantain-crusted calamari, duck-confit quesadilla, and yellowfin-tuna au poivre with tomatillo dressing exemplify the fusion fare. Dinner served until 2 A.M. *28 Ave. B (673-1999). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan nightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

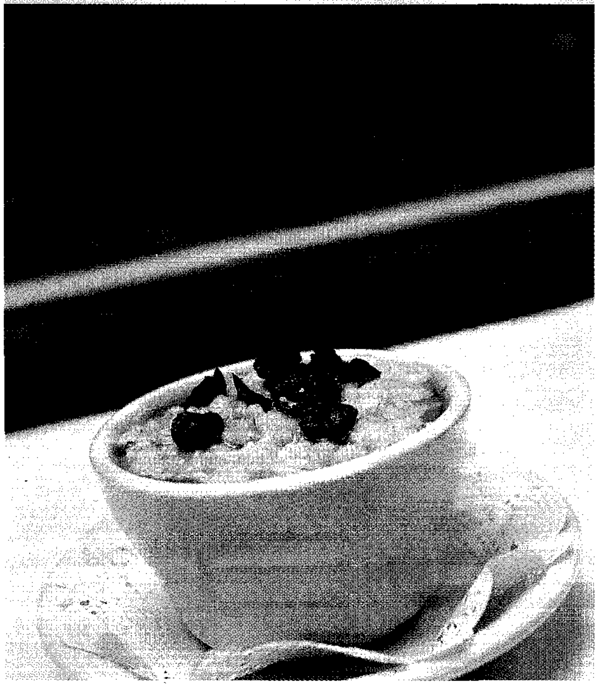
An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cake with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Takeout As a wholesome, warming alternative to the typical New York breakfast of bagel-on-the-run, homespun oatmeal has become a staple at such high-style takeout canteens as City Bakery, Sandbox, even the Hale and Hearty soup chain. We're especially fond of the nutty flavor and smooth texture of the version at Bread & Butter, where the talented short-order cooks doctor Quaker instant with brown sugar, maple syrup, milk, and butter, along with optional mix-ins like raisins and dried cranberries. (229 Elizabeth Street; 925-7600.)



Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

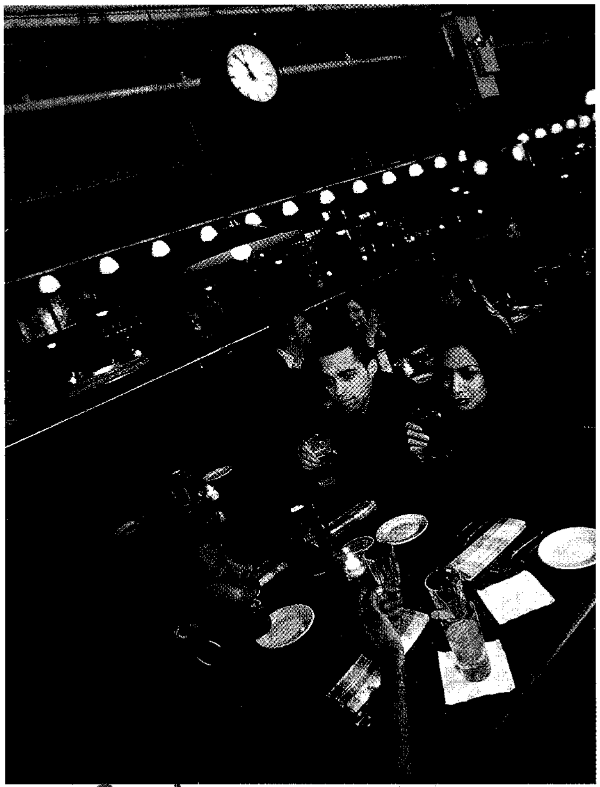
Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted

Photograph by Liz Steger.



Photograph by Duane Winfield.

Opening

Emerging Markt

What with the profusion of chic new art galleries and luxury apartment buildings, the dingy, ramshackle meatpacking district is undergoing something of an identity crisis, exacerbated by the arrival of Markt, a Belgian bistro specializing in—of all things—seafood. Belgium's renowned preparations of lobster, mussels, waterzooi (stews), and fries—plus a terrific selection of Belgian beers and Callebaut chocolates—are served in a spacious room done up in dark wood, wall and floor tiles, and salvaged architectural antiques. (401 West 14th Street; 727-3314.)

ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aperitivo—This midtown standby has served its homemade pasta, veal chops, and other Northern Italian staples for a quarter-century. Business attire preferred. *29 W. 56th St. (765-5155). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $41; for $55 you can sample an all-fish tasting menu. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Ital-

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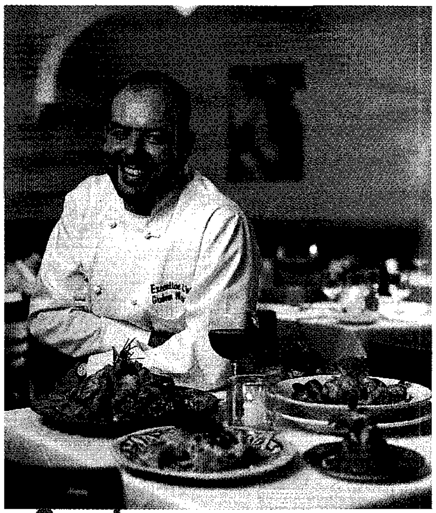


Opening A New Leaf

For his second venture, local hero Gus Theodoro of Greenwich Village's venerable Gus' Place has tackled a new neighborhood and a broader, less strictly Greek definition of Mediterranean cuisine. At Figs—both an acronym for "French, Italian, and Greek specialties" and a declaration of the owner's passion for the fruit—chef Graham Meyerson (above) turns out such rib-sticking, full-flavored, fig-garnished comfort food as braised lamb shank over bread pudding with goat cheese and pine nuts, clay-pot-braised chicken with apricots and polenta, and kakavia, a Greek bouillabaisse. If you're cruising West Chelsea galleries, catching a movie at the multiplex or a show at the Garden, make a reservation; if you're racing to Penn Station or a reserved court at Midtown Tennis across the street, grab a sandwich at the adjacent Figlettes, which opened last week. (250 West 27th Street; 352-8822.)

ian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.98 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tino's.com—This duplex Italian restaurant, done up in an unusual blend of Victorian and modern styles, provides a welcome respite from Fifth Avenue's crazed shopping scene. The Northern Italian menu offers an array of risotti, and the wine list is extensive. *40 W. 56th St. (262-9300). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

es Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

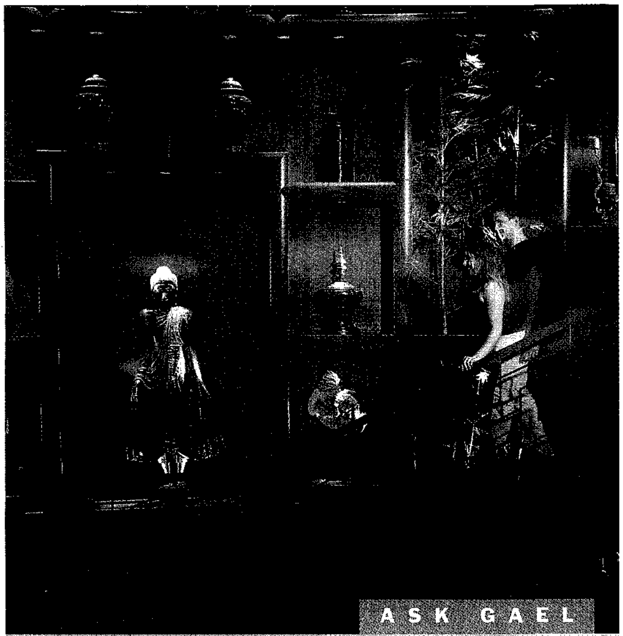
Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Soirée d'Asie—The family behind this graciously elegant Vietnamese restaurant on one of the Upper East Side's most charming blocks has already established a stronghold in Connecticut. The Manhattan branch is more upscale, but serves a similar mix of classic and contemporary dishes like spring rolls, curries, and special soups. *156 E. 64th St. (421-7899). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and



Is that the ghost of Ruby Foo's?

Scene-snatchers and midnight idlers will bask in the drama of the black stairway with its beckoning red wall that leads to the sushi bar at Ruby Foo's. It's the Great Wall reexamined, stuffed with antique Asian booty. The spiffy, high-flying duplex, with its mah-jongg-tiled bar, flea-market Buddhas, and calligraphy-tattooed tabletops, could signal a renaissance for this Zip Code. If only the fusion eats live up to the stage set. I persuaded owner Stephen Hanson to do a preview tasting in the kitchen—shrimp shu mei, an Asian chopped salad needing a little something, the best spicy Thai soup I've ever tasted, and sensational tamarind-glazed ribs. Eventually, brunch will bring dim sum on carts (including mini egg foo yong). Reserve now for the January 20 opening. (2182 Broadway, near 77th Street; 724-6700.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

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Smart City *continued from page 57*

($12 to $25, unadorned) are grilled, South American–style, on an enormous parrilla. The holdover Arizona margarita is offered alongside more geographically relevant cocktails like pisco sours, caipirinhas, and mojítos; they're best accompanied by an assortment of $5 piqueos, snacks like escabeche (pickled vegetables) and papas rellenas (potato croquettes stuffed with smoked tomatoes and beef). Seviche comes five ways, made with tuna, sea bass, octopus, oysters, or fluke. Lobster and chicken soups are hearty and comforting, studded with tubers and grains. But starch finds its delectable apotheosis in sides like yuca gratin, ñame pancakes, and crisp onion rings fried in a chili-spiced batter. We're hard-pressed to find anything particularly Latino about the chocolate-ganache cake with laurel ice cream, but that's not a complaint. For a more thematic ending, try the pineapple-cassava cake with pisco-raisin ice cream, or the miniature anise doughnuts with dulce de leche ice cream.

CAMPO

89 Greenwich Avenue
691-8080

If doughnuts do it for you, don't miss the fresh, hot sour-cream-orange variety at Campo. In fact, don't miss Campo at all. The homey, unassuming West Village storefront serves the best food we sampled for this pan-Latino roundup, and it's not even technically pan-Latino. Chef-owner Steven Picker prefers the designation "country cuisine of the Americas," which gives him lots of latitude to include such satisfying Middle Americana as fried-green-tomato-and-arugula salad with buttermilk dressing, and the kind of country-kitchen brunch specials (buttermilk biscuits, pumpernickel waffles with smoked salmon) you'd expect from the former executive chef of Sarabeth's. But Picker's just as successful with Latin American comfort food like sancocho ($17), a hearty Colombian chicken stew dense with tubers, corn on the cob, and avocado, accompanied by kernel-studded corn arepas and sublime white rice. The wine list, with a dozen bottles priced between $19 and $37, ranges geographically from a Chilean Pinot Noir to a Finger Lakes Riesling, and the Latin American cocktails are exceedingly generous. Campo—open, happily, for breakfast, brunch, and dinner—is one of those sweet, home-away-from-home places where inspired food (both Nuevo Latino and old-fashioned American) and casual atmosphere conspire to make regulars out of first-time visitors. And that's a theme we can relate to. ■

dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). Also, 470 Sixth Ave., nr. 11th St. (243-2222). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sesumi—The neighborhood relies on this comfortable, brick-walled sushi parlor to satisfy all raw-fish cravings. Try one of the combo boxes. *1649 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (879-1024). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar & Grill—This wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center offers a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mughlai—This longtime casual Upper West Sider predates the current mania for Indian fusion, sticking with such tried-and-true subcontinental specialties as tandoori chicken and keema nan. *320 Columbus Ave., at 75th St. (724-6363). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Horowitz *continued from page 45*

up in a four-bedroom Cape on Pompeii Avenue in very middle-class Hollis, Queens. He wasn't the son of a three-term governor, a potential presidential candidate, and a possible Supreme Court justice. The Mario Cuomo who was his father wasn't a liberal icon with breathtaking oratorical skills. He was, for most of Andrew's upbringing, a Brooklyn lawyer who, despite finishing at the top of his class at St. John's, was too swarthy, too Italian to get a job at one of Manhattan's top-flight law firms. Cuomo learned about discrimination and fairness at home. He also learned about race and diversity as a kid in Hollis.

Partly because of his youth, however (he was only 25 when he played a key role in his father's first campaign for governor), and partly because he's often seen as a tough, unbending hard-ass, his interest in the poor and the homeless has often been viewed with suspicion. The rap has been that he's an opportunist and these issues are simply a way to advance himself.

"I really believe he wants to be governor," says a Cuomo confidant.

The record, however, says otherwise. In 1986, fresh from guiding his father to a landslide victory in his run for a second term as governor, Cuomo founded an organization called Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged (HELP). Started initially to simply provide housing for homeless people at a reasonable cost (remember, those were the days when the city was paying $36,000 a year to put people up in hellish places like the Hotel Martinique on Broadway at 32nd Street), HELP quickly became the largest provider of services for homeless people in the country. (It's run today by Andrew's sister Maria.)

Then Cuomo moved on to HUD, first as an assistant to Henry Cisneros; then, two years ago, when Cisneros left, President Clinton appointed Cuomo his Housing secretary. He took over HUD at a time when there was significant sentiment in Congress to abolish the agency altogether.

HUD was, of course, the icon for a generation of failed liberal programs, viewed as the embodiment of everything that was wrong with big government. Was there anyone who thought public housing had been done well? That the billions of tax dollars had been spent wisely? To understand what a mess HUD was when Cuomo took over, consider this: HUD owns or subsidizes more than 30,000 properties nationwide, but until recently there wasn't even a list of the addresses. Not to mention that inspections were virtually nonexistent and there was no effective apparatus to police abuses.

Cuomo's agenda is the vindication of progressive politics, and he believes the agency's disgraceful reputation can work to his advantage; i.e., if you can fix HUD, you can fix anything. "The case for progressive politics is not hard to make," he said. "It's a case people want to believe. It's the Judeo-Christian tradition. It's opportunity for all. It's community, it's sharing, it's *e pluribus unum.* It's what this nation was all about. You don't have to sell those principles. Who doesn't want to reach out and help their neighbor?

"But what we've done is, we've created this hindrance to their receptivity with failed programs. The American people now say, 'You took my good intentions and you took my tax dollars and you made things worse.' So now it's all about competence and results. The people now have to see solutions. And I can only prove that case here. Legislation is just another promise."

Though Cuomo has demonstrated significant skill working on Capitol Hill—he managed to secure HUD's largest budget in more than a decade last year in the middle of the partisan food fight taking place in Congress—he seems by temperament much better suited for an executive position than for that of a legislator.

Mayor Giuliani has the same problem. After you've managed thousands of people and billions of dollars, and had the authority to make things actually happen—to create "product," as Cuomo calls it—where exactly is the thrill in being a legislator? In making a speech on the floor of the Senate that gets broadcast on C-Span?

And in fact, those closest to Cuomo believe that he will run for governor of New York in 2002. This move would accomplish several key things. Not only does it give him time to honor his commitments (and be a hero in the process), but it also gives him time to mend a few fences. Whatever hard feelings he may have created when he ran his father's campaigns—he could be extremely tough on Mario's behalf—he can mend when he travels the state campaigning for Gore. (Maturity and accomplishment free him, to a great extent, from having to use his elbows as much as he used to.) He may even believe that as governor he could somehow continue or complete his father's work—but as a new Democrat focusing on results.

"We knew he wanted to come back home and run for something," says one of his confidants. "The only question was whether this was the time to do it. Passing on the Senate seat leaves two possibilities—mayor and governor—and I really believe he wants to be governor."

DESPITE ALL THE CHANGES CUOMO HAS MADE at HUD—from involving the Justice Department and the FBI in enforcement to replacing the 89 different, incompatible computer systems with one—his impact is perhaps best seen in the field.

So on a cold, clear day in Washington last week, he slipped on a blue parka emblazoned with the Housing and Urban Development logo and walked out of the enormous HUD building and into a waiting Suburban. His goal was to show me evidence of HUD's new reality. His destination was Valley Wind, a decrepit twenty-unit housing project in Anacostia, a neighborhood ten minutes from the Capitol where every house has bars on the windows and doors.

The condition of the project was disgraceful: walls and floors rotted from water leaks; exposed electrical wires; apartments with gas leaks; filth and signs of vermin infestation. In the past, the subsidized project would simply have had its funding contract renewed. But six months ago, HUD began a program of regular inspections. It has even developed a handheld computer (a DCD, or data-collection device) and a piece of software for inspectors. No longer does the inspector have to guess—if he ever went out at all—what he should be looking at and how it ought to be judged.

Though the outing is essentially a photo op, it's effective. On the second floor of the building, in the small $600-a-month, two-bedroom apartment of Marie Robertson, you do get a sense that HUD has begun again to help people. After months of battling the landlord in court over issues like a persistent gas leak in her kitchen, Robertson now has a place to turn for help. When Cuomo finished following her around the apartment, looking at its deficiencies, he made small talk, then went to shake her hand and say good-bye. The woman leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"You know," Cuomo said as he settled back into his seat in the Suburban, "it was never the goals that were the problem. Yes, we failed in the past and we need to admit that. But admitting the mistakes," he said, as the Capitol building came into view, "doesn't mean you give up the fight. It only means you need to work harder and find a way that works to produce results." ▬

nightlife

Concerts

Acezantez and Mark Dresser—The Croatian new-music ensemble puts its collective head together with bassist Dresser and his group of New York notables. The program includes new works by Dresser, plus material from four Eastern European composers. 1/14 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $10.*

"Cry, Cry, Cry"—Four of the finest, smartest, and most tuneful singer-songwriters around—Dar Williams, Lucy Kaplansky, Richard Shindell, and Ron Sexsmith—recently teamed up for an excellent new album of the same name as this concert. Now experience the magic live. 1/17 at 7:30. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25–$32.50.*

"Jackson Pollock's Jazz"—Jazz at MOMA. Shows at 5:30 and 7. 1/14: Chuck Folds and Friends. 1/15: Marty Grosz and Orphan Newsboys. *11 W. 53rd St. (780-9480). Tickets price included in price of museum admission: $6.50–$9.50 (Fri. 4:30–8:30 P.M: pay as you wish).*

B. B. King—Immediately before beginning a week at the Blue Note, the guitarist brings his big, brassy, smoking outfit to the Garden State for a big-room warm-up. Not that he needs it: At 73, King is still on the road close to 300 days a year, wringing sweetly mournful sounds out of his trusty axe, Lucille, and breaking hearts the world over. 1/16 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $28–$46.*

Kronos Quartet With Foday Musa Suso—The avant-garde string players of Kronos team up with Gambian vocalist, *kora* player, and drummer Suso for a night of intense cultural exchange. 1/16 at 7:30. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $35.*

"Music of the Jewish Mystics"—Klezmer great Andy Statman and his quartet play a set of *nigunnim*—mystical melodies in the Hasidic tradition. Blazing with the sound-sheet intensity of late-period Coltrane, the music is likely to transport even the least faithful in the audience. 1/16 at 8:30. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $25.*

Max Roach's Tribute to Martin Luther King Jr.—With So What Brass Quintet, John Motley's Children's Choir, and the Cathedral's combined choirs. 1/17 at 11 A.M. *Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave. (265-2624). Free.*

Clark Terry & Carol Sloane—The title of this show—"Songs Louis & Ella Sang"—is a little odd. Armstrong & Fitzgerald, after all, tackled virtually the entire American songbook, Gershwin, the Berlins, etc. But the stars of the show are as formidable and lovely performers as you could ask for, so it promises to swing. 1/14 at 8. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. between Park Row and Gold St. (346-1715). $17.50–$20.*

Sweet Honey in the Rock—1/17 at 2. *Washington Irving High School, 40 Irving Place at 16th St. (274-1948). $12–$14.*

Billy Taylor's "Jazz Models and Mentors" With Etta Jones—Along with Chip Jackson and Steve Johns, the ever-dapper Dr. Taylor backs up vocalist Jones in an edifying—and electrifying, uptown set. 1/14 at 7. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, Grace Rainey Auditorium, 1000 Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949). $25.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/13: Scout. 1/15: Battershell. 1/16: Richard X Heyman; Perforated Head. 1/19: Lit Plastic. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/12: Michael McClure; Ray Manzarek. 1/15–1/16: Jorma Kaukonen; Merl Saunders. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 1/7: Illuminati. 1/9: Vic Chesnutt; Lambchop. 1/11–1/12: Black Crowes. 1/13–1/17: Medeski Martin & Wood. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 1/12: Flu Thirteen. 1/13: This Island Earth; Mark Rosenthal. 1/15: Erratics. 1/16: Wanna. *161 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—1/15: New United Monster Show. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/12: Woof. 1/13: Moose & Bulletproof Blues Band. 1/14: Randy Lippincott. 1/15–1/16: Son Seals. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 1/10: Earth Crisis. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Connolly's—Saturdays: Black 47 gets the Irish folks (and those who love them) pogoing with Celtic glee. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 1/15: Cowboy Junkies. 1/19: Fear Factory; System of a Down; Spineshank. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—1/12: New-music ensemble Sequitur spices up your cerebellum with "Songs of Sex and Solitude." The program features numbers by such well known boudoir-crooners as Thomas Adès, Matthew Tierney, and Dave Soldier. 1/13: Marc Ribot, solo; Judy Silvano Quartet. 1/14: Joseph Arthur; Oren Bloedow. 1/15–1/16: James Blood Ulmer. 1/18: Ken Schaphorst; Uri Caine. 1/19: Wharton Tiers Ensemble. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 1/12: Big Carl. 1/13: Dana Fuchs. 1/14–1/15: Hiram Bullock; Will Lee; Clint De Ganon. 1/16: Lonnie Youngblood. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 1/14: Wild Carnation; Candy Jones. 1/15: Section 8; Alexi Lalas; Spring. 1/16: X; American Standard; Snuka. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and

Performance

The Kronosphere

The ever-riveting Kronos Quartet teams up with Mandingo griot (and frequent avant-garde collaborator) Foday Musa Suso for an intercontinental summit of epic proportions. New Jersey Performing Arts Center, January 16 (see "Concerts").

Photograph by Caroline Greyshock.

Photograph courtesy of the Frank Driggs Collection.

Performance

The Great Duke

It's not every year that America's most original (and arguably its best) composer and bandleader turns 100. So Jazz at Lincoln Center is pulling out all the stops for The Ellington Centennial, giving over the final six months of this season to Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington. The nineteen separate programs—concerts by Sir Roland Hanna, Tommy Flanagan, John Lewis, and the New York Philharmonic; a performance by the New York City Ballet; and numerous lectures, panel discussions, and screenings—kick off in appropriately high (and nostalgic) style on January 14. At "Happy Reunion—Memories of Duke," Ellington vets including Louis Bellson, John Lamb, and Aaron Bell reminisce at Alice Tully Hall about their swinging—and exacting—former leader, then retire upstairs to the Kaplan Penthouse for a roof-raising jam session. Just hope Duke approves of what he hears. (See "Concerts.")

country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/13: Iguanas. 1/14: Double Wide; D Davis. 1/15: Faith; Leslie Nuss. 1/17: King Missile. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/17: Gil Scott-Heron's annual Martin Luther King Jr. birthday concert; Spearhead principal Michael Franti. 1/18: Pucho & His Latin Soul Brothers. 1/29: Funk Kin! *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Shine—Every Tuesday night, live drum-and-bass outfit Nerve kicks the fluttering beats and deep sounds. *285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. 1/15: Yallopin' Hounds. 1/16: Big Tubba Mista. 1/22: Yallopin' Hounds. 1/23: Delegates. 1/29: Swingerhead. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 1/15: NRBQ. 1/16: Chuck Brown; Soul Searchers; Funkmob 420. 1/17: KRS-1; Blackmoon. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 1/12: Acoustic Junction; Domestic Problems. 1/13: Roots. 1/14: Yolk; Mudcat Jones; Push Stars; Earth to Andy. 1/15: Seeking Homer; Granian; Spinoza. 1/16: Amfibian; F-Hole. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244)* $.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/11–1/13: Brian Blade Fellowship; Danilo Perez Trio. 1/14: Bob Dorough Quartet. 1/15–1/16: Marcus Printup Quartet. 1/18: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra; Lew Tabackin. 1/19: Gil Evans Orchestra. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 1/12–1/14: The smoky-voiced Cassandra Wilson comes in for a tantalizing three-night stand. See her now, before the hoopla around her next album (out in March) kicks into high gear and you can only catch her at Lincoln Center. 1/15–1/16: Dianne Reeves. 1/17–1/18: Back in the early fifties, alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson apprenticed with Charlie Parker—and he still has several Bird riffs in his repertoire to show for it. But backed by inimitably funky organist Lonnie Smith and a crack rhythm section, Donaldson continues to be the real deal. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/12–1/17: Ron Carter Quintet with Houston Person. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30. $5 cover. 1/15: George Masso. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Tues.–Thurs. at 9 and 11, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 1/12–1/16: Javon Jackson Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. 1/7, and alternate Thursdays in February, Blues Eyes afficionado Cary Hoffman and the Stan Rubin Orchestra present "Sinatra: The Best of the Fifties." $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Savoy Lounge—Nestled beneath the Port Authority Bus Terminal, this truly funky soul-jazz joint features sawdust on the floor, cheap beer in bottles, and a Hammond organ in the corner. $3–$7 cover; no minimum. *355 W. 41st. St. (947-5255). $.*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked jams and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/12–1/17: Don Byron. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 1/13: Gabriel Zagni; Felix Sanabria. 1/14: Leonid Soybelman. 1/15: Peter Scherer; Dougie Bowne. 1/16: Melvin Gibbs. 1/17: Yale Strom; Hot Pastrami. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/12–1/17: Playing under the heading Trio Fascination, Joe Lovano, Idris Muhammed, and Cameron Brown give up the hard-bop goods. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Sundays: Joe Coleman and Bob Albanese. Mondays: Sol Yaged Combo. Tuesdays: Kendra Shawk; Frank Kimbrough; Dean Johnson. 1/13–1/16: Kyle Eastwood Quintet. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. 1/14–1/17: Michael Colyar. 1/19: Doctor Dre. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Vil-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Opening

Back to the Present

"When we opened Polly Esther's," says Tim Ouellette, "we were really into the seventies thing." Good thing, too. The nostalgia-happy theme disco, which started on West 8th Street eight years ago, has expanded into a national operation, with branches in fourteen cities, from Denver to Boca Raton. But something about all those jaundiced smiley faces and beaded curtains didn't sit quite right with Ouellette, 31, and his 33-year-old partner, Bobby Watman. "We realized we didn't actually *live* that stuff," says Watman. Now, even as we stand on the brink of the millennium, the clean-cut nightlife impresarios are poised to unveil their newest inspiration: Culture Club, whose murals of early-vintage Madonna, assorted Brat Packers, and Boy George (naturally) are designed to inspire near-fatal levels of high-school nostalgia in its Gen-X clientele. When the 10,000-square-foot club opens on January 14 in the west SoHo space (179 Varick Street) once occupied by notorious eighties hot spot Heartbreak, it will also offer such attractions as the "Donald Trump VIP room," the Prince-inspired (and they do mean *Prince*) "Purple Rain dance floor," oversize Rubik's Cubes and New Coke cans, and—most impressive of all—an actual DeLorean, parked right next to the bar. That's all well and good. But with the current decade nearly over, and the newest crop of twentysomethings barely able to recall even the *eighties*, isn't it time to start planning ahead for even fresher nostalgia objects? In a word, yes. The D.C. branch of Polly Esther's has become a cultural-research lab, explains Ouellette: "We just started 'DVD Nineties' Saturdays." At this rate, we'll be getting nostalgic for the *future* before we know it. **ETHAN SMITH**

lage coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 1/1–1/10: Greg Giraldo; Louie CK; Tom Papa; Dave Attell. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1/11–1/17: John Rizzo; Carie Karavas; Jerry Diner; Richie Byrne; Quentin Heggs; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/15–1/16: Rob Magnotti; Tony Woods; Elon Gold. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30. 1/13–1/20: "Funniest Gay or Lesbian of the Millennium Contest." 1/15–1/16: Gregg Rogell; Vanessa Hollingshead; Todd Barry; Keith Robinson; William Stephenson. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through 1/15: Buddy Greco. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through February, the inimitable Eartha Kitt is in for her annual six-week run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Clementine—"Swoon." Phoebe Legere and Swingalicious perform at "Swoon Sundays." Sundays at 8 and 10:30. *1 Fifth Ave. (253-0003).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Through January: Blossom Dearie. $20, plus $15 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Duplex Cabaret—Thursdays and Saturdays, 1/16–2/27: Lorinda Lisitza's "Daddy's Girl." *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Show starts at 8. 1/11–1/12: Tim Draxl. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Through 1/22: K. T. Sullivan. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Joe's Pub—Mondays, 1/11–1/25: John Bucchino and David Campbell's "Sweet Dreams." $25. *425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-on show has been extended into an open-ende run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral an Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eight year running. Sets at 9 and 11. $25 cove Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat.; $15 cove Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Westbeth Theatre—1/19–2/23: Kate Clinton i "Correct Me If I'm Right." Tues.–Sat. *151 Ban St. (307-4100). $20–$35.*

Bars

Alligator Alley—Jägermeister on tap and Billy Joel' "Only the Good Die Young" blasting on the jukebox while a gaggle of twentysomething womer dressed for bed by themselves in leggings anc oversize sweatshirts sing along. *485 Amsterdan Ave., at 84th St. (873-5810).*

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Avenue B Social Club—Owned by Eric "Roscoe" Ambel (and just down the street from the musician's other bar, the Lakeside Lounge), this cozy, two-floor joint is the perfect place to down a Brooklyn wheat beer and kick your feet up. The music—always free—ranges from the excellent (pianist and downtown stalwart Matt Shipp is a regular) to the irritating (Unabomber look-alike Reverend Vince Anderson's Sunday-night sets are eminently skippable). But no matter who's on the bill, the jukebox is among the best in the city. *99 Ave. B, between 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511). $.*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Call it Baltimore in Manhattan: Tattoos everywhere, cheap drinks all night, and inexplicably charming theme décor make this one of the surest bets in an increasingly Upper West Side-ish neighborhood. *231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).*

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).*

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge secreted away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. *1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).*

9C—The unassuming neighborhood hang has buckled under the weight of Alphabet City saloon practice, changing its name from Barcode to the more efficient, if less imaginative, intersection handle. Fortunately, all its charms are still intact: fire-breathing bartenders, bluegrass, tipsy Pratt students, and—Monday nights—gritty electro-country star Greg Garing. *700 E. 9th St. (no phone). $.*

Photograph by Evan Kafka.

in concert

Baryshnikov at St. Mark's Church

Classical Music

Wednesday, January 13

Parnassus—Performs works by Constant, Dusapin, Hersant, and Kurtág, with soprano Susan Narucki. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Thursday, January 14

Bargemusic—Performances of Mozart's Sonata for Violin and Piano in G major, Copland's Fantasy for Piano, and Brahms's Piano Trio in C major. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Billy Taylor Trio—A jazz concert with guest vocalist Etta Jones. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (650-3949), at 7; $30.*

Friday, January 15

Takács Quartet—Performs Haydn's Quartet in F major, Bartók's Quartet No. 3, and Dvořák's Quartet in E-flat major. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $35.*

Chamber Music Society—Violinist Pamela Frank, pianist Peter Serkin, cellist Fred Sherry, and clarinetist David Shifrin perform works by Haydn, Lieberson, Takemitsu, and Bach. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

Great Performers/New Visions—A performance of *Moondrunk*, a chamber music–dance theater work centered around Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire.* With pianist Sarah Rothenberg, soprano Lucy Shelton, violinist Guillermo Figueroa, John Kelly and Dancers, and others. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (875-5937), at 8; $20–$30.*

Saturday, January 16

Quartet Sine Nomine—Performs Haydn's Quartet in C, Shoeck's Quartet No. 2 in C, and Brahms's Piano Quintet in F minor, with pianist Philippe Bianconi. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $25.*

Great Performers/New Visions—See 1/15.

Sunday, January 17

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Carter, Lutoslawski, Dallapiccola, and Berio, as part of the Great Performers Series. Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5937), at 3; $18–$45.*

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs Stabat Maters by Verdi, Szymanowski, and Poulenc. Robert Shaw, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20–$85.*

Garrick Olssohn, Piano—Performs Bach/Liszt's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Liszt's Sonata in B minor, and Bach's *Goldberg Variations. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $35.*

Chamber Music Society—See 1/15, at 5.

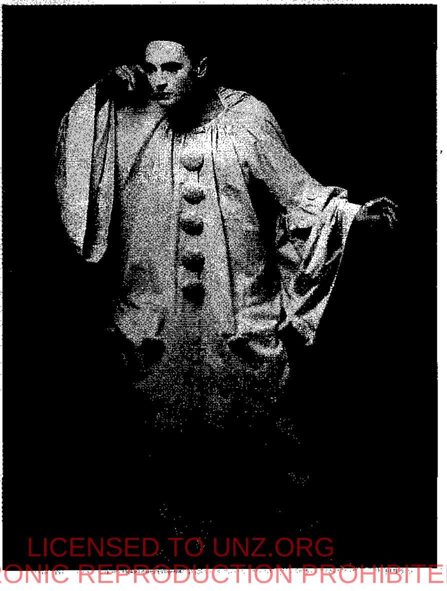
Bargemusic—See 1/14, at 4.

Previews

Dancing on the Moon

John Kelly (pictured) first learned about Pierrot, a character played by the nineteenth-century mime Deburau, from Marcel Carné's film *Children of Paradise.* "When I saw that film, I was in art school, and I went home and cut up my sheets and made a costume," he remembers. "I feel destined to play this character." Since that first encounter, he has had what he calls a "sporadic relationship" with Pierrot, performing a short piece about him at the Pyramid Club and, more recently, re-creating several period photographs of the original performer. Now he has the opportunity to fully flesh out the role in *Moondrunk,* the first work in Lincoln Center's New Visions series. Inspired by Arnold Schoenberg's expressionistic chamber work *Pierrot Lunaire, Moondrunk* was conceived by pianist Sarah Rothenberg, who wanted to present the piece "beyond the conventions of the concert hall." Kelly, whose past work has ranged from lip-synching Maria Callas in punk drag to performing staged incarnations of Barbette, Jean Cocteau, and Joni Mitchell, has created choreography and staging for *Moondrunk* that dwells in the territory where dance, theater, and performance art meet. His genre-hopping makes Kelly particularly suited to play Pierrot, who himself inhabits a surreal and amorphous world—one he hopes audiences will be drawn to, even if they don't quite understand it. "It's about getting people to forget who they are, what they've been doing," he explains, "and taking them on a journey."

NICK MEYER



Photograph by John Dugdale.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Monday, January 18

National Festival Orchestra—Performs Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6, Lukas Foss, conductor. Also performing, the New England Symphonic Ensemble, the Midwinter Children's Choral Festival, and other choral groups. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$65.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 1/12 at 8 and 1/16 at 1:30; Janáček's *Káta Kabanová,* 1/13 and 1/16 at 8; Strauss's *Die Fledermaus,* 1/14 at 8; Massenet's *Werther,* 1/15 at 8; and Puccini's *La Bohème,* 1/18 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Perform *Ruddigore,* 1/14 at 7, 1/15 at 8, 1/16 at 3 and 8, and 1/17 at 3. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $25–$45.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—Performs *Monumentum Pro Gesualdo, Le Tombeau de Couperin, Les Gentilhommes,* and other repertory works, 1/12–1/15 at 8, 1/16 at 2 and 8, and 1/17 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $10–$80.*

Mikhail Baryshnikov—Performs Tamasaburo Bando's *Dance With Three Drums and Flute* and works by Neil Greenberg and Mark Morris to benefit Dancers Responding to AIDS, 1/12 at 7:30. *St. Mark's Church, Second Ave at 10th St. (840-0770, ext. 273); $1,000.*

Altogether Different—Performances of new works by Sally Silvers, H. T. Chen, and Lisa Giobbi, 1/12–1/15 at 8, 1/16 at 2 and 8, and 1/17 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $18.*

Sachiyo Ito & Company—Performs classical and modern Japanese dances, 1/15–1/17 at 8. *Joyce Soho, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $17.*

Hit & Run Festival—Dance Theater Workshop presents a series of evenings of experimental dance and theater performances by Jenny Bass, Jim Neu, Josephina Baez, and others, 1/13–1/16 at 8. *Bessie Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12–$20.*

Meredith Monk & Vocal Ensemble—Performs "A Celebration Service," a program combining dance, choral music, and elements of worship rituals with religious texts and poems, 1/12–1/17 at 8:30. *St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (674-8194); $20.*

Moiseyev Dance Company—Performs traditional dances from around the world, 1/13 and 1/14 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $25–$55.*

the mix

Vincent Patrick...Funny Canadians

John Leonard's TV Notes

The PJs (starting 1/12; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; Fox) is a new "foamation" (instead of "animation") series in which computer-enhanced puppets pretend to be the black denizens of a big-city housing project, with Eddie Murphy as the voice of Thurgood, the busybody super who seems to think of himself as a combination of Ed Koch and Teddy Kollek, while whisking us through an excess of gun, graffiti, shopping cart, and toilet jokes. Amazing, really—although you only have to see it once.

Family of Cops III (1/12; 9–11 P.M.; CBS) brings back Charles Bronson as the widowed patriarch of a Milwaukee family consisting mostly of cops (Joe Penny, Sebastian Spence, Nicole deBoer) but including, as if to compensate, one public defender (Barbara Williams) plus a police squeeze for Chuck (Kim Weeks). In this third outing, the domestic dynamics are nicely observed, the murder investigation that will lead to a laundering-of-drug-money conspiracy is reasonably absorbing, the acting is above average even if Bronson can't be bothered to exert himself, and the conclusion is so ridiculous that you'll hate yourself for wasting the time to get there.

Providence (1/15; 8–9 P.M.; NBC), the new Melina Kanakaredes dramatic series, having last week polished off Melina's domineering mother (Concetta Tomei) in order to persuade her to abandon her face-lifts, nose jobs, and liposucks in Los Angeles for general practice in a medical clinic in hometown Providence, R.I., where she can keep an eye on her depressed veterinarian father (Mike Farrell) and her single-mother sister (Paula Cale), discovers this week that her mother may be dead but isn't done dispensing advice and giving orders. ("Death ends a life," says Concetta, "but it doesn't end a relationship.") There will also be an autistic child to save from institutionalization, and a limo-driving hunk to quicken Melina's glandular reflexes. I find myself liking these people, and it's wonderful to have Mike Farrell back each week.

Diary of a Terrorist: Mikdad (1/15; 8 to 9 P.M.; HBO) is a disturbing visit with an Hezbollah suicide bomber who managed, in an East Jerusalem hotel room, to blow up most of himself (both legs, one hand) and is thus available for interviews in Israel's Ayalon prison, courtesy of the Shin Bet security forces, who allowed documentarian Dan Setton to sit in on at least a part of their interrogation. We follow Hussein Mikdad around, from Lebanon where he was born and trained, to Vienna and Zurich, where he conspired, to Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, where he was supposed to be martyred. A once-over-lightly on the history of hatred in the Middle East, but a chilly glimpse into the remarkably banal mind of a terrorist who in no way resembles what we get in all those feverish novels. The extreme becomes ordinary.

National Desk (1/15, 1/22, and 1/29; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is one of those public-affairs mini-series that PBS hurried to bestow on right-wing critics (Peggy Noonan, Tony Snow, Bill Bennett) to take the congressional heat off Bill Moyers. First up is an hour, "We the (Rude) People," in which Morton Kondracke blames the perceived decline of civility in America on—surprise, surprise!—the bad-mouthed, overcoddled, and sexually ambiguous sixties. The likes of Michael Medved, Alvin Toffler, Laura Schlessinger, Charles Krauthammer, and Henry Hyde agree with him like bells; they want nothing but hanging.

Time at the Top (1/17; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; Showtime) i a very pleasant TV adaptation of Edward Ormondroyd's young-adult novel about a lonely young girl (Elisha Cuthbert) in contemporary Philadelphia who discovers that her apartment-house elevator is a time-machine. In the past, she will find not only a friend more or less her own age (Gabrielle Boni), but a woman who looks remarkably like her dead mother, which means she has a place to bring her still-mourning father (Timothy Busfield) that's a whole lot nicer than Philadelphia. We also get some Civil War.

What We Did That Night (1/18; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) stars Rick Schroder as the working-class kid who takes the rap for a car that was stolen by his better-heeled college fraternity brothers in a prank that went murderously awry eight years before Rick returns to menace these ex-buddies (Jack Noseworthy, Jayce Bartok, and Michael Easton as an assistant D.A., a dentist and a nightclub manager) in their happy afterlives. Nothing is as it seems, including who's buried where, in this surprisingly slick variation on a very tired theme.

On View

Earliest, Funniest

Before he became New York's most eminent aging auteur and recovering tabloid pariah, Woody Allen (pictured with Candace Bergen) was just another funny guy on TV, doing his shtick. In "Woody Allen's Television Days," the Museum of Television & Radio offers up the Nervous One's early stand-up work and guest-host appearances on The Jack Paar Program and The Ed Sullivan Show. Beware of fanatics swooning in the aisles over Woody and Liza Minnelli's parody of Bonnie and Clyde. Opening Jan 15.

Photograph courtesy of CBS/Photofest.

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/17: Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, authors of the aptly titled *With Ossie & Ruby.* WPAT, 930 AM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/16: Zhou Xiawen, director of *The Emperor's Shadow,* the most expensive film ever made in China, and journalist Rudolph Rauch with Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter Sydney Schanberg talking about *Reporting Vietnam.* WOR, 710 AM.

Woody's Children—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/16 & 1/23 at 8:05 P.M.: Robert Sherman hosts these thirtieth anniversary broadcasts of folk music, with performances by Odetta, Tom Paxton, Oscar Brand, Christine Lavin, Tom Chapin, Michael Mark, and Nora Guthrie. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Mark Strand—1/12 at 7 P.M.: The inaugural entry in a series featuring poets and novelists reading their own work along with their favorite Russian work in translation. The Russian Samovar, 256 W. 52nd St. (872-1678); $2.

Vincent Patrick—1/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from Smoke Screen. Barnes & Nobel Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave. at 21st St. (727-1672); free

Jonathan Rosen, Joseph Skibell, Daphne Merkin, and William Styron—1/12 at 6:30 P.M.: The first of six Tuesday-evening literary discussions curated by Jill Krementz in conjunction with her new book of photographs, *The Jewish Writer.* CUNY, 33 W. 42nd St., eighteenth floor,

On View

The Civil War

Days before he was assassinated, Medgar Evers said, "If I die, it will be in a good cause. I've been fighting for America just as much as soldiers in Vietnam." It is this sense of battle—of a holy war complete with saints, martyrs, villains, and victims—that is most eloquently expressed in the exhibition "America and the Civil Rights Movement, 1954–1968," opening on Martin Luther King Jr. Day at the 92nd Street Y. Powerful if familiar images of Evers, King, Malcolm X, and other civil-rights celebrities abound in the show, but perhaps the most engaging pictures are of people you've never heard of. "I've been working on this in one way or another for seven years," says curator Steven Kasher, a writer and New York City gallery-owner. "I set out to see *all* the photographs of the movement; I wanted the most gripping images, but I also wanted to give the most comprehensive view possible. There are works by black and white photographers, by artists and photojournalists and movement photographers and ordinary people watching from the sidelines." Likewise, the subjects themselves—Klansmen, students, police, protesters—remind us that this was a war fought by vast and passionate armies of Americans desperate to mold a country they could call their own. **ARIEL LEVY**

(642-2634); free.

Neil Baldwin—1/12 at 8 P.M.: The biographer and executive director of the National Book Foundation talks about his new book, *Legends of the Plumed Serpent: Biography of a Mexican God.* The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424); free, reservations required.

Edmund White—1/13 at 7 P.M.: Readings from his new biography, *Marcel Proust.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Helen Schulman, Jenifer Berman, and David Louse—1/18 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent work. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (505-1595); free, wear a jacket.

Lectures and Panels

James Atlas, Roy Blount, Peter Gay, Elizabeth Hardwick, and Edmund White—1/19 at 7:30 P.M.: The authors discuss the art of the biography. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Steve Case—1/14 at 8 P.M.: The co-founder, chairman of the board, and CEO of America Online. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Colin Quinn—1/18 at 6:30 P.M.: *Saturday Night Live* "Weekend Update" anchor and star of the Broadway show *Colin Quinn: An Irish Wake* talking about how to break into comedy. For registration and location, call the Seminar Center at 655-0077; $38.

"A Conversation with Ben Katchor: 'The Jew of New York'"—1/18 at 6:30 P.M.: The cartoonist talks with writer Lawrence Weschler. The Bronfman Center, 7 E. 10th St. (998-2100); free.

"A Country of Strangers: Blacks and Whites in America"—1/13 at 7:30 P.M.: Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist David K. Shipler discusses American attitudes on race. The Berkeley Carroll School, 181 Lincoln Place, Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-398-3640).

"Deposition: Gerard David's Innovations on a Traditional Theme"—1/13 at 5:30 P.M.: Maryan W. Ainsworth talks about one of the earliest existing northern-European paintings on canvas in oil. The Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); free.

"A Dream of the East: Its Impact on the West"—1/15 at 8 A.M.: A daylong symposium on the history of complex association between the Indian Subcontinent and the Western world. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute/Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. (501-3011); $50–$150.

"Why Are Canadians So Funny?"—1/18 at 8 P.M.: Moderator Michael J. Fox talks with Eugene Levy, Lorne Michaels, and Martin Short about those witty Canucks. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Tours

Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Historic Harlem—1/18 at 1 P.M.: An exploration of the center of African-American culture and history in New York City. Stops include Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with Zora Neal Hurston and Langston Hughes. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomberg Center (439-1090); $10.

Attractive Astoria—1/16 at 11 A.M.: Visit the world's largest Greek community outside of Greece with Astoria-born Howard Goldberg. For meeting places and reservations call 265-2663; $3.

Benefits

American Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—1/12 at 7 P.M.: A concert at Carnegie Hall featuring Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman as both conductors and soloists followed by a black-tie dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. For reservations call 697-2949 or 800-422-3476; $1,250–$25,000.

Mikhail Baryshnikov—1/12: Performing new and mostly solo works to benefit Dancers Responding to AIDS. The program also features the American premiere of *Dance With Three Drums and Flute* by the Japanese Kabuki performer Tamaaburo Bando. Danspace, St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (840-0770, ext. 273); $1,000.

Events

Wendy Sacred Heart Antiques Show—1/15–1/17: Fifty dealers dealing all manner of antiques, from home furnishings to jewelry. The Otto Kahn Mansion, 1 E. 91st St. and the James Burden Mansion, 7 E. 91st St. (722-4745); $10.

Winter Antiques Show—1/15–1/24: More beautiful old stuff for your house. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. between 66th and 67th Sts. (292-7392); $16.

SoHo Antiques Show—1/15–1/27: The downtown version includes Art Deco and garden antiques. The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. (888) 498-8613; $7.

Exhibitions

"America and the Civil Rights Movement, 1954–1968"—Through 1/18–3/19: Rarely seen and classic photographs by Ben Fernandez, Bruce Davidson, Declan Haun, Nat Herz, James Karales, Charles Moore, Eve Arnold, and others. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

"Woody Allen's Television Days"—Through 1/15–3/21: A screening of Allen's television work on variety and late-night talk shows. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

"A Promise to Care"—Through 1/22: An exhibition of photographs documenting the history of health care in New York State. Citicorp Center's Atrium, 153 E. 53rd St. (559-6758); free.

"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department"—Through 3/21: Enter this 3,000-square-foot exhibition of early-nineteenth-century police memorabilia through a "dark alley" echoing with screams and gunshots that evoke the dangers of policing New York in colonial times. The New York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Mi Familia Mi Comunidad"—Through 2/27: Trilingual taped oral histories and family-album photographs of Chinese immigrants in Latin America and the Caribbean. Three families, from Peru, Guatemala, and Cuba, are highlighted. Museum of Chinese in the Americas, 70 Mulberry St. (619-4785); $3 suggested donation.

"just windowdressing?"—Through 1/30: Photographs of storefronts and window displays, featuring the work of Gene Moore, Robert Currie, Simon Doonan, Candy Pratts Price, Tom Lee, and Henry Callahan. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); $5.

"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West"—Through 2/14: More than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present day. The exhibition explores the influence of Japanese aesthetic principals, art, and design on Western fashion. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000); $1.50–$4.

"In Thy Map Securely Saile"—Through 3/20: One hundred nautical charts, manuals of instruction in the arts of oceanic navigation and compass use, and decorative maps used as cartographic illustration. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (221-7676); free.

Hanukkah Project—Through 1/31: In celebration of the holiday, a new video installation or light sculp-

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ▨

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS			NYI MSG 7PM		CHI MSG 7PM	MON MSG 6:30PM	
ISLANDERS	WAS FSNY 6:30PM		NYR FSNY 7PM			FLA FSNY 7PM	
DEVILS	OTT MSG 7PM			OTT FSNY 7PM	TB FSNY 7PM		
	1/11	1/12	1/13	1/14	1/15	1/16	1/17

Photographs: top, Declan Haun; bottom, James Karales.

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A public service of this magazine

ture for each of the eight nights. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $8.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden"—Through 4/3: A collaboration between artists and community residents: sculptural interpretations of a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsignor Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St. at Hunts Point Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayette Aves., the Bronx (212-831-2189); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: Get chicken soup tips from the Fleagleman sisters (they would know); giggle, guffaw, or groan at ComedyNet; devote online time to your favorite fluffy, white, edible goo; dig into the best- and worst-dressed dirt at FashionDish.com; then groove with the music reviews at RequestMagazine.com. And while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus web exclusives like daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a New York trivia contest. So surf us, already.

Happening **The eighth annual Wendy Sacred Heart Antiques Show brings an eclectic and elegant mix of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Continental, and Oriental furniture, rugs, clocks, and tchotchkes to town for buying, viewing, and coveting from January 15 through 17. If you want even more old stuff, check out the concurrent SoHo Antiques Show at the Puck Building or the Winter Antiques Show at the Seventh Regiment Armory. See "Events" for details.**

kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Powwow...King Sing...In the Bag

Children's Events

olk Wisdom—Troubadour Kevin Roth accompanies himself on the mountain dulcimer at "Rainbow Connections," a Martin Luther King Day concert at the **92ND ST. Y**—weaving together thoughts that children at the Y have expressed in poems, stories, and pictures about American values and aspirations. 1/17 at 2. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $10. Reservations required.●

King Sing—At **ST. JOHN THE DIVINE**'s Martin Luther King Memorial Service, Max Roach presents an original oratorio incorporating King's own words, sung by the John Motley Children's Chorus and the cathedral's combined choirs. 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540).●●

Powwow—Witness the Snowshoe Dance, the Jingle Dress Dance, and the Butterfly Dance performed by tribes representing Native Americans from the Northwest, East Coast, Southwest, and Plains. Also at the 36th Annual Dance Concert Powwow at **THEATER FOR THE NEW CITY**—whose proceeds create scholarships for American Indian students—a chance to see American Indian crafts and taste the cooking. 1/15 through 1/24. 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109); $10; both Sundays, kids under 12 accompanied by an adult are admitted for $1.

Winter Looks—Two free weekend workshops hosted by the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY** (both for kids ages 6 and up) begin with a walk in Central Park (for which everyone should be warmly dressed). On Saturday, 1/16, Dina Petrillo leads a search for animals wintering around the Harlem Meer; then make clay and mixed-media sculptures. (Meet beforehand at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center near 110th St. and Fifth Ave.) On Sunday, 1/17, cameras are provided when photographer Geoffry Croft takes kids on a stroll through the Arthur Ross Pinetum in search of imagery. Afterward, they develop and print their own photographs (meet at the Pinetum at Central Park West at 86th St.). Both programs take place from 1 to 3. Call 860-1370 to register.●●

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Practicing Tolerance—The **92ND ST. Y** (which frequently pinch-hits on holidays when kids have no school but work goes on in most offices) has created a "Martin Luther King Day Jewish Experience," whose theme is "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself." Kids in kindergarten through the fourth grade should bring a bag lunch and an important, but not too precious, piece of family history. (A snack will be provided.) Children will tour the immigration exhibits at the new **MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE** in Battery Park, then get out their show-and-tell items. 1/18, 8:30 to 4:30. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $50. Reservations required.●

Rock, Paper, Scissors—For an incredible 41 years, the Paper Bag Players have been staging whimsical, laugh-out-loud plays using paper bags, poster paint, cardboard boxes, and whatever else they have handy. Their newest show, "Hot Feet," a collection of twelve short plays, takes a kid's-eye view of litter, city beaches, honking cars, and talking tenements. The curtain goes up next week, 1/23, at Hunter College's **SYLVIA AND DANNY KAYE PLAYHOUSE** (772-4448). Officially for ages 4 to 9. Saturdays and Sundays through March 7, at 2. Tickets are $15 and $20.

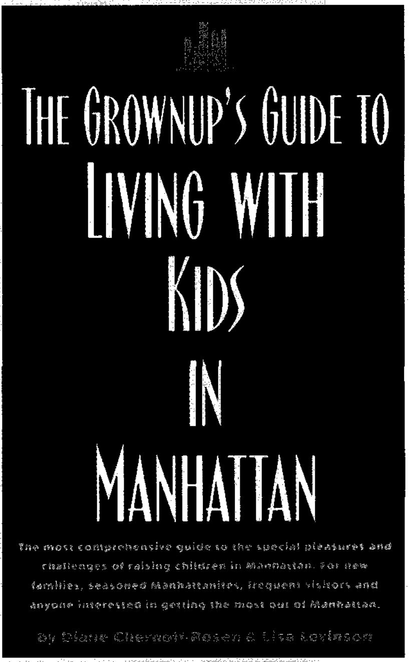
Freedom Train—One of **THEATREWORKS**' most popular productions every year, *Freedom Train* tells the story of Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad with traditional music from the period. 1/16 at 12:30. The show runs about an hour, and is suitable for ages 7 to 14. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50.●

The Gift of Winter—Youth theater group **TADA!** revives *The Gift of Winter,* a musical for all ages that explains the origin of snow and, along with that, the enormous debt we all owe three brave souls who long ago told Winter face-to-face that they just weren't willing to put up with those bleak snowless seasons anymore. Through 1/18, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $6 for kids, $12 for adults.●

Gospel Voices—Observance of Martin Luther King Day at **THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** includes a spectacular three-day gospel festival with students from the Fieldston School Gospel Choir (1/16), children from the Middleton Family Choir (1/17), and children and adults from the congregation of the Baptist Church of the Redeemer (1/18). Performances (included with regular admission) are at 1:30 and 3. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223); $5.●

In Print
Rooting for the Home Team

Thankfully, the current crop of New York–with–kids books are geared to those of us who live here. The updated and slightly expanded version of *The Cool Parents Guide to All of New York*—a bible for locals waffling about whether to take the kids to the Statue of Liberty (do)—is even more embarrassing to be seen with, now that the words *New Ultra* have been careted in before the *cool.* Authors Alfred Gingold and Helen Rogan (married to one another, and local parents themselves) report on the demise of a particular Chinatown chicken whose dancing skills they touted in the earlier volume. The good news: Another promisingly "fluffy and healthy"-looking hen will challenge all comers to a mean game of tic-tac-toe, at the same Mott Street arcade, whose "general air of grime and unsuitability," they assure us, will impress the children. Venture not to the Met, they suggest, if it's delicate carvings "made entirely of human bone" you are looking for, but to the Staten Island Tibetan Museum—which, during a fall festival, passes out mandalas kids can color, along with much-captivating chanting and ringing of bells. A kid-pleasing indoor route all the way from 42nd Street to 57th Street is chronicled—much of it through subway tunnels adults would tend to avoid under other circumstances. We surface just steps from Planet Hollywood, where the authors deftly propel parents (despite their inevitable bad attitude about theme restaurants) with the breezy "Look at it this way: it's cheaper than a visit to Disney World." Less knowing of our inner landscape, but vastly more comprehensive in scope (although confined to consideration of a single borough), *The Grownup's Guide to Living With Kids in Manhattan,* by Diane Chernoff-Rosen and Lisa Levinson, virtually eliminates the need to network at the local playground. It's all here: the going rate for full-time caregivers (whose salaries, according to Chernoff-Rosen and Levinson, can go as high as $900 a week but more typically are somewhere between $300 and $450), the age when a kid can legitimately gripe that "everyone else" walks city streets without Mom (about 12), and bizarre local customs (like the need to apply to preschools mere months after a child's first birthday). "For better or worse," the authors commiserate, "that is the system we have here." **BARBARA ENSOR**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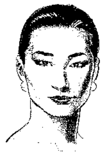

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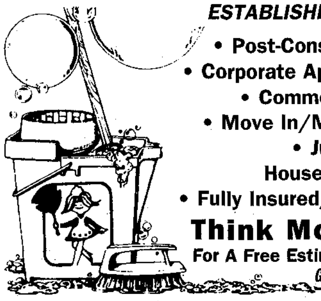

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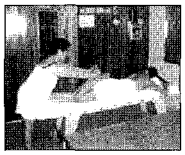

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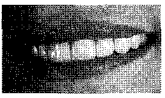

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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Here's How:

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P.O. Box 4600
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Dynamic, Romantic Surgeon—Communicative, generous, supportive, really nice guy, affectionate, 5'10", muscular, 43, with good looks, sense of humor, zest for life, travel, fun. Seeks vivacious, educated woman under 38, for an incredible life. Phone/photo a must. 6741 ✉ ☎

Queen Of Hearts—Attractive, intelligent, caring, 43-year-young, blue-eyed, single Christian female seeking her King: bright, single, honest, positively emotionally secure white male, 40-55 young, for that special one-to-one long-term relationship. Note/photo. 6739 ✉

Be Looking For Bop!—Jazz music exec, 42, white, divorcing, no kids, seeks professional and loving white female (no kids), 35-45, with sense of humor, for country inns, antiquing and summers in Maine. I'm a handsome, sincere, caring romantic who hopes that love is lovelier the second time around. Phone/photo. 6742 ✉

Millionaire In His 40s—Divorced and widowed, lives on the West Coast and comes to New York once a month. Would like to meet someone interested in having fun, designer shopping and trips to the West Coast and Europe. I can make wishes come true. So, if Xmas was disappointing, give me a wish for the New Year. I'm funny, very intelligent, dynamic, kinetic, warm and generous. You are 20s-30s, very beautiful, size 2-4. Extra points given for someone who wants freedom in life and is an actress, model, singer, writer, muse, adventuress or a reincarnation of Sheherazade. Send me your photo and I'll send you mine and talk long-distance before we meet. 6718 ✉☎

Will You Put Stars In My Eyes Again?—Petite female, fit, very attractive, long dark hair, dark reflective eyes, young 45, extremely sensual, sensitive, professionally successful. Seeks caring, affectionate, playful, fun-loving, financially secure, tall, handsome/rugged man, 38-50, nonsmoker, good sense of humor, to share love, lifetime and all the treasures life has to offer. I enjoy the beach/ocean, nature, dancing, children, animals, fine dining, best friends. I have a passion for fishing on a warm sunlit day - I even bait my own hook!! Note/recent photo, please. 6713 ✉☎

Seeking A Refreshing Change?—My mother: 55, cool, foxy, sincere, youthful, loyal, cerebral, witty, cultured. You: able to dazzle an extraordinary woman. Write her. 6700 ✉

Yes, Indeedy—I want to be your sweetie. Beautiful blond, 29, with a body that will knock you out - yet a very good girl. Interested? Respond if you are intelligent, MBA, MD, DDS, CEO, successful, Jewish, 30-37, and searching for a very special girl. Note/photo/phone. 6725 ✉

Still Romantic—Slim, attractive NJ Jewish woman seeks similarly fit, fun 50-something man for friendship, laughter and love. 6746 ✉ ☎

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks relocatable female. POB 130245, Sunrise, FL 33313

Pretty, Petite MD—Seeks tall, fit male MD or lawyer, 32-45. Photo. 6703 ✉

Heartbroken—Single white female, 48, 5'2", blond teacher seeks best friend, 48-58, to cuddle, spoil and cry with at movies. Please have a sense of humor, lots of patience, be brilliant and willing to take me shopping. 6750 ✉

Optometric Physician—Semi-retired, NJ, athletic, wants to meet woman of substance - erudite, sophisticated. Photo appreciated. 6723 ✉

Jung At Heart—Single white professional male, 44, handsome, humanistic, emotionally intelligent, gentle, sensuous. Seeks enlightened, slim, attractive, passionate, single white female, 30-40, for extraordinary relationship. 6737 ✉ ☎

1999 Could Be The Year—This great catch is caught! Me: single white male, 28, fit, funny, successful and very handsome. You are a single white female, 24-29, thin, very pretty, outspoken, adventurous and looking for something special! Let's ring in the year 2000 together! Note/photo. 6736 ✉

Tall Brainy Guy—(30s) seeks tall brainy gal for more than 9 1/2 weeks. Photo helps. 6728 ✉

It's About Time—I'm a classy, very pretty, 40-year-old, Jewish blond female professional, 5'3", who enjoys laughing, loving, tennis, skiing, dining, working out, family, friends and all life has to offer - great personality and good-natured, excellent education. I'm looking to meet a man, 35-50, affectionate, with similar background, and who will care for and appreciate me as I do him. Photo a must. 6706 ✉ ☎

Handsome Blond Male—33, 5'11", Ivy-educated businessman - seeking a never-married, fit, intelligent woman, 24-33, for possible relationship. Christian background only. I seek someone who will stay in NY metro area, and has her priorities sorted out. 6719 ✉ ☎

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Beautiful "10", Warm, Slim—Jewish widow, accomplished, 50ish, enjoy dining, sports, Barnes & Noble; seek gentleman to spark my mind, ignite my heart. 6701✉☎

Female Wall Street Exec—5'7", curvy size 6, great legs, secure, happy, very loving, seeks male sweetheart, educated, tall, fit, 48 plus. Photo/note. 6710 ✉

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New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

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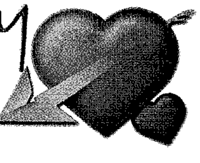

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Me And You—Cute, fit, fun, 42, Jewish female film exec - loves the beach and NYC, my friends, family and dog, playing tennis, the Yankees and Knicks (when they play), a good laugh and a good meal (as well as ordering in and hanging out in sweats). Interested in fun-loving, cute, fit, smart guy, 38-48, who works hard and knows how to enjoy life. Photo/note. 6714✉

Nice Guy—Slim, fit, Jewish, professional, young 50s seeks attractive, slim, educated woman, 45-53, 5'3" plus. Photo.6748 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite Professional Female—With reddish-blond hair and blue eyes, who enjoys skiing, biking, movies, cooking or dining out, seeks professional, established male, 38-46, with similar interests, a kind heart and a sense of humor, for possible relationship. 6715 ✉☎

Herpes—Very mild and infrequent. In my 30s, very fit and good-looking, great sense of humor, fine character, extremely successful, love to travel. Seek a gorgeous and fun woman in her 20s or 30s. Note/photo/phone, please. 6712 ✉☎

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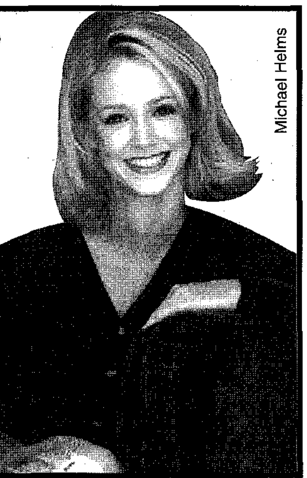

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Seeking Sophisticated Pirate—With a passion for sailing and adventurous travel. Have a high energy level, keen mind and young spirit. I'm a pretty blond professional, slim, smart, early 40s. 6747 ✉☎

Well-Bred, Accomplished—Investment banker, traditional values, charismatic and handsome, 39, seeks to spoil an erudite, attractive Asian woman with high standards. Note/recent photo. 6711✉

Wealthy Businessman—Seeks companion, an outgoing, intelligent, educated, well-groomed woman to accompany him in all aspects - traveling and enjoying life. Please include picture. 6730 ✉

We Are Ready—I am a pretty, warm, bright, happy, accomplished Jewish professional, 5'7", fit, very youthful 52, loving, full of joie de vivre, spirited, worldly yet soft, sensitive, spiritual and into traditional Jewish values. You are an accomplished, fine-valued mensch, ready to meet your soul mate. 6729✉☎

Looking For An Uncommon Man—Attractive blond female, 40, idealistic, attorney, warm, adventuresome, playful, sensitive, communicative, psychologically aware, passionate about city/country pursuits. Seeks kind, fit, intellectually curious Jewish man, 35-45, with a social conscience, who loves kids, for committed relationship. Descriptive note/phone. 6727✉

Very Attractive, Successful—Modern, old-fashioned Jewish exec seeks his lucky lady. I love golf, tennis, opera, movies, etc. You are now available, slim, attractive, really affectionate, mid 50s-60s, "up", nonsmoker who enjoys home life as well as worldly pleasures. So, send a recent photo and short bio for a response. 6743 ✉☎

Lovely To Look At—Even lovelier to be with... This beautiful, vivacious, slim, sultry, sensuous Jewish professional with exquisite style, seeks a wonderful man who is relationship-minded, solvent, passionate and ready for a new beginning, 48-60. Note/photo. 6726 ✉

Beautiful, Happy And Loyal—42-year-old, accomplished female seeks terrific guy, ambitious yet grounded, who loves life and... 6720 ✉

Smart, Savvy—Successful businesswoman, 40, 5'8", 125 lbs, Jewish, fit, attractive. Enjoys travel, arts, working out, stock markets, sports and cooking. Seeks very successful Jewish man, 5'10" plus, with similar assets of energy, enthusiasm, and fabulous humor. Photo/note. 6721✉

Stunning, Statuesque—5'10", classy, former beauty queen with brains and radiant smile, seeks elegant, financially stable Jewish gentleman, socially/professionally high profile, philanthropic, 44-64, high moral character, interested in commitment leading to marriage, ready to settle down. 6698 ✉☎

IT HAPPENED THROUGH NEW YORK MAGAZINE

I have seen from time to time in the Strictly Personals section, success stories from couples who met and eventually married from their experiences with the Personals. I am writing to tell you that I am part of such an experience. Cinthia Hanna placed an ad in your July 11th, 1994 magazine that read:

Let Me Be Mad About You—Sincere, caring, romantic, full-figured Jewish gal, 29. Loves sports, movies, theater, weekend getaways and Letterman. Seeks fun-loving, motivated Jewish man, 28-35, possible lifetime together. Photo/note, please.

...It was the last ad in the magazine, but I responded to it. We went out and developed a wonderful relationship. On October 25, 1998, we were married at the Knoll Country Club in Parsippany, New Jersey. It was a beautiful day, more than we could ever have asked for. My bride looked beautiful. Afterwards, we honeymooned for two weeks in Patagonia, Argentina.

I sing the praises of Strictly Personals to all my single friends. It s amazing to think what a simple service you provide and how much one 32-cent stamp changed my life in such a positive way.

On behalf of my new wife, Cinthia H. Kerstein, I remain

Steven M. Kerstein
New York, NY

A Winter's Tale—He was 42, tall, slim, handsome, interesting and successful. She was 31-37, slender and very pretty, with a frequent laugh and smile. They met one cold wintry evening and warmed as they spoke of many things...of their love of nature and the outdoors, the arts, family, adventure travel and their diverse interests. Finding him to be sexy and sensitive with a sense of humor, she wanted to know more ...so she sent her photo/note to: 6731 ✉

Blue-Eyed NJ Esq.—38, seeks cultured, shapely Jewish gal, 30-35. 6740 ✉

Very Selective? Demand The Best?—Gorgeous, thin, accomplished, affluent, witty, cultured, loving, playful, sexy, young 48 - seeks warm, world-traveled, fun-loving man, 48-65, to be my honey. 6724✉

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Queens-Hamptons—Christian male, 50s, tall, attractive, fit, successful Queens business owner, fun-loving, romantic; likes bicycling, vacationing, romantic dinners, weekend getaways. Seeks tall, thin, pretty lady under 45, with sense of humor. Committed relationship. Photo/phone. 6732 ✉

Attractive, Successful Entrepreneur—Seeks intelligent, sexy woman, 25-34, with passion for life. I'm 5'9", 190 lbs, big brown eyes, nice teeth, great sense of humor. I play piano, love fine dining, traveling, work out daily (minimum 10 minutes). Let's explore the world together. Here's a hug and a kiss on credit... X/O 6745 ✉

Can We Win At Love?—Beautiful, slender redhead, classy, vibrant, successful professional - seeks soul mate. You are kind, loving, emotionally reliable, financially secure, 5'9" plus (56-69). We can communicate as best friends, cherish our romance, share our interests and create a solid, lasting, loving relationship. Let's talk. 6717 ✉

CEO—Early 50s, divorced, tall, very athletic (gym and jog), very successful, sensitive, romantic, generous, health-conscious. Likes fine dining, fine wines, travel and good company. Looking for a slim, beautiful woman, 30s-40s, actress/model/dancer type who is sexy and passionate, who is easy to be with and has a good sense of humor. Recent *photo a must.* 6716 ✉

Woo Me And I'll Wow You—I am 46 years old, tall (5'12"), slim, with dark hair, cafe-au-lait skin and the ability to turn heads. You should be tall (6'1" plus), professional, confident, established, emotionally and financially independent gentleman with a sense of humor and adventure. Note/photo, please. 6709 ✉

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Very Pretty, Intelligent, Educated—Shapely, Catholic, 40ish LI girl (still a teenager at heart), 5'6", blue/green eyes, red/brownish hair, seeks tall (6' plus), fit, professionally successful, financially secure, single, nice guy, 45-55, who is romantic, with youthful demeanor and healthy mind, body and spirit - likes travel, theater, finer things in life. Note/phone/photo preferred. 6707 ✉☎

Handsome, Successful, Witty—Worldly male entrepreneur, athletic, sincere, seeks beautiful inside and out, sensual, smart female who loves to laugh, up to 5'6", between 30 and 45 or so, for the good life, as best friend/lover. Recent full-length photo/note/phone. 6697 ✉☎

42-Year-Old—Divorced Jewish female, sensuous, passionate, with large brown eyes and warm smile, looking to share dinner, laughter and commitment with vibrant, compassionate, professional Jewish male, 38-50. Phone/note. 6708 ✉

Soulful, Playful, Handsome—Hippie-*type PhD, 41, seeks slim, sexy, funky* womanchild for last great love. 6738✉☎

You've Got Mail—Cute, sexy, slim, 47, woman practicing law next-door. 6735✉

Single White Jewish Female—Never-married, nonsmoking. No one ever regretted not having spent more time at the office. Ready to give up executive position and become a domestic engineer (marriage, family, home life). I'm 5'5", slim, attractive, outgoing. Enjoy books, theater, tennis, jogging, skiing, beach and Westport, CT. If you are 40-50, with similar interests, please send photo and let's meet. 6733 ✉

An Elegant Woman—Slender, pretty, charming, cultured, educated and financially secure, wishes to meet Jewish man, 60s, with similar background and lifestyle, to share arts, theater, humor, dining, city and country...and endless possibilities. Note/photo/phone. 6722 ✉

Tall, Single White Male—6'4", blond, handsome, nonsmoker, smart, funny, articulate, successful, 37, in search of optimistic, warm, attractive, young white female. Note/photo/phone to: POB 561, New York, NY 10274

Articulate, Athletic, Caring—*Handsome, 37, intelligent, divorced Jewish* man, 6'1", 195, with smoldering dark features and a great sense of humor, is seeking a female for fun, romance and a chance for something special. 6691 ✉

Stunning—5'10", 33, 130 lbs, slender, active, affectionate, educated, fair-complexioned Indian woman with great sense of humor, seeks athletic, witty, caring, secure professional guy, 28-37, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 6734 ✉

Exceptional Woman Wanted—For dinner, dancing and theater partner - and possible soul mate. Prefer MD, DDS, JD, MBA, 5'6"-5'9", under 125 lbs, blue-blond preferred, age 30-37. He: CEO of telcom company, self-made and wealthy, world-traveled. Enjoys theater, gourmet dinners, travel, golf, boating, bicycling and horseback riding. Comfortable in jeans or tux, age 47 - looks 40, 5'11", fit, trim, sandy blond-blue. Note/full-length photo/phone, please. 6702 ✉ ☎

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Romantic Renaissance Man—Distinguished scientist and professor, 55, 5'8", athletic, artistic, warm, caring man who knows how to make a relationship work. Fireplaces, New England countryside, old bookstores, fine romantic restaurants... Seeking very intelligent, accomplished woman. 6705 ✉

Very Handsome, Successful—Single, white, professional, Christian male, 5'8", educated and very fit. Enjoys family, friends, walks, movies, music, tennis, dining, fun times and quiet times too. In search of college-educated, very feminine, personable, upbeat single woman in her 30s, no children, from a conservative quality background (nonsmoker, no drugs), who is truly good-looking, petite (under 115 lbs, 5'5" max) and keeps fit. Must be seeking marriage, children and traditional lifestyle. Response must include note/recent photo/phone. 6744 ✉

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

VICTORIA PRINCIPAL TO STAR IN MADE-FOR-TV MOVIE

VICE-PRESIDENT DENIES CHARGES

WALL STREET: TAKEOVER RUMORS

Above, Slugfest '99. Competitors are invited to devise one headline sure to be seen in the coming year.

Results of Competition 927, in which you were asked for the murky etymology of an existing word.

N.B.: These results are two weeks late. There's a long (read: boring) reason why this isn't *our* fault, but we do apologize.

Report: Well. Yes. Thrilled and delighted to receive so many entries. But. We needed a rarer avis here. Not strict transliteration or syllable-by-syllable homonymics (catch a tory. impeach. youth in asia. rain dear). More like—you know—derivations. Provenance. Didn't have to be foreign in origin, as was our example. Nor did it have to be Bierce. But, phooey. What is here is cherce. We say you're terrific, and we say run it. Wish we'd room for more. Hoping you the same.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

nelson—Fr. the name Horatio Nelson, 1805. Orig. a mortal grip, now a wrestling hold. Fatally wounded at Trafalgar, Admiral Nelson put Hardy in a headlock and demanded a kiss.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

persecute—ME purs, pocketbook, + cute. To torment a man for carrying an attractive handbag.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

tokenism—AmerSp toque, to touch, + L nisi, except; ca. 1968. A policy of symbolic efforts. From the Oxonian fad of puffing on marijuana cigarettes without inhaling.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

entrechat—F entrée, entrance, + F chat, feline. Signature dance step in the opening number from *Cats.*
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

dudgeon—1789. A fit of indignation; often used in the phrase *high dudgeon.* Lord Wilberforce, imprisoned in an underground gaol and suffering from a head cold, demanded to be moved to the Tower of London.
Laura Neal, Reigate, Surrey, U.K.

gaffer—F gaffe, blunder, 1942. A motion-picture electrician. Sonny Lumière, technician on the set of *Casablanca,* inadvertently switched on klieg lights, temporarily blinding Ingrid Bergman.
Pete Zouras, Vienna, Va.

And Honorable Mention to:

salmonella—Eighteenth century. First attributed to the childless, half-English, half-French Prince of Calais, who, as he lay dying in his bedchamber, pointed at his niece and heir, Princess Beatrice of Charcuterie, and gasped "Salmon. Elle!" thus implicating her in a plot to kill her uncle by feeding him bad fish.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

far-fetched—Yiddish, mid-eighteenth century. Literally "from Fecht," a mythical town whose gullible populace believed they saw the image of the prophet Elijah in a bowl of kasha.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

philistine—American, circa 1950. Epithet coined by college student Harold Zwicker when his fiancée, Phyllis Stein, ran off with a wealthy used-car dealer.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

standoffish—Lit. "stand of fish," ca. 1910. Aloof. Ernest Fulton stopped greeting customers at his waterfront market after they complained about his clammy handshake.
Kay Tallis, Alexandria, Va.

nadir—Lit. "nay, dear." The lowest point, esp. of a marriage. The nadir is reached on the first occasion of a spouse's refusal of sex.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

supercalifragilisticexpialidocious—Trademark, 1964. A spoonful of this sweetener makes the medicine go down. *Cf.* lowcalifragilisticexpialidocious.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

antipasto—Fr. Herod Antipas. An Italian hors d'oeuvre. Mishearing his niece Salami's request for a head of Bibb lettuce, Herod served her a head of Baptist.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

souvenir—F sou centime + G furnier veneer. A shiny object of no particular value.
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

alimony—Old German. Abbr., "alles ist money."
Roger D. Kellerman, Albany, N.Y.

Sequoia—Alter. of je ne sais quoi. A genus of coniferous tree. French trappers in the Northwest were at a loss when they first set eyes on the majestic redwood.
Allison Doyle, Norwalk, Conn.

handicap—It was once believed the disabled could earn a living only by begging and always kept a hat nearby for sudden panhandling opportunities. Over time, this came to stand for the disability itself.
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

bordello—Bor'd + 'ello. A house of prostitution. East End hookers are noted for their jaded greetings. *Cf.* hohum.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

gosling—Pres. part. of Icelandic gozzle, imbibe. A cold duck.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

diplomat—Gk prefix diploos-, double, + LL matte. One skilled in handling affair. From the practice of putting out two welcome mats when entertaining guests who are rivals.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.

gargoyle—Ca. 1910. ME gar, No. Atlantic pike, + goil, Brooklyn alter. of "girl." A date with grotesque features, esp. who acts like a cold fish.
Ben Gottlieb, McLean, Va.

pooh-bah—1926. A person of great influence. A pithy review of a popular Milne book by the young Jonathan Simon propelled him to the forefront of English literary critics.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

doozy—The manager of Italian actress Eleonora Duse selected her scripts. Of a minor role, he'd say "That's not a Duse." Of Joan of Arc or Cordelia, he might say, "Now, *that's* a Duse." *Cf.* boothboffo, wow, and melbamaroot.
Linnet Walker, Bradford, Vt.

oyez—Heb oy, expression of dismay, + Ezra, Hebrew scribe. A.D. 50. Cry of attention during a legal proceeding.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

commodore—During the reign of Charles VIII (The Affable), a perquisite of senior officers in the French navy was the golden chamber pot, *une commode d'or.*
Joseph F. Wilkinson, Brooklyn, N.Y.

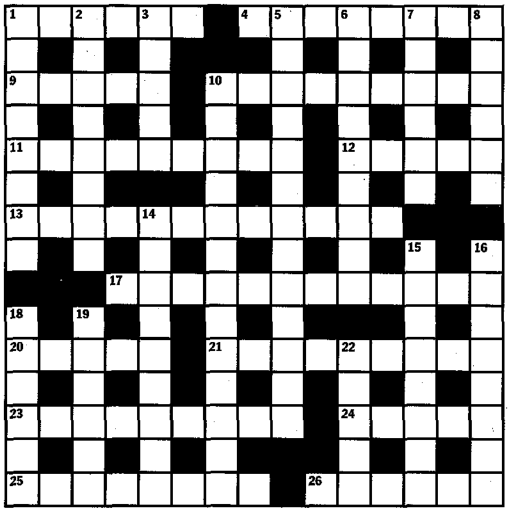
airplane—North Carolinian, 1903. The Wright Brothers first christened their historic invention the "mothbird," but a newspaper editor of the day renamed their creation "airplane"—because he wanted to.
Michelle Bega, Los Angeles, Calif.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 930, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by January 22. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the February 22 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Opposing a state railway: such a notion . . . (6)
4 . . . applied to railways here and in New York might have one taking to the air. (8)
9 Dean saved from starvation by Charles II? (5)
10 People just wanting civil liberty. (4-5)
11 Imperial wall builder finding not one erected in his year. (9)
12 Still at home after such a Trollopean saga. (5)
13 Reap th' Graves with this? (5,7)
17 Call to arms from eg Aginc'rt: "Harry dropped a right clanger!" (9,3)
20 He wrote "Two Years Before the Mast" from a city in Turkey. (5)
21 She gave the king his butter: an ethereal graduate did without. (9)
23 Instrument's playing phenomenal run, if you'll excuse me. (9)
24 The cloth gives one no support for the church. (5)
25 Port Acre was captivated by the Japanese persimmon. (8)
26 Flushing hot rocks with force and energy. (6).



DOWN

1 Dean, confused Dean, welcoming goc 13. (8)
2 Young woman at one with an epistolary addressee. (8)
3 Skate over an artificial surface. (5)
5 Ten bob from William or Mary? (4-9)
6 Rabid moralist finding new transgression. (6,3)
7 Marley's spirit herein on a horse? You have a point. (6)
8 Invocation thus bringing illumination to some. (6)
10 One gave up smoking for swimming? On the contrary, had a kind of CNN broadcast. (6,7)
14 "The Wild Olive": one from Elia, the English Lamb, translated into Latin. (9)
15 Despair expressed around Athens, say? Oh! The pain of it! (8)
16 Doctor! My nose is running! Is this a familiar sign? (8)
18 The linen you demand from your mother. (6)
19 The fruit of two print-makers. (6)
22 Exotic, unknown body of admissions. (5)

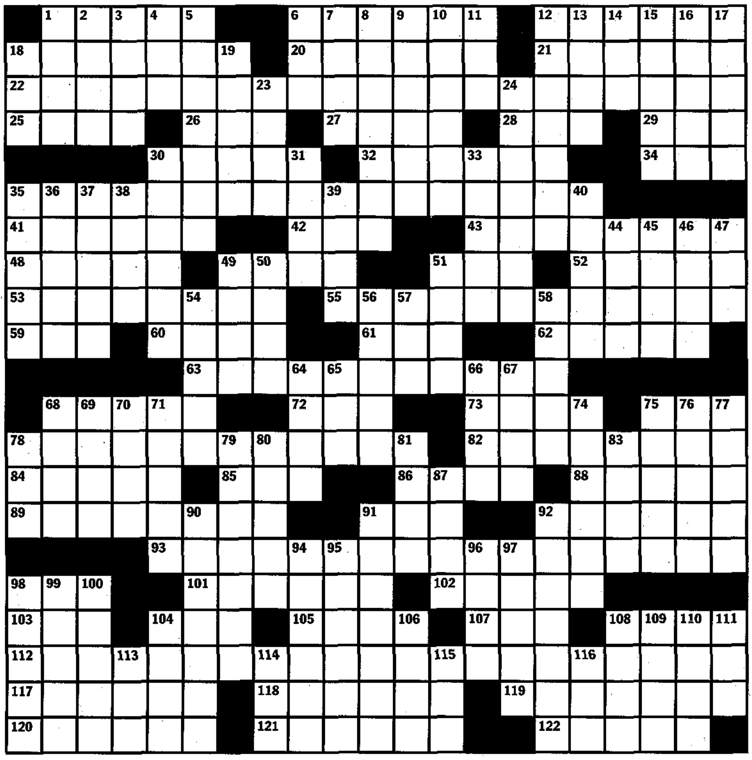
'Fish Interview': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

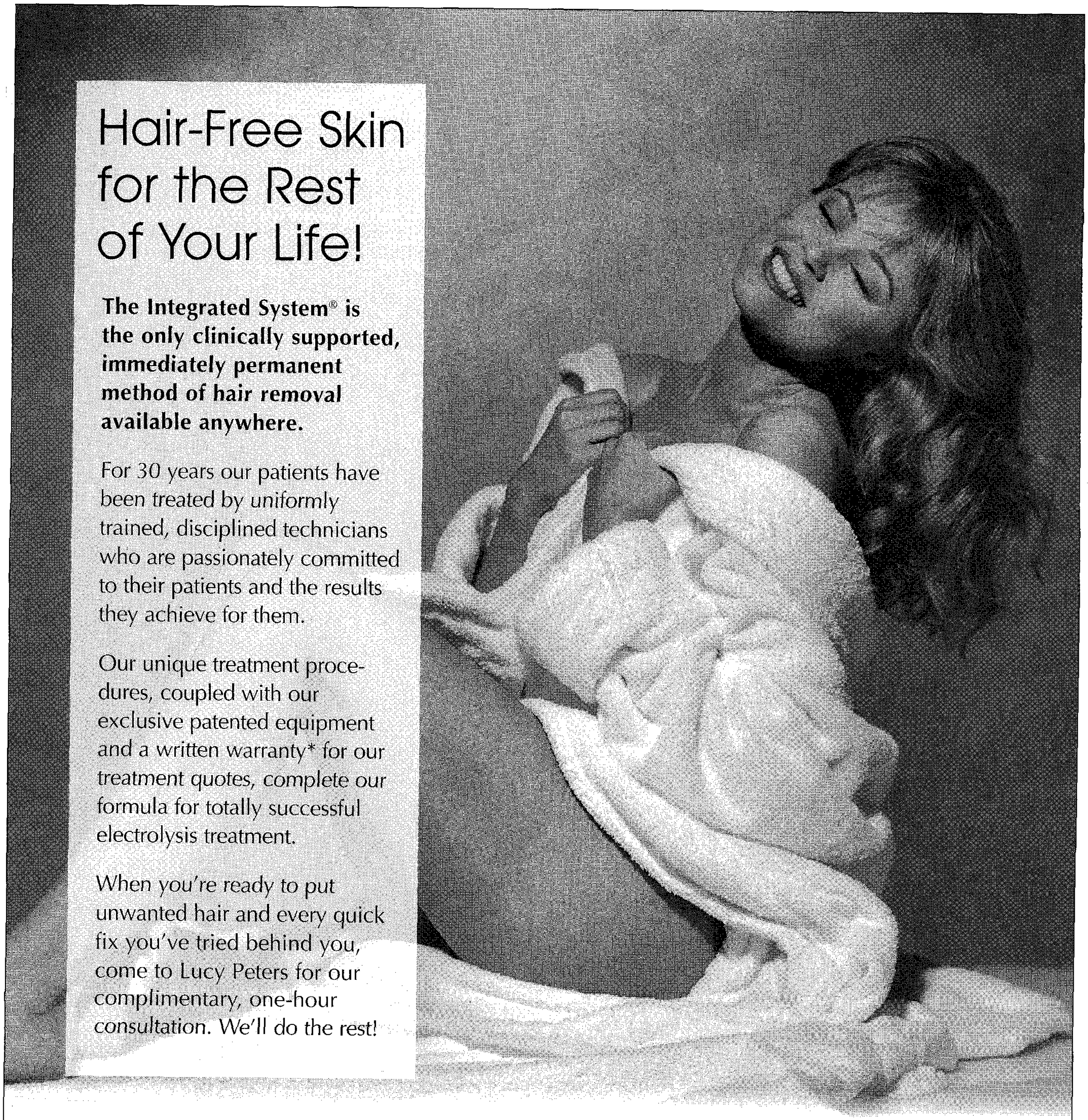
1 All over with: slang
6 Ultimate conclusion
12 Large crowd
18 Malaga matrons
20 World's third largest island
21 Rock band's amp handler
22 What is your greatest source of pride?
25 Utilities customer
26 Bob Cratchit's boy
27 Canine commoner
28 Adult pullet
29 Sash for Suzuki
30 Day or Duke
32 Actress Tammy
34 Born as
35 Why do flying fish fly?
41 Horrifies
42 Creative work
43 Language in Katmandu
48 Australian "bear"
49 Lhasa monk
51 Sancho Panza's beast
52 Tycoon
53 Confers a right to
55 What treatment are sick fish given?
59 N. Eur. airline
60 Laze in the tub
61 Unit of work, in physics
62 Ain't, corrected
63 What is your favorite song?
68 Rich soils
72 Choose
73 Mine products
75 Fido's foot
78 What is your favorite musical?
82 Site of a hit-show "Story"
84 Harry's Veep
85 Popeye's yes
86 Is a debtor
88 Monroe's "Seven Year Itch" co-star
89 Tape-recorder insert
91 —— Na Na
92 Placed at intervals
93 What does your family do for a living?
98 Palindromic king of Judah
101 Lorraine's go-with
102 Tubular pasta
103 Macadamia, e.g.
104 "—— was saying . . ."
105 After pigeon or open
107 Trouser half
108 Dating from
112 Why do fish swim with dolphins?
117 Worshiper
118 Mathematician of 300 B.C.
119 Hay-fever sufferer, often
120 Archaeologists' finds
121 Acropolis location
122 Hopeless case

DOWN

1 Piano features
2 Husband of Faulkner's Addie Bundren
3 Impoverished
4 Vase
5 Permanent skin drawings
6 Type of tide
7 Par
8 Drawn from a barrel, as beer
9 "Peer Gynt" dancer
10 Soup bean
11 Before Alamos or Angeles
12 Puts into alignment
13 Cabbie's noisemaker
14 Torn bit of cloth
15 Keats's "—— Melancholy"
16 Weeper of myth
17 Aladdin's mentor
18 T.C.U.'s rival
19 Gather, in sewing
23 Throw off, as fumes
24 "—— Things in Life Are Free"
30 Same as C-sharps
31 Fake
33 Capital of Belarus
35 Garp and LaMotta
36 Between once and time, in a fairy tale
37 Old shoe coverings
38 Anklebones
39 Geologic periods
40 Less ferocious
44 Folk history
45 Alaska's first governor
46 Janitor: abbr.
47 Culbertson of bridge
49 Rachel's sister
50 "—— silly question . . ."
51 Jason's ship
54 "—— Luck" ('70s sitcom)
56 Qualifying races
57 Sleeve contents
58 Grant's successor
64 Start of a famed soliloquy
65 Restorative resort
66 Baseball's "Schoolboy"
67 Greek god of war
68 "Damn Yankees" temptress
69 Eyes, to a poet
70 Mellows, as wine
71 "—— Partner," top French film of 1984
74 Russian plain
75 Jigsaw-puzzle item
76 Colleague of Freud
77 Fuses together
78 Ocean abbr.
79 Makarova of ballet
80 Coloring experts
81 Lower Manhattan area
83 Even exchange
87 Wood distortion
90 Tantalizing puzzles
91 Church topper
92 Carrying a tune
94 Patronize restaurants
95 Singe
96 Snakelike fish
97 Genuflectors' props
98 Egypt's Sadat
99 Like Elvis's blue shoes
100 South African playwright Fugard
104 With: Fr.
106 "—— What Comes Natur'lly"
108 Last word of the Bible
109 Clothing-tag info
110 Individualist
111 N.Y. Drive
113 "Exodus" hero
114 Pod holding
115 G.I. tags
116 Latter-day: prefix



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 71.



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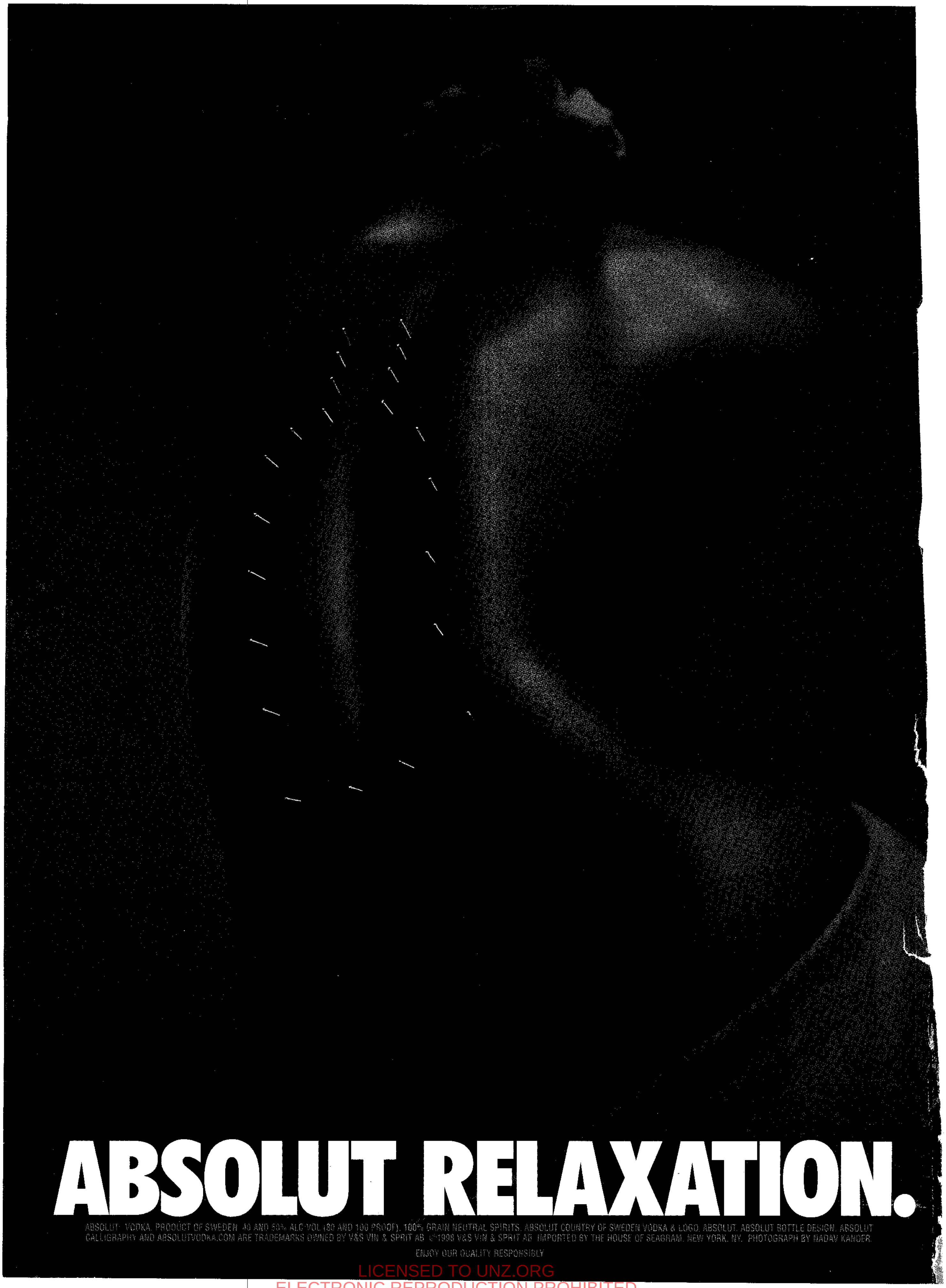
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